May 12, 1975

Price 60 cents

# THE NEW YORKER

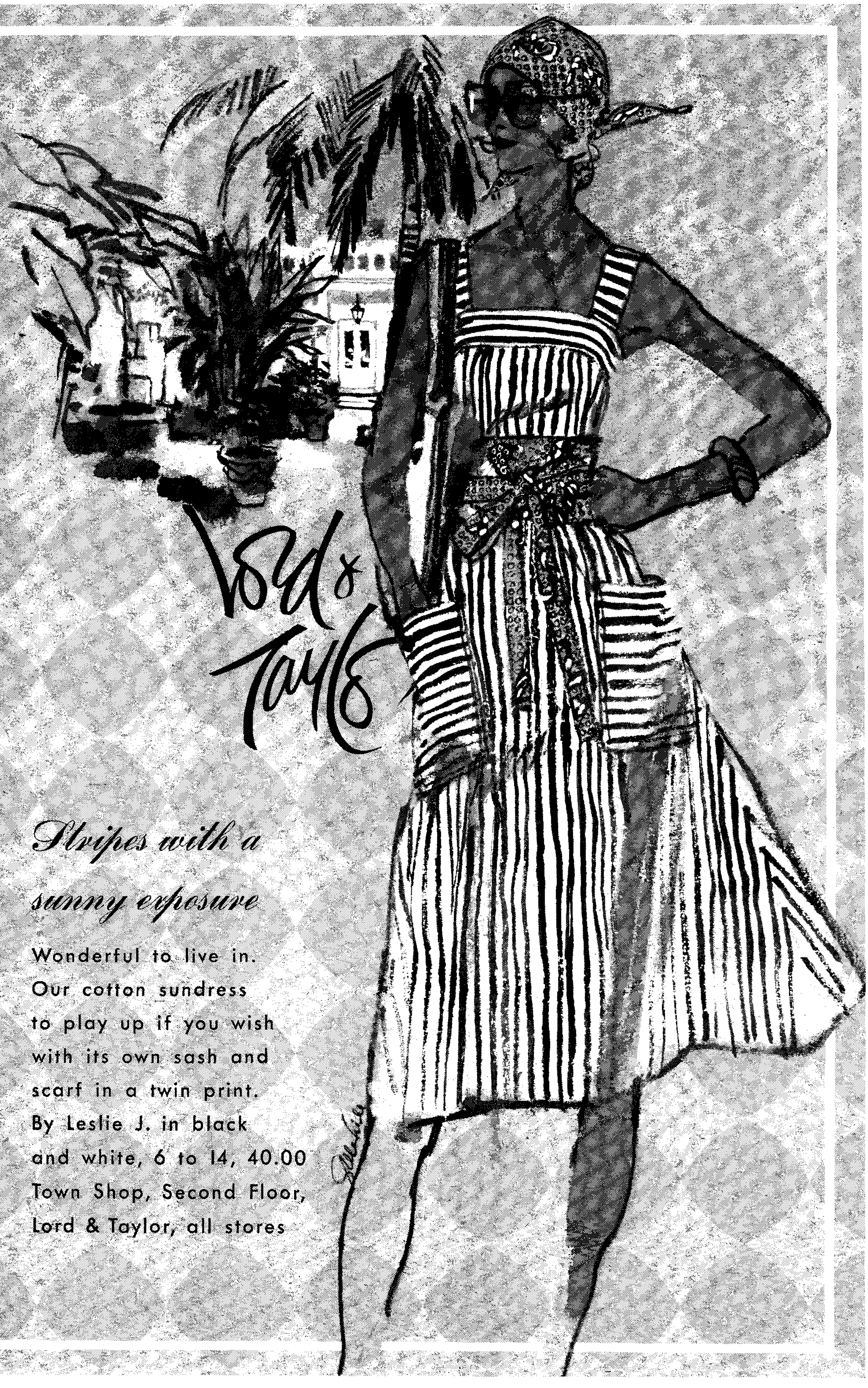
# Cordoba

## The New Small Chrysler

**An automobile of extraordinary character and dignity.**

This is Cordoba. The new *small* Chrysler. With the warm colors of wood in a finely detailed instrument panel . . . and the rich colors of earth in the deep shag carpeting. The soft warmth of glowing lamps in five separate locations. And the thick cushions of contour seats . . . available in rare hues of crushed velour, or fine Corinthian leathers. You're invited to see Cordoba at your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer's. Luxurious, yet surprisingly affordable. Cordoba. The new *small* Chrysler.

CORDOBA
Cordoba
CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION



Lord & Taylor

## *Stripes with a sunny exposure*

Wonderful to live in.
Our cotton sundress
to play up if you wish
with its own sash and
scarf in a twin print.
By Leslie J. in black
and white, 6 to 14, 40.00
Town Shop, Second Floor,
Lord & Taylor, all stores

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR**—Alan Ayckbourn is a master of farce, and this play about the horrors of married life will make you laugh from start to finish. With Larry Blyden, Carole Shelley, Geraldine Page, Fritz Weaver, Sandy Dennis, and Tony Roberts. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**ALL OVER TOWN**—The director, Dustin Hoffman, tries to rescue Murray Schisgal's inept play, but in vain. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**BETTE MIDLER'S CLAMS ON THE HALF SHELL REVUE**—A revue starring the formidable and often very funny Bette Midler, assisted by Lionel Hampton and other gifted folk. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30.)

**THE CONSTANT WIFE**—Somerset Maugham's fifty-year-old comedy serves as a vehicle for Ingrid Bergman, who does her best to keep it from creaking. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 10.)

**DANCE WITH ME**—The grim days and happy daydreams of a young New York nebbish. A comedy with music, well played by the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

**DIAMOND STUDS**—A country-and-Western version of a life of Jesse James; the life doesn't bear close examination but is great fun to listen to. In a cabaret setting. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**ENDGAME**—A two-week return engagement of André Gregory's production of the Beckett play. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Closes Saturday, May 10.)

**EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE**—Rudolf Friml's operetta **THE THREE MUSKETEERS** will be the final production of the season. Preview Wednesday, May 7. Opens officially on Thursday, May 8, and will run through Sunday, May 25. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

**EQUUS**—A brilliant psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer, beautifully acted by Anthony Hopkins, Peter Firth, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, Roberta Maxwell, and Michael Higgins. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**GHOSTS** and **THE MEASURES TAKEN**—The Ibsen play, translated by Rolf Fjelde: Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30. . . . ¶ The Brecht play, translated by Eric Bentley: Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30, and Sundays at 7:30. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350.)

**GOODTIME CHARLEY**—Joel Grey and Ann Reinking are so delightful in this highly implausible tale of Joan of Arc and her timid Dauphin that one forgives every gaucherie. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 31.)

**IN PRAISE OF LOVE**—Rex Harrison, Julie Harris, and Martin Gabel make Terence Rattigan's little play about marriage in the middle years seem far more substantial than it really is. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 31.)

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 |

**LITTLE BLACK SHEEP**—A comedy by Anthony Scully, with Ken Howard. Edward Payson Call directed. A presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center. Opens Wednesday, May 7. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

**THE MISANTHROPE**—A botched version of the stern Molière comedy, with startling performances by Alec McCowen and Diana Rigg. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 31.)

**THE PAST IS THE PAST** and **THE BREAKOUT**—A double bill of one-act plays by black playwrights, the first by Richard Wesley and the second by OyamO. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 11.)

**PHILEMON**—A tenderhearted, overlong musical about a clown in Antioch, some two thousand years ago. By Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, who wrote "The Fantasticks." (Portfolio Studio, 341 W. 47th St. 246-6755. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 18.)

**POLLY**—John Gay's eighteenth-century musical, a sequel to "The Beggar's Opera." (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 25.)

**THE RITZ**—High jinks in a low homosexual bathhouse. Terrence McNally's farce is much easier to laugh at than to describe. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN . . . . . . . . . . 31
"RUIN" . . . . . . . . . . *Mark Helprin* 37
"BLUE" (POEM) . . . . . . . . . . *John Hollander* 38
"MANUAL FOR SONS" . . . . . . . . . . *Donald Barthelme* 40
"SOME POSSIBILITIES" (POEM) . . . . . . . . . . *Debora Greger* 44
A REPORTER AT LARGE (GENERATING STATION) . . . . . . . . . . *John McPhee* 51
U.S. JOURNAL: CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA . . . . . . . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 101
THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY) . . . . . . . . . . *Edith Oliver* 109
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . . . . . . . *Pauline Kael* 110
LETTER FROM LONDON . . . . . . . . . . *Mollie Panter-Downes* 115
DANCING . . . . . . . . . . *Arlene Croce* 119
THE ART WORLD . . . . . . . . . . *Harold Rosenberg* 122
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . . . . . . . *Andrew Porter* 130
THE RACE TRACK . . . . . . . . . . *Audax Minor* 137
BOOKS . . . . . . . . . . *John Updike* 138
  BRIEFLY NOTED . . . . . . . . . . 141

COVER: *Arthur Getz*

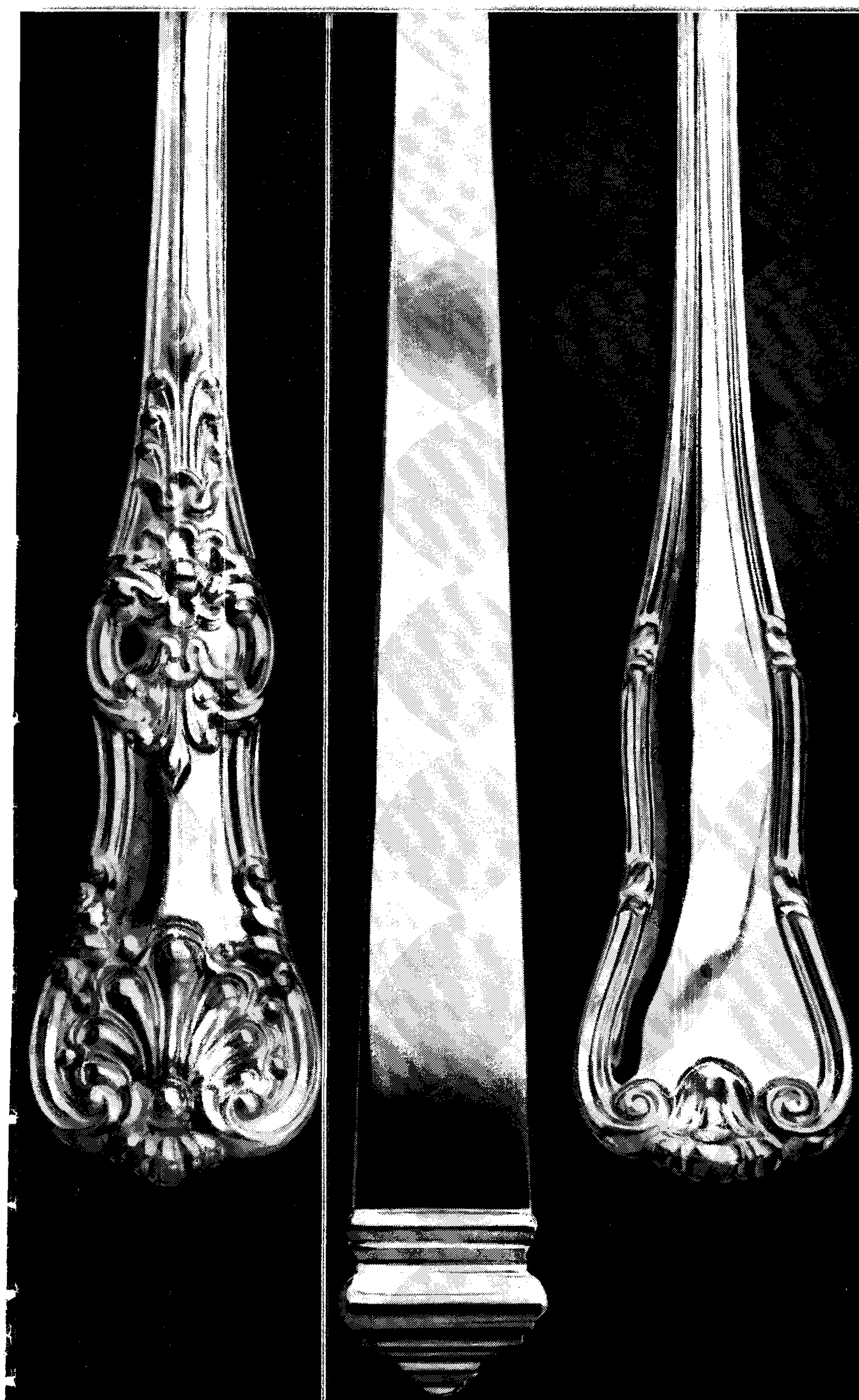
DRAWINGS: *George Booth, Dana Fradon, Ed Fisher, Saul Steinberg, Joseph Mirachi, J. B. Handelsman, Warren Miller, Barney Tobey, Stan Hunt, Robert Weber, William O'Brian, Lee Lorenz, William Hamilton, Tom Funk, Eldon Dedini, James Stevenson, Paul Degen, Mischa Richter*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) OXFORD 5-1414

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; William P. Buxton, George J. Green, and Milton Greenstein, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, comptroller; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LI, No. 12, May 12, 1975. Second-Class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1975 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $18.00; two years, $30.00. In Canada, Latin America, and Spain, one year, $20.00. Other foreign, $22.00.



**TIFFANY STERLING AT THESE STORES:**

**ARIZONA** GRUNEWALD & ADAMS, Phoenix, Tucson
**CALIFORNIA** TIFFANY & CO., Beverly Hills, San Francisco
**COLORADO** BOHM-ALLEN JEWELRY CO., Denver, Littleton
**CONNECTICUT** M. A. GREEN, Waterbury;
THE GUILFORD SILVERSMITHS INC., Guilford;
LUX, BOND, GREEN & STEVENS, INC., Hartford, West Hartford;
TILDEN-THURBER, Olde Mistick Village;
W. D. WEBB INC., Greenwich;
THE WHITNEY SHOP, New Canaan
**DELAWARE** THE FOUR SEASONS, Wilmington
**DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA** GALT & BRO. INC., Washington;
CHAS. SCHWARTZ & SON, Washington
**FLORIDA** CARROLL'S JEWELERS, Coral Gables, Ft. Lauderdale;
SOBERING'S, Boca Raton, Delray Beach
**GEORGIA** DESBOUILLONS, INC., Savannah;
TIFFANY & CO., Atlanta
**ILLINOIS** THE GINNY LEE, Decatur
TIFFANY & CO., Chicago;
**INDIANA** L. S. AYRES & CO., Indianapolis, Lafayette, Ft. Wayne, South Bend
**KENTUCKY** FULLER AND WILDER, INC., Lexington
**LOUISIANA** COLEMAN E. ADLER & SONS, INC., New Orleans
**MARYLAND** A. H. FETTING CO., Baltimore, Towson;
THE STIEFF COMPANY, Baltimore, Timonium, Catonsville
**MASSACHUSETTS** RICHARD M. DANA, INC., Wellesley;
LONG'S JEWELERS, Boston, Wellesley, Burlington, Peabody, Braintree;
SHARFMANS, Worcester Center Galleria;
SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW CO., Boston, Chestnut Hill
**MICHIGAN** ARTISANS, INC., Ann Arbor;
SIEGEL JEWELRY CO., Grand Rapids
WRIGHT KAY & CO., Detroit
**NEW HAMPSHIRE** DESJARDINS CO. INC., Manchester
**NEW JERSEY** HAMILTON JEWELERS, Lawrence, Trenton;
HENKE'S, Montclair;
LAVAKE JEWELERS, Princeton;
S. MARSH & SONS, Millburn;
F. GERALD NEW, INC., Chatham;
WILBUR'S, Red Bank
**NEW YORK** MAURICE B. GRAUBART & SONS, Schenectady;
ROSE JEWELERS, Patchogue, Riverhead, Southampton
TIFFANY & CO., New York;
ZIMMER BROTHERS, Poughkeepsie
**NORTH CAROLINA** ELIZABETH BRUNS, INC., Charlotte
**OHIO** ARGO & LEHNE, Columbus, Kingsdale;
THE DANFORD-LOWELL CO., Cleveland;
PETER DANFORD, INC., Beachwood;
SHULAN'S FAIRLAWN, Akron
**OKLAHOMA** LE MARQUIS, Tulsa
**OREGON** FRIEDLANDER & SONS, Portland, Washington Square
ZELL BROTHERS, Portland, Washington Square
**PENNSYLVANIA** APPEL-JEWELER, INC., Allentown;
P. A. FREEMAN, INC., Allentown;
HARDY & HAYES, Pittsburgh;
FRED H. STRAUB, INC., Abington
**SOUTH CAROLINA** SMITHWICK JEWELERS, Greenville
**TENNESSEE** MICHAEL CORZINE, Nashville
**TEXAS** EVERTS JEWELERS, Dallas, Preston Center, Highland Park;
HALTOM'S JEWELERS, Fort Worth, Arlington;
TIFFANY & CO., Houston
**VIRGINIA** BOWEN JEWELRY CO. INC., Lynchburg;
FRANK R. FORD CO. INC., Norfolk, Virginia Beach;
SCHWARZSCHILD JEWELERS, Richmond;
WILFRED-ROGERS, Alexandria
**WASHINGTON** FRIEDLANDER AND SONS, Seattle, Northgate, South Center, Bellevue Square, Everett, Bremerton, Tacoma
**WISCONSIN** GEORGE WATTS & SON, INC., Milwaukee
**PUERTO RICO** JOYERIA RIVIERA, San Juan

*The superb craftsmanship and heavier weight that have been the hallmark of Tiffany sterling for over a century prevail today. Left: "English King". Center: "Hampton". Right: "Provence".*

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Rodgers & Hart**—A musical production based on a concept by Richard Lewine and John Fearnley. The songs are drawn from the eighteen-year collaboration of Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, and the cast includes Laurence Guittard and Virginia Sandifur. Directed by Burt Shevelove. Previews through Monday, May 12. Opens officially on Tuesday, May 13. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Same Time, Next Year**—A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single, twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**A-Season-Within-a-Season**—The Negro Ensemble Company presenting four one-week programs of works by new black playwrights. Through Sunday, May 11: **SUGAR-MOUTH SAM DON'T DANCE NO MORE** and **ORRIN**, two one-act plays by Don Evans.... ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, May 13-18: **THE MOONLIGHT ARMS** and **THE DARK TOWER**, one-acters by Rudy Wallace. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 25.)

**Shenandoah**—Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Sherlock Holmes**—Frank Dunlop's hilarious guying of the Doyle-Gillette classic, with Patrick Horgan as Holmes and Clive Revill as the infamous Professor Moriarty. Starting Tuesday, May 13, John Neville will replace Mr. Horgan. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Sizwe Banzi Is Dead and The Island**—John Kani and Winston Ntshona in two South African plays imported from London. Devised by Athol Fugard (who also directed) and by the Messrs. Kani and Ntshona. **SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD**, a blistering indictment of the inhuman treatment of blacks in South Africa. Tuesdays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.... ¶ In **THE ISLAND**, two black prisoners of the South African state outwit torture and death by means of brotherly affection and invincible courage. Wednesdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5:30. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Closes Sunday, May 18.)

**The Taking of Miss Janie**—A splendid new play by Ed Bullins, recently seen at the Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, and now moved uptown. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Wiz**—An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Women Behind Bars**—This takeoff on awful old movies, set in the Women's House of Detention in the Village, is often very dirty and almost always very funny. Tom Eyen is the playwright. With the remarkable Madeleine le Roux, as an empty-headed pyromaniac. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

**Long Runs**—**CANDIDE:** A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original, with Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,257 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **RAISIN:** Worth seeing for its appealing and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 |

## MISCELLANY

**The Circus**—A sort of latter-day Noah's Ark, with spacemen. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30. Closes Monday, May 26.)

## BALLET AND DANCE

**New York City Ballet**—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 7, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Dybbuk Variations," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Thursday, May 8, at 8: "Bugaku," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Friday, May 9, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Duo Concertant," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ Saturday, May 10, at 2: "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, May 10, at 8: "Bugaku," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Sunday, May 11, at 1: "Donizetti Variations," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Scherzo Fantastique," "Pas de Deux," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ Sunday, May 11, at 7: "Dybbuk Variations," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Tuesday, May 13, at 8: "Coppélia."... ¶ The first two programs in a Ravel Festival of music and dance (sixteen of seventeen ballets are premières). Wednesday, May 14, at 8: "Sonatine" (with Madeleine Malraux, piano), "Piano Concerto in G," and "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 7-4700, Ext. 345.)... ¶ Thursday and Friday, May 15-16, at 8, and Saturday, May 17, at 2 and 8: "La Valse," "Piano Concerto in G," and "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 29.)

**Bolshoi Ballet**—"Spartacus": Wednesday matinée, May 7; Saturday matinée, May 10; and Saturday evening, May 17.... ¶ "Giselle": Wednesday evening, May 7, and Saturday evening, May 10.... ¶ "Swan Lake": Thursday evening, May 8; Wednesday matinée, May 14; and Saturday matinée, May 17.... ¶ "Ivan the Terrible": Friday evening, May 9, and Wednesday evening, May 14.... ¶ "The Sleeping Beauty": Monday evening, May 12 (American première of a full-length version); Tuesday evening, May 13; and Thursday and Friday evenings, May 15-16. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, May 24.)

**Dance Theatre of Harlem**—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, May 7, and Saturday, May 10, at 8, and Sunday, May 11, at 2: "Holberg Suite," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Agon," and "Dougla."... ¶ Thursday and Friday, May 8-9, at 8; Saturday, May 10, at 2; and Sunday, May 11, at 7:30: "Design for Strings," "Every Now and Then," "Bugaku," and "Forces of Rhythm." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510.)

**Agnes de Mille**—And her Heritage Dance Theatre in a lecture-demonstration entitled "Conversations About the Dance," with Gemze de Lappe, Jeremy Blanton, Hortense Kooluris, and others. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, May 15, at 8.)

## NIGHT LIFE

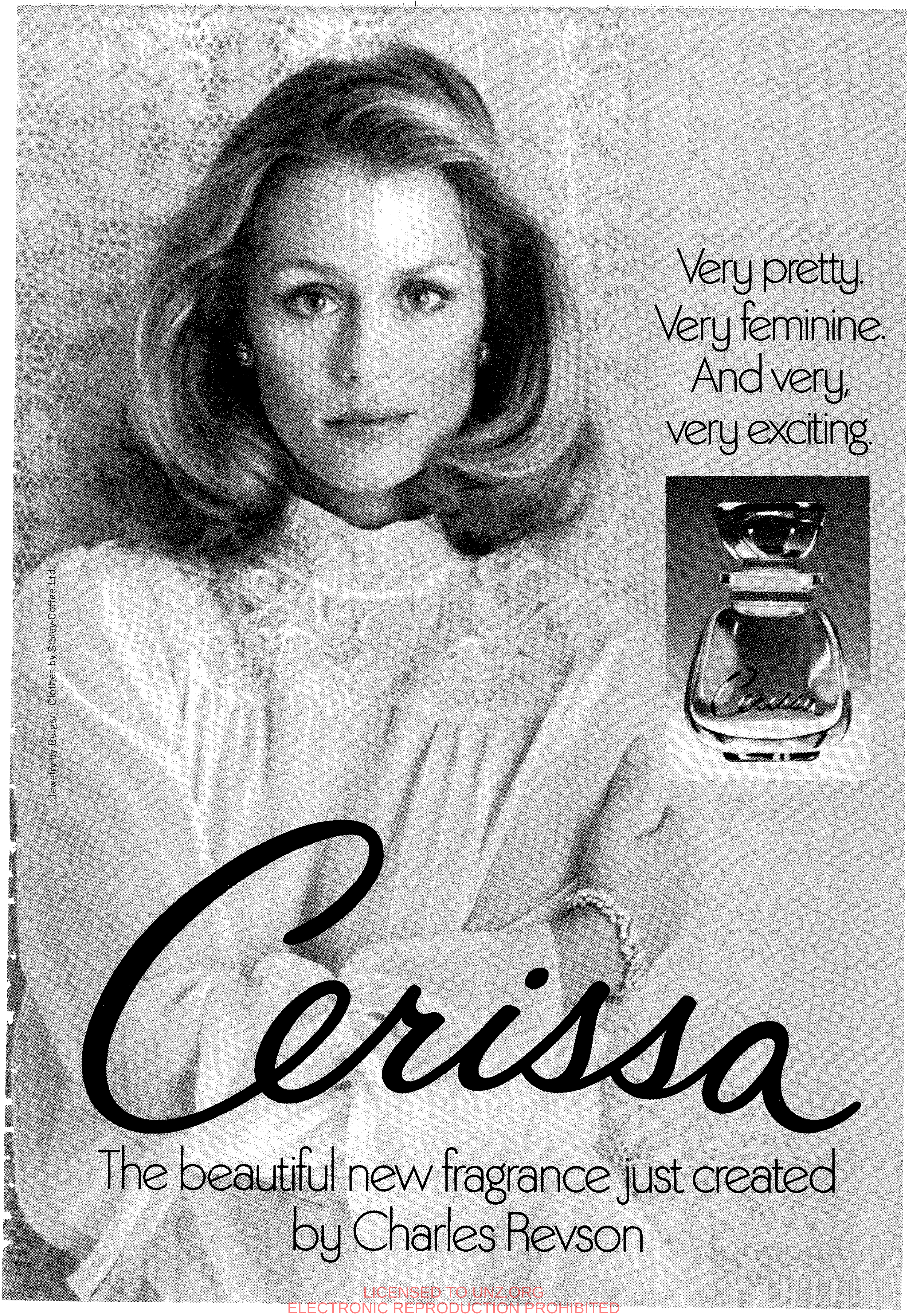
(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

**Angry Squire**, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—An excess of nautical bric-a-brac—riggings, ropes, lanterns, nets, some fake fish—hangs from the rafters above the Tommy Jones trio, the Friday- and Saturday-night jazzmen on May 9-10. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

**Arthur's Tavern**, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—At the rear of this long and narrow, shabbily genteel barroom, Mabel Godwin sits at a piano from nine to three Tuesdays through Saturdays, obligingly singing and playing patrons' requests or whatever pops into her head. On Mondays: five or six part-time but nonetheless exuberant Dixieland musicians known as the Grove Street Stompers. Closed Sundays.

**Boomer's**, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Easygoing, comfortable, and on the less beaten, western edge of Bleecker, this restaurant specializes in mainstream and out-there jazz and sixties-fashionable soul food. George Coleman, on tenor saxophone, and Danny Moore, on flugelhorn, co-pilot a vigorous quintet through Saturday, May 10. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

**Bottom Line**, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—An aptly named, giant-size concern where hordes of enthusiasts come to hear the latest in rock, folk, and commercially successful jazz. The Hollies, a British band that has been producing heavy-harmonied rock and roll for twelve years or so, appears opposite singer Danny O'Keefe Friday and Saturday, May 9-10. Monday through Thursday, May 12-15, the **PERSUASIONS**, a sublime a-cappella street-corner soul and gospel quintet, alternates with the Brecker Brothers, Mike and Randy, who, having spent some time playing with Horace Silver and Billy Cobham, now head their own rock-jazz outfit. Mary Travers, who is now leading her own folk quartet,


Very pretty.
Very feminine.
And very,
very exciting.
Cérissa
Cérissa
The beautiful new fragrance just created
by Charles Revson
Jewelry by Bulgari. Clothes by Sibley-Coffee Ltd.

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|  |  |  | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 |

begins trading sets with singer-composer Paul Davis on Friday, May 16. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner. Closed Wednesday and Thursday, May 7-8, and Sunday, May 11.

**BRADLEY'S,** 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—**DAVE MATTHEWS**—pianist, composer, and the Monday-night bandleader at the Five Spot—performs with guitarist Sam Brown and bassist John Beal through Saturday, May 10. Cedar Walton and Sam Jones begin their piano-bass duets on Monday, May 12. From nine-thirty to two-thirty. Sundays, from nine-thirty to one, are devoted to **JAKI BYARD,** who, in the course of a single set, might duplicate the styles of James P. Johnson, Earl Hines, Bud Powell, and Béla Bartók. His trusty sidekick, Major Holley, a Slam Stewart-inspired bassist, slaps, bows, and hums along. Dinner.

•

**BUDDY'S PLACE,** 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—**BUDDY RICH'S** new club (the old one on Second Avenue stole away several months ago) appears to be more in the suburbs than in the city. It's just half a block from Penn Station, eleven blocks from the bus terminal, and nine blocks from the Midtown Tunnel. But it *is* accessible, being midway between Sixth and Seventh and across the street from the Statler Hilton, where one could always put up for the night in an emergency. In its Bauhaus way, the new place is attractive, spacious, comfortable, and—rarest of the rare—clean. Everything in Rich's old place was red, and all that vermillion was like an overweening sunset that got between the music and the listener. The new place, which is down in the cellar, is all black, and the performers pop out at you like diamonds. Mirrors, which enclose the pillars and make one wall fall away to reveal room after room, also relieve the umbra, as do reflecting squares of aluminum, which cover the tabletops like cookie sheets. The most surprising thing about the room is its ingenious bar, which is set in one corner and is completely glass-enclosed. The club does not welcome talking during the performances (there is a card on each table to that effect), but all the noisy need do is repair to the bar, where they can see and hear everything and at the same time blab in perfect comfort. Rich has put together another big band—he feels undressed if he has anything smaller around him—and it is a volcanic beauty. It is loud but precise (the sound system in the room is superb, by the way), and it has some remarkable soloists, among them the sterling young Danny Hayes on trumpet, Steve Marcus on tenor and soprano saxophones, and Wayne Wright on guitar. Rich himself is as relaxed as milk: he wears sweaters and slacks, takes short, superb solos, and occasionally smiles. The rest of the show, which is too long, includes **CARMEN MC RAE,** who completely rebuilds every song, as if she knew something its composer didn't, and Nipsey Russell, who gives the steady impression that the next joke will be the seam-splitter one has been waiting for. McRae and Russell close on Saturday, May 10, and **MEL TORMÉ** arrives the following week. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays through Fridays, and at nine, eleven, and one on Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

•

**CARLYLE HOTEL,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—The classics of the twenties and thirties may be increasingly ill-used elsewhere but in the Café Carlyle they remain in safe hands. **BOBBY SHORT,** who has been singing them in a respectful and energetic voice for years, and who has lately been known to slip into this venerable repertoire such up-to-the-minute matter as "Send in the Clowns," is assisted by Dick Sheridan and Beverly Peer on drums and bass Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper. . . . ¶ Muriel Roberts, an industrious and swinging pianist, has taken over in the Bemelmans Bar, which appears to have become a permanent music room. Mondays through Thursdays from nine to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.

**COOKERY,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**DICK WELLSTOOD,** a subtle and inventive pianist, reproduces the raw materials—the emotions, the rhythmic patterns, the harmonic strengths—that the old-master pianists of the thirties and forties quarried their styles out of. He is playing by himself, which is as it should be; bass players simply bounce off his left hand. From eight until one every night except Sunday, when Dick Hyman takes over. Dining.

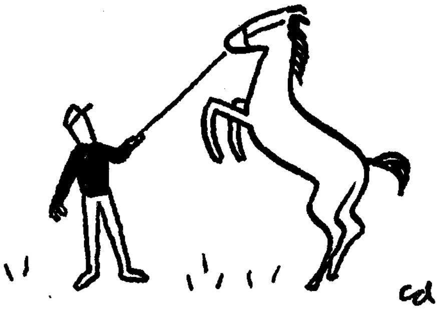
**EDDIE CONDON'S,** 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band is made up of Ed Polcer, Vic Dickenson, Herbie Hall, Jim Andrews, Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club), and Ronnie Cole. On Tuesday, May 13, the guest artists will be **ZOOT SIMS** and **AL COHN,** an occasional but long-standing tenor-sax twosome. Dill Jones, ruddy-faced and nimble-fingered, mans the piano from five to nine until Red Richards steps in to replace him beginning Monday, May 12. Closed Sundays.

**FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—Pianist **RANDY WESTON** is here with a quintet playing highly percussive African-American music; through Saturday, May 10. **ORNETTE COLEMAN** first hit town with his quartet, performing at an earlier manifestation of this very club, fifteen years ago, and the music Coleman played at that time caused shock waves that are still being felt in some circles. Coleman takes the stand with his current sextet beginning Tuesday, May 13. Music from around ten. On Mondays: **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music from nine-thirty to two. On Sundays from five to nine: The Music Complex Jazz Orchestra, also made up of studio musicians. Like the old territorial bands it resembles, it doesn't always get the right sound in the right place, but it has enthusiasm and several impressive soloists. The pianist **JAKI BYARD** acts as the leader. Chinese and American snacks.

**GREGORY'S,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The senior member of the threesome that plays swing tunes in this tiny bar is **SONNY GREER,** who worked with Duke Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. **RUSSELL PROCOPE** carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-three-year-old **BROOKS KERR,** a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope, and helps generate the excitement. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ,** bassist John Beal, and pianist Dick Katz take over Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three. Vibraharpist Warren Chiasson, who has spent considerable time with George Shearing's group, plays from six to nine Mondays through Saturdays. Pianist **AL HAIG,** guitarist Sam Brown, and bassist Jamil Nasser collaborate on Sundays from four-thirty to nine-thirty. Snacks.

**JACQUES AT THE VILLAGE CORNER,** 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—The operations at Jacques, a little retreat formerly in business farther west down Bleecker, have been transferred to the Village Corner, a pentagonal, high-ceilinged corner bar with an abundance of old, dark wood and mirrors. Lance Hayward is seated at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when pianist Jim Roberts substitutes. On Sundays, Jane Valentine contributes vocals. Music from nine-thirty to three.

**JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz or Cyril Haynes on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Major Holley on bass, Joe Muranyi on reeds, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky is in charge of a group of musical archivists from eight until two.



**MABEL MERCER ROOM,** in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A portrait of the artist at seventy-five, which **MABEL MERCER** has just gracefully turned. Everything is just right—the voice (despite its early-evening ups and downs), the phrasing, the wonderful songs, her regal good looks, and the newly christened room itself. Jimmy Lyon's accompaniment is calm and fatherly. She sings—and miraculously well of late, particularly at her second show—at ten and midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

**MICHAEL'S PUB,** 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The astonishing **JOE VENUTI,** who used to trade cadenzas with Paganini, has John Bunch, Milt Hinton, and Bobby Rosengarden with him, and they drive smoothly at the speed of light, a tempo the Old Dervish often sets. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen to one. Then, on Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Closed Sundays.

**MIKELL'S,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A restaurant on the tag end of a one-story, mall-like building that also houses a five-and-ten and other shops, and that looks like an afterthought sitting in the midst of upper West Side high-rise urban renewal. Bassist Gordon Edwards takes a capable quintet through some refined, unadulterated, and intricately laid-back rhythm and blues nightly from ten until three.

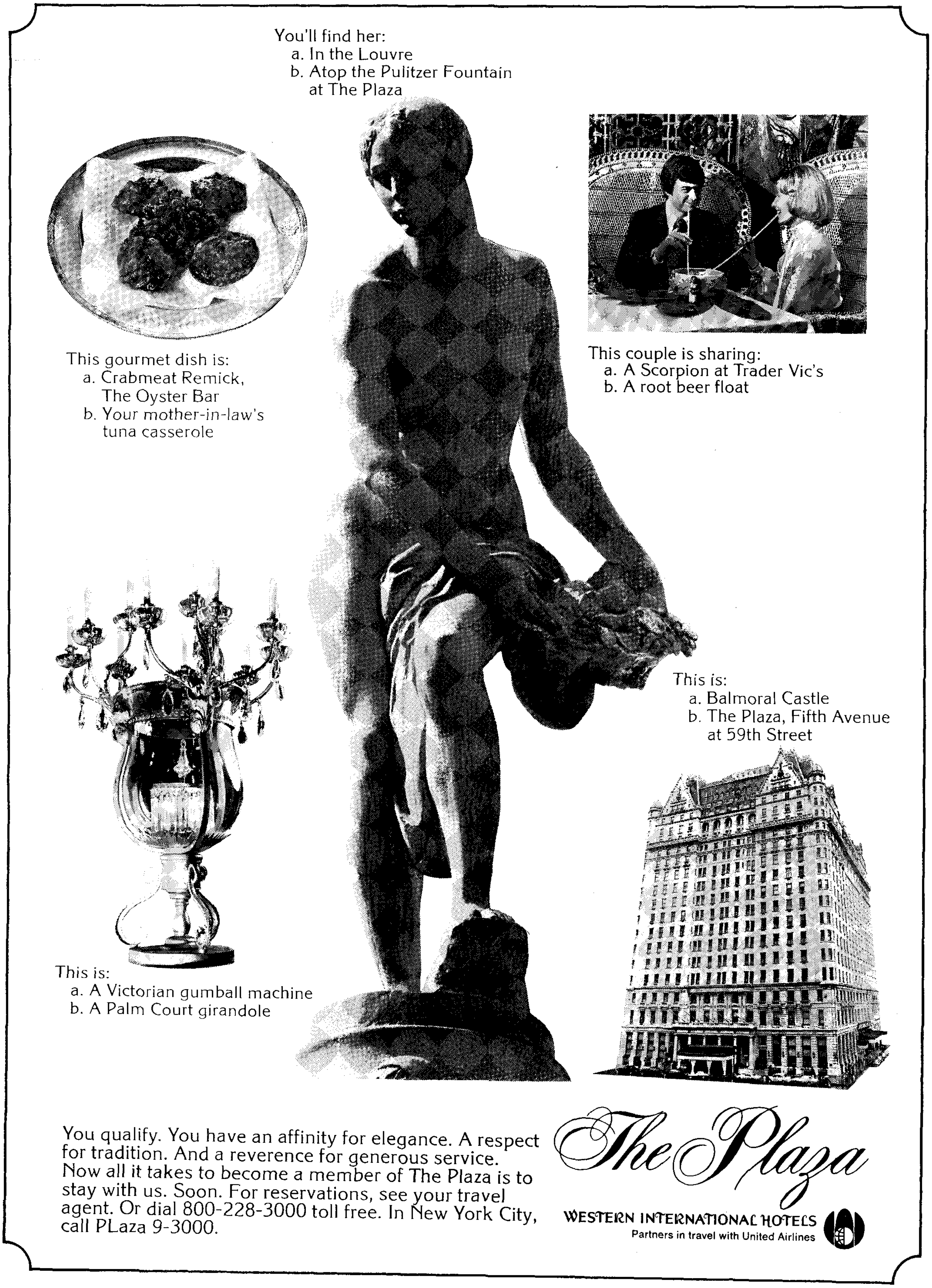
**MUSIC ROOM,** 2871 Broadway, at 111th St. (866-2018)—The greatest hits of the fifteenth century—and some occasional ragtime, folk, and atonal music thrown in—are likely to be heard in this modest little restaurant and bar from seven until eleven. Many of the young professional musicians and singers who are here to display their skills (which vary in degree) in small ensembles or as soloists normally perform with such musical monoliths as the New York City Opera Orchestra, the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, and the American Symphony Orchestra. A basket placed near the front of the dining room serves as a kitty, where patrons—mostly Columbia-area residents and upper West Side musicians—can drop contributions. Solo lutanists, pianists, singers, and guitarists abound during the week; Fridays and Saturdays are reserved for chamber trios.

**RENO SWEENEY,** 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Janis Ian, a pop-rock prodigy a decade ago who has got even slicker with age, sings through Saturday, May 10. On Tuesday, May 13, Lillian Roth starts singing the old songs—"Honey," "When the Red, Red, Robin Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbin' Along," "Ain't She Sweet," and others—some of which she originally introduced, in a husky, hoarse-sounding voice and with a good deal of charm. Shows at nine and midnight. On Sundays, Brecht scholar, academician, and, lately, *chansonnier* Eric Bentley goes on at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dinner.

**ST. JAMES INFIRMARY,** 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—A jazz hideaway situated in a properly sombre basement but with an uplifting décor—a colorful wall of Art Deco cutouts and bright, white tablecloths. Pianist Hod O'Brian, bassist Cameron Brown, and drummer Beaver Harris form the house rhythm section for the following itinerant jazzmen: **CHET BAKER,** who seems to have found a second home here (away from his Monday and Tuesday residence at Stryker's), is present Wednesdays and Thursdays; Friday and Saturday, May 9-10, tenorman **ZOOT SIMS** turns up; and **DAVID AMRAM,** a bundle of multifaceted musical energy, gigs here on Friday and Saturday, May 16-17 (as well as on Saturday afternoon, May 17, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, where he conducts the Brooklyn Philharmonia). Sunday, May 11, has been set aside for jamming, and Mondays belong to singer Joe Lee Wilson and alto saxophonist Monty Waters. Music from about ten. Closed Tuesdays.

**STRYKER'S,** 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave.

# How to become a *Member* of The Plaza



You'll find her:
a. In the Louvre
b. Atop the Pulitzer Fountain at The Plaza

This gourmet dish is:
a. Crabmeat Remick, The Oyster Bar
b. Your mother-in-law's tuna casserole

This couple is sharing:
a. A Scorpion at Trader Vic's
b. A root beer float

This is:
a. Balmoral Castle
b. The Plaza, Fifth Avenue at 59th Street

This is:
a. A Victorian gumball machine
b. A Palm Court girandole

You qualify. You have an affinity for elegance. A respect for tradition. And a reverence for generous service. Now all it takes to become a member of The Plaza is to stay with us. Soon. For reservations, see your travel agent. Or dial 800-228-3000 toll free. In New York City, call PLaza 9-3000.

*The Plaza*

WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS
Partners in travel with United Airlines

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper West Side outpost where one can hear live jazz (and recorded soul, rhythm and blues, and similar Motown fare on its jukebox). Mondays and Tuesdays offer cool and placid **CHET BAKER** and his young, enthusiastic musical coterie. Mellophonist Don Elliot heads a quartet on Wednesdays and Thursdays; Albert Dailey's trio performs Friday and Saturday, May 9-10; and saxophonist Richard Cole brings in a quartet the following Friday and Saturday (May 16-17). Sundays are claimed by the silken guitar duo of **CHUCK WAYNE** and **JOE PUMA**. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty to two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty until three; Sundays from nine until two. Snacks.

**STUDIO 77/ALI'S ALLEY**, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—A simple, unpretentious, but enormous music room converted from a ground-floor SoHo loft. The space, adorned with very large, colorful posters and other wall hangings, is devoted to the weighty and intense music of **RASHIED ALI** and his quartet—bassist Benny Wilson, saxophonist James Vass, and pianist David Durrah. Ali was John Coltrane's drummer during the final, most exploratory period of that innovator's career, and Ali has since used Coltrane's Ultima Thule as a base camp for further reconnoiterings. Music for the adventurous Thursdays through Sundays from ten to three. Soft drinks.

**SWEET BASIL**, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Those who might mistake this exurban-looking establishment for a natural-foods vegetarian-hash house and, as a result, be put off will be pleased to learn that it is not only an exemplary restaurant and bar but a first-rate listening room. Guitarist Warren Spencer works with bassist David Jackson from nine on Wednesday and Thursday, May 7-8; on Friday and Saturday, May 9-10, at ten, Ray Bryant and Mickey Bass take over. On Wednesday and Thursday, May 14-15, Fred Thaler and John Miller are on hand; and on Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, **ATTILA ZOLLER**, a lyrical, smooth, and altogether satisfying guitarist, performs with bassist Bill Takas. Guitarist Gene Bertoncini is on duty with a bass player on Sundays from eight to midnight.

**TIN PALACE**, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—This establishment, despite its Bowery address, is not a Bowery bar. The clientele is, for the most part, an artsy crowd—an especially congested one after ten-thirty, when the music begins—of loft dwellers and musicians, and some listeners who don't live in lofts. Thursdays through Saturdays, flutist Lloyd McNeill and his exciting band—the very fine Cecil McBee on bass, electric pianist Dom Salvador, and drummer Buddy Williams—keep everyone satisfied with their infectiously rhythmic, Brazilian-flavored material. Anatol Gerasimov, a young Russian tenor saxophonist, heads up a quintet on Sundays. Tuesdays and Wednesdays trumpeter Greg Bobulinski attempts some Clifford Brown-inspired acrobatics with his quartet. **JOE CARROLL**, who recorded "Oo-Sho-Be-Do-Be," "Jump-Did-Le-Ba," and other bop vocal classics with Dizzy Gillespie some twenty-five years ago, scats along with the group. Dinner.

**VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Novella Nelson does some dramatic, stylized vocals, with assistance from bassist Richard Davis's trio, through Sunday, May 11. On Tuesday, May 13, thunderbolt drummer **ELVIN JONES** takes off with his quintet. On Mondays, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** aggregation—sixteen or so of New York's finest studio men—assemble themselves and their instruments on the acutely angled bandstand. The band frequently lights into some rousing, hard-hitting material, but it also devotes its energies to a number of ballads that are, as a rule, less successful, often giving way to studied (and sometimes unstudied) looseness, musical punch lines, and clowning. Juanita Fleming has taken on the exacting task of replacing the band's dazzling vocalist, Dee Dee Bridgewater. Music from ten.

**WEST BOONDOCK**, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Mondays through Wednesdays, Steve Elmer is at the keyboard, aided by a bassist, and Thursdays through Sundays, pianist Nat Jones works with *his* bassist. Music from eight to two. Dinner.

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 |

**WEST END CAFÉ**, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—It's no wonder that this wood-and brick-walled beer-and-hamburger haunt serves as an extracurricular, off-campus student union—Columbia University is, after all, just across the street. What is noteworthy about the student population here is its undeniable but by no means square appreciation of thirties and forties jazz. Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject every night of the week: On Mondays and Tuesdays, Eddie Durham, a trombonist and one of the very first jazz guitarists (he took up the instruments in the twenties), pianist Ram Ramirez, trumpeter Franc Williams, and drummer Shelton Gary perform. Wednesdays and Thursdays, **TINY GRIMES**, a bluesy, bebopping four-string guitarist who played with Art Tatum and recorded with Charlie Parker in the forties, frolics with a trio. A bop quintet takes the stand on Fridays and Saturdays, and on Sundays, Mabel Godwin performs with Paul Quinichette, Ted Sturgis, Almeta Stewart, and Pete Siuska. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

## BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

**PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the Café, pianist-singer Tony Gorody performs from eight-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Steven Weltner takes over the keyboard on Sundays from eight to midnight, and Mondays from five-thirty to eleven-thirty.

**PLAZA**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Soprano Vivienne Della Chiesa is singing in the Persian Room at ten Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. The trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel put forth dance tunes from seven to one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein are playing in the Edwardian Room, from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Mondays through Fridays, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand in the Palm Court, from five to one. Sandu Marcu does the fiddling Saturdays from five to one, and Sundays from four to midnight.

**RAINBOW GRILL**, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The sumptuous mountain fastness is presenting singer Billy Daniels at dinner and supper. Dance music commences at seven-forty-five. Closed Sundays.

**RAINBOW ROOM**, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER'S** band plays for dancing on this sterling rooftop, from seven, every night but Sunday.

**ST. REGIS-SHERATON**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Della Reese will end her dinner and supper song sessions in the Maisonette on Saturday, May 10. The Charles Turecamo orchestra will remain to play for dancing every night but Sunday, from seven-thirty to one-thirty. . . . ¶ In the King Cole Grille, harpist Eleanor Fell plays from seven-thirty to eleven, every night but Sunday.

**WALDORF-ASTORIA**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room reopens on Tuesday, May 13, and Joey Heatherton will be the soprano at dinner and supper. Dance music the rest of the time by the Bill Harrington orchestra. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**PETER ARNO** (1904-68)—Cartoons, magazine-cover designs, and book-jacket illustrations spanning a forty-year period. Through Saturday, May 10. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

**GIFFORD BEAL** (1879-1956)—A retrospective of paintings from all periods, including New England harbor-town scenes and depictions of circus life. Through May 29. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**ROSEMARIE BECK**—Figure paintings based on the Orpheus legend. Through Saturday, May 10. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

**MAX BECKMANN** (1884-1950)—Twenty-three drawings, dated 1909-50, and three bronze sculptures. Through May 31. (Carus, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**JOSEPH BEUYS**—An environment composed of copper and iron rods arranged against a wall, an antique wooden sled, and two blackboards on which there are drawings. Through Saturday, May 17. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

**ERICH BRAUER**—Paintings and etchings by a member of the Vienna school of Fantastic Realism. Through Saturday, May 10. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**JAMES BROOKS**—Recent Abstract Expressionist paintings, in a show running concurrently with his show at the Finch College Museum of Art. Through May 24. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

**HUGH BULLEY**—Representational landscape and still-life paintings; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, May 10. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

**CORNEILLE**—Gouache paintings inspired by the story of Pinocchio, done in a primitive style. Through May 24. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

**JOSEPH CORNELL** (1903-72)—Thirty of his box constructions, plus some collages. Through May 31. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

**JUAN DOWNEY**—An installation mounted in homage to Velázquez consisting of a reproduction of "Las Meninas," doctored up with mirrors, television screens, and other arcana. Also drawings by this Chilean artist. Through Sunday, May 11. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

**MARTHA MAYER ERLEBACHER**—Realist portraits, group compositions, and still-lifes in mixed mediums. Through May 30. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**RENÉ GENIS**—Landscapes of Mykonos and a few still-lifes. Through Saturday, May 10. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**NANCY GROSSMAN**—Collage paintings of male figures. Through June 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

**GEORGE GROSZ** (1893-1959)—A large selection of oils, watercolors, and ink drawings from the Berlin period, 1912-33. Through June 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**ALEXANDER HOLLWEG**—Three-dimensional painted wood-and-plaster models of factories and meadows; first one-man show in New York. Through Thursday, May 15. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

**PIERRE JACQUEMON**—Abstract paintings, some suggesting landscapes and some suggesting figures. Through May 24. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

**ROBERT KEYSER**—Abstract paintings and drawings. Through Friday, May 16. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**BARBARA LEKBERG**—Figurative bronze sculptures, welded and cast. Through Saturday, May 10. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

**ANDRÉ MASSON**—A comprehensive show of his surrealist works, 1937-43, including paintings and sculptures. Through May 24. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

**RICHARD A. MILHOLLAND**—A series of pencil drawings entitled "Book of Jews." Through May 28. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

**PICASSO** (1881-1973)—A benefit loan show of more than fifty paintings, with selections from his entire career. Through Saturday, May 17. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**HARVEY QUAYTMAN**—Five acrylic paintings on shaped canvases. Through Saturday, May 10. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

**ROBERT REID**—Abstract watercolors derived from

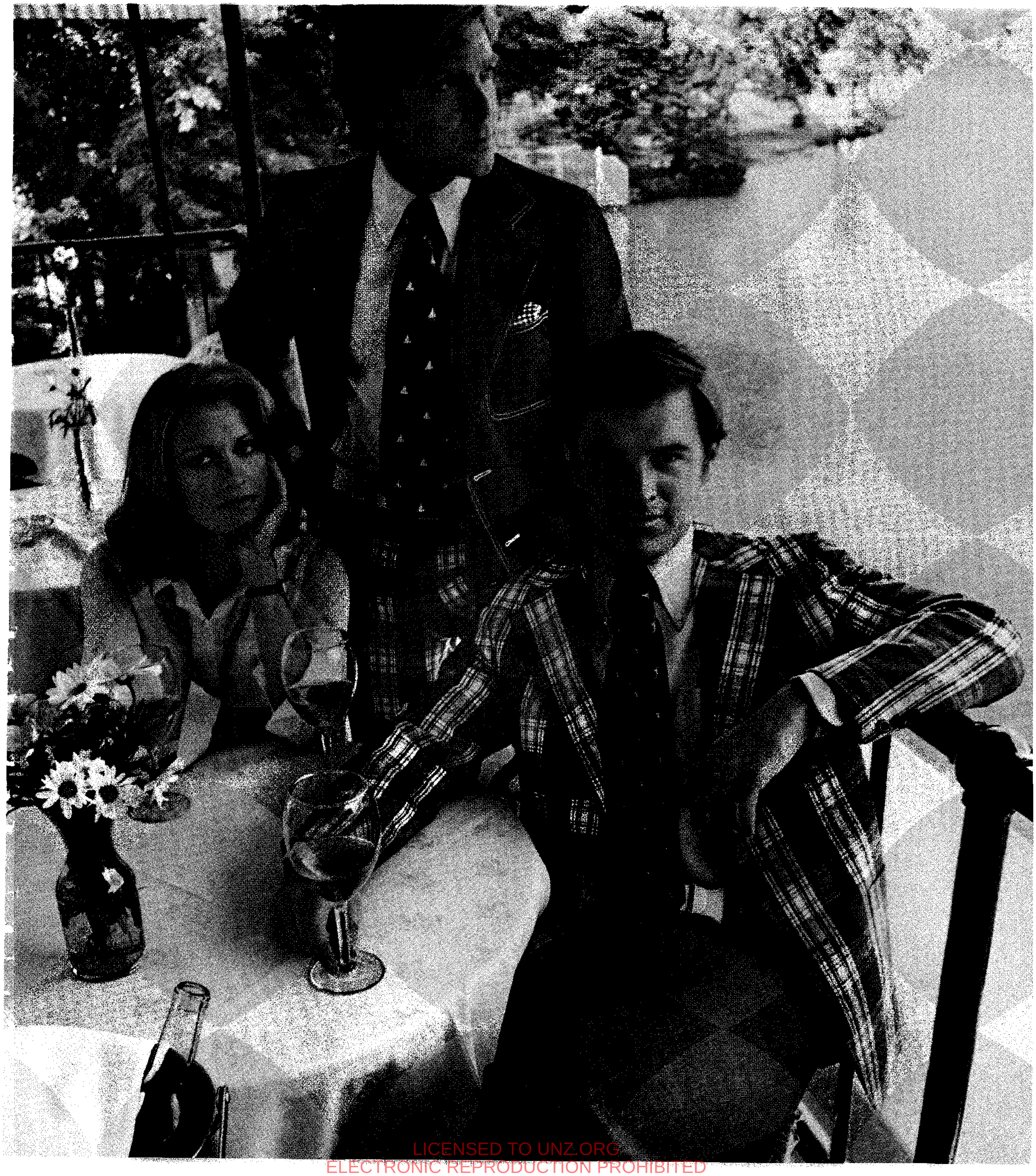
# The Cricketeers are adding spice to the season.

When it comes to good taste, the Cricketeers are always in season. Like these Match-Mates of polyester and cotton denim with the kind of styling, colors and patterns that add a lot of interest to any scene.

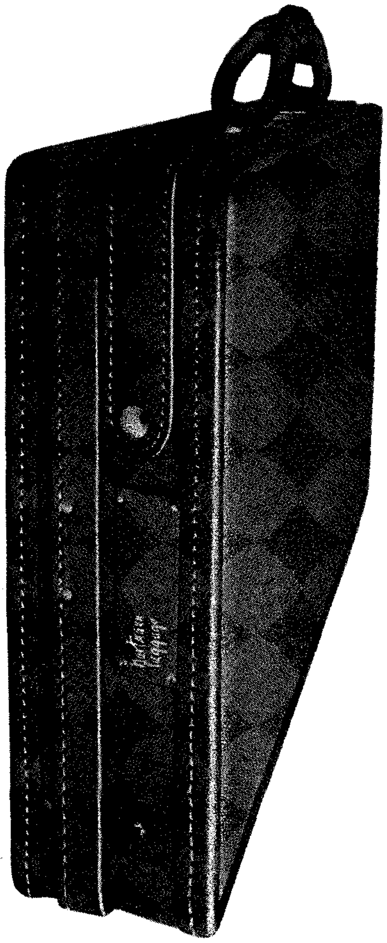
The prices are very tasteful, too: from about $105.

**CRICKETEER** **Good taste is our design.**

1290 Ave. of The Americas, N.Y. 10019. A Division of Phillips-Van Heusen Corp.



# If this $190 Hartmann attaché case is really the most inexpensive you can buy,



The Hartmann attaché case in imported industrial belting leather is possibly the finest crafted attaché case on the market.

Celebrated for its fine looks and tough construction, the case features Hartmann's own flexible frame construction which gives when it gets bumped and bounces back instead of breaking.

The leather is awesomely luxurious yet natural—no finish needed to preserve it.

From the handle which is sewn by hand, to the rest of the case—inside and out—you'll find no machine stamping, no moulded plastics.

The interior, trimmed in belting leather and lined in Zepel treated stain resistant polyester and cotton, features a 2-pocket file. And the exterior features the exclusive Hartmann 24 Karat gold concealed Touch-O-Matic locks.

With all this luxury, how can we say that this case is really inexpensive? Because once you own one, you won't be needing another for a long long time. Like maybe a lifetime. In times like these, that should be reassuring.

# why at this time are we giving you this $55 envelope at no extra charge?

We're sure that once you try the attaché case in belting leather you'll want to buy lots of our other matching luggage. That's why, to get you started, you get a matching envelope absolutely free.

You can also select from attaché cases and matching bonus envelopes in our Halston-designed Ultrasuede® Collection, our Walnut Fabric Collection (the strongest luggage fabric ever discovered) and in our Vinyl Collection.

This offer is good from May 12 to June 14, 1975.

Hartmann attaché cases with matching bonus envelopes are available in belting leather: 3" case (illustrated) $190, 5" case with added features $210, and "Gift with Purchase Envelope" is your $55 free gift.

In Ultrasuede: the 5" case is $175, the 3" case $160 and the envelope is your $45 free gift.

In Walnut Fabric the 5" case is $95, the 3" is $85 and the envelope is your $25 free gift.

In Chestnut Brown or Pearl Black Vinyl the 5" case is $65, the 3" is $57.50 and the envelope is your $18.50 free gift.

DUPONT
ZEPEL
RAIN/STAIN REPELLER

**Hartmann**
Hartmann Luggage, Lebanon, Tennessee 37087.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

beach scenes. Through Saturday, May 17. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St.)

**Paul Rickert**—Watercolor paintings of Philadelphia and its environs, mostly. Through Saturday, May 10. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

**George Rickey**—Abstract stainless-steel kinetic pieces. Through May 24. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

**William David Ridenhour**—Black abstractions on paper. Through May 29. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**Jorge Noceda Sanchez**—Surrealist paintings. Through Saturday, May 17. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**Ludwig Sander**—Recent paintings. Through May 21. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

**Raymond Saunders**—Paintings, collages in mixed mediums, and drawings. Through May 24. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

**George Schulman**—Abstract paintings, ranging in size from large to miniature, with wide areas of color. Through May 24. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

**Janet Stayton**—Watercolors, soft canvases mounted in boxes, and a group entitled "Worksheets" that combines various mediums on paper. Through Saturday, May 17. (Deitcher, 20 E. 67th St.)

**Frederick Wardy**—Linear black-and-white oils. Through May 24. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

**Elbert Weinberg**—Animals and mythological themes are the basis for this sculptor's bronze, marble, and resin pieces. Through May 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Jane Wilson / Ardeshir Mohassess**—New still-life paintings, some representational and others abstract. / Colored-pencil and watercolor caricatures. Through May 24. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: More than thirty artists are included in a tenth-anniversary show of "small works." Among the artists: Lynne Drexler, Shozo Nagano, and Roy Shifrin. Through June 14. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Thirty works, among them two Modigliani portraits, a Picasso tapestry, and a Dali stage setting painted on glass. Through May 31. . . . **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings by Susan Goodrich and Ray Kass, and sculptures by John Anderson. Through May 30. . . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso, Marini, and others. Through Thursday, May 15.

**Sculpture**—At the **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Indoor and outdoor pieces (in bronze, terra-cotta, and stone, for instance) by Lucchesi, Manzù, Gross, and others. Through May 30. . . . **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Bronzes from the sixties, mostly, by British artists Robert Adams, Barbara Hepworth, Bernard Meadows, and Henry Moore. Through May 31. . . . **GRUENEBAUM**, 25 E. 77th St.: Five Constructivists—Abe Ajay, Stephen Edlich, Will Horwitt, J. Pindyck Miller, and Ulrich Niemeyer. Through May 31.

## GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**Saul Baizerman** (1889-1957)—Five hammered-copper sculptures by a figurative artist. Through June 14. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Jack Beal**—Three new large paintings, all with figures, and related charcoal drawings. Through Saturday, May 10. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Open Saturday at noon.)

**Isabel Bishop**—Drawings and etchings, as well as a few new paintings, in a show running concurrently with her retrospective at the Whitney Museum. Through May 24. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

**John Civitello**—Acrylic still-lifes of ventilators, transformers, and other utilities. Through May 29. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Gene Davis / Anne Dunn**—New color-field paintings. / Ink paintings on paper. Through May 21. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Lee Hall**—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, May 17. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Karl-Heinz Krause**—Bronze nudes by a contemporary German sculptor. Through Saturday, May 10. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|  |  |  | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 |

**Richard Gorman Powers**—Semi-abstract seascapes and landscapes in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, May 17. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

**Bridget Riley**—Six large oils and fourteen gouaches by an Optical artist who previously worked in black and white but has now turned to color. Through May 31. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Anne Truitt / Sam Francis**—New sculptures and drawings. / Abstract gouaches on paper. Through Wednesday, May 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Richard Tuttle**—Abstract drawings done with white watercolor and pencil. Through Saturday, May 17. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Siet Zuyderland**—Paintings of interiors by a Dutch artist; first one-man show in New York. Through May 31. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **CRISPO**, 41 E. 57th St.: Bronze sculptures by Douglas Abdell, polyester-resin sculptures by Fred Eversley, and acrylics on paper by Cynthia Polsky. Through Saturday, May 10. . . . **IOLAS**, 15 E. 55th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and collages by a group that includes René Magritte, Max Ernst, and Victor Brauner. Through Saturday, May 10. . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: A show called "People" (portraits and people in groups) with examples by Ben Shahn, Ruth Gikow, Charles Demuth, and others. Through Wednesday, May 14. . . . **RENÉ**, 6 W. 57th St.: An exhibition that is a re-creation of one held by Denise René, the owner of this gallery, twenty years ago in Paris. Among the eight painters and sculptors are Vasarely, Agam, Soto, and Duchamp. Through Saturday, May 17.

## GALLERIES—SoHo

**Meriam Appel**—Abstract oil paintings; first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, May 10. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

**Vincent Arcilesi / Milo Lazarević**—Landscapes (many of the Grand Canyon and the Zion Canyon) and interiors with figures. / Marble sculptures. Through Thursday, May 15. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

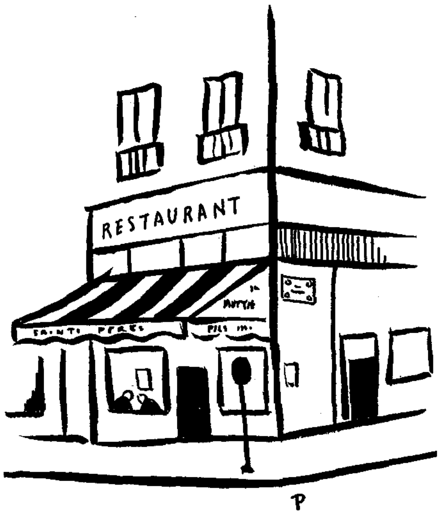
**Robert Buxbaum**—Glass sculptures. Through Saturday, May 17. (Benedek, 145 Spring St.)

**Donald Cole / Juan Gonzalez**—Abstract images on unstretched canvas. / Colored-pencil drawings of landscapes and still-lifes. Through May 28. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

**David Diao**—Abstract paintings. Through Thursday, May 15. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

**John Mandel**—Paintings and drawings based on the human form. Through May 29. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St.)

**Stephen Rosenthal / Hans Haacke**—India-ink washes on unstretched canvas. / Fourteen panels relating to Seurat's "Les Poseuses" (one panel is a copy of that work and the others trace the original through the various hands that have owned it). Through May 28. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)



**Gerald Samuels**—Abstract paintings. Through Thursday, May 15. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

**William Schenck**—Paintings of rodeos. Through May 24. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

**Susan Smith / Joe Neill**—Two large paintings in gesso and pastels on triple-ply cardboard, plus a charcoal drawing on the wall. / Tent-like structures, in nylon mesh, metal, and plastic, some of which can be entered. Through Wednesday, May 14. (55 Mercer Street.)

**Frank Stella**—A new group of "color" paintings, this time on aluminum. Through May 24. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

**Idelle Weber**—Photo-Realist paintings of trash. Through Saturday, May 17. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

**Sam Wiener / Helen Soreff**—Small-scale sculptures of glass and concrete placed on wooden stands. / Linear paintings in muted grays. Through Tuesday, May 13. (Lamagna, 380 West Broadway.)

**Helen Wilson**—Portraits, still-lifes, and landscapes in oil. Starts Saturday, May 10. (First Street Gallery, 118 Prince St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

**Kes Zapkus**—Large abstract paintings. Through May 28. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **CALDWELL**, 383 West Broadway: Paintings and drawings by gallery artists. Through May 28. . . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Luis Jimenez, Michael Gitlin, and Alan Suicide showing sculptures, and Stephen Woodburn showing landscapes. Through Saturday, May 17.

## OTHER GALLERIES

**Joe Moss**—Parabolic sound reflectors arranged so as to produce unexpected noises as people walk past. Through May 23. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

**Group Shows**—At the **PRATT GRAPHICS CENTER**, 831 Broadway, at 13th St.: Drawings by fifty artists (among them Willem de Kooning, Judy Lerner Brice, Robert Gordy, Michael Mazur, and William T. Wiley) representing all sections of the United States. Through May 31. (Open Mondays; open Saturdays at 1; closed Sundays.). . . **UNION CARBIDE BUILDING**, 270 Park Ave., at 48th St.: The fourth international exhibit of works by young artists from about sixty countries. Through May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.). . . **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Four Los Angeles artists showing paintings, drawings, and conceptual work. Through Friday, May 16. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.). . . **WALKER STREET GALLERY**, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway: Works in mixed mediums by ten artists. Through Thursday, May 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

## PHOTOGRAPHY

●

**Rudy Burckhardt**—An exhibition of photographs taken in the thirties and forties (plus a few from 1971) by a Swiss-born photographer, filmmaker, and painter, whose days as an underground artist are evidently numbered. In the March-April number of *Art in America*, Lucy Lippard has chronicled Burckhardt's career ("if such a term can be used to describe a lifework of determined amateurism") in a long, illustrated appreciation, and with this show the photographic community gains a new object of adulation and fancy pricing. Burckhardt's early photographs of New York are remarkable on many counts—for their eccentricity, intelligence, elegance, and avant-gardeness. The pictures of people walking on the street bring the recent work of Garry Winogrand to mind, and make one realize that what Winogrand is after in his raw, heavy-minded examinations of urban mess and desperation was achieved, with less fuss and more finesse, thirty years ago. Similarly, Burckhardt's studies of commercial signs—though derived from Walker Evans' work in this genre—are leaps into the future of Pop and Photo-Realism rather than period pieces. A photograph of the Flatiron Building on a summer day, shown casting its enormous shadow on the street below, and another of the New York skyline seen in its delicate murkiness from one of those crass waste places in Astoria, are among the photographs in the show that reflect Burckhardt's training as a painter ("studied painting with Willem de Kooning for two days, Amédée Ozenfant one year, then at the Brooklyn Museum Art School, the Academy of Naples, and with Professore Beppe Guzzi in Rome," he writes in an autobiographical statement distributed at the gallery), though, as Lippard quotes him: "I would be embarrassed to call myself a serious painter. I get a little better every year, but I don't paint enough, so it will take longer; perhaps when I'm a hundred I'll get there." A group of nature studies done in 1971—pine needles, a moth on leaves, a pine trunk, a birch tree—look like escapees from an Ansel Adams show on first sight but presently yield up their singular and beautiful queerness. Through May 24. (Alexander, 26 E. 78th St.)

**Les Krims**—A few years ago, the artist Lucas Samaras took his new toy—the Polaroid SX-70, which ejects a still unhardened color print a few moments after the shutter is clicked—and used it to create a series of unusual painting-like images by smearing and drawing on the wet and gooey emulsion. In this show of what he calls FICTCRYPTOKRIMSOGRAPHS, Krims adopts Samaras's manipulations and gets very similar-looking effects, which resemble the painting styles of, among others, Klimt, van Gogh, and Redon, although, whereas Samaras's pictures were of himself, nude and doing bizarre things, Krims' pictures are of other people, nude and doing bizarre things. (One of Krims' models always keeps her nylon underpants on—perhaps because she is his mother.) Followers of the work of this photographer, who is currently an assistant professor of art at the State University of New York at Buffalo, will not be unprepared for such examples of KRIMSWIT as the picture of a woman whose breasts are wearing little plaid bonnets, or one of a platform shoe stuck to a table with bubble gum, accompanied by a breast with the same problem. Others will be mainly and uncharitably struck by the resemblance of these pretty-looking idiocies to their prettier, unacknowledged sources. Through May 24. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**George A. Tice**—A twenty-year retrospective (1953-73) by a great craftsman who is also a good photographer. Tice deals with the problem of the photographic cliché by ignoring it: he does what others have done before (Edward Weston, Ansel Adams, Aaron Siskind, Walker Evans, Frederick H. Evans, and Diane Arbus are some obvious sources), but he does it so exquisitely that the prodigies of execution more often than not transcend the derivations of conception. A serenity and deliberation, a quality of patience and seriousness, adhere to Tice's studies of natural forms, rural scenes, portraits of the Amish, still-lifes, and interiors, which cause one to trust in this thirty-six-year-old photographer's exploration of older photographers' visions—to see them as stepping stones toward a style, rather than as reflections of insufficiency. Hints of what Tice is doggedly groping toward are present in the show—in, for example, a picture of a tiny Volkswagen bravely making its way along a cloudlike tendril of white road surrounded by deepest darkness. This wholly original photograph is a kind of metaphor for Tice's own quiet and dangerous quest. Through Saturday, May 17. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

**James Abbe** (1883-1973)—An exhibition of portraits made in the twenties and thirties by one of the most sought-after of photographers of stage and film personalities; the occasion is the publication of a book of Abbe's photographs called "Stars of the Twenties" (Viking), with text by Mary Dawn Earley. Abbe's photographs are notable for their elegant inventiveness of composition and lighting, and for the persuasiveness of their illusion of beauty. One feels that this is the way the subjects really looked, just as their contemporaries must have felt that this was the way they looked all the time, rather than at one contrived moment. Anna Pavlova, Rudolph Valentino, Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Maurice Chevalier, Tallulah Bankhead, Helen Hayes, Lynn Fontanne, Lillian Gish, Katharine Cornell, Mae West, Mistinguett, and the Dolly Sisters are among the beautiful people in this show—whose delightfulness abruptly and entirely evaporates when one comes to a beautiful picture of Joseph Goebbels, followed by one of Joseph Stalin and one of Hermann Göring. Through May 24. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 |

**Michael Bishop**—Traffic barriers, garden tools, stairs, walls, street debris, construction materials, and other blunt emblems of utilitarianism are the subjects of Bishop's large, toned prints of an abstract character. The pictures are taken with a 35-mm. camera and greatly enlarged, which gives them their underlying quality of pale graininess; the toning—sepia, green, or ochre—provides depth, contrast, and interest. Unlike other contemporary avant-garde photographers for whom everything goes (paint, stitching, collage, etc.), Bishop adheres to strict photographic techniques in negotiating his departure from straight photography. His restraint pays off. Through May 24. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

●

**Charles Gatewood / Arthur Tress**—Photographs of people taken by the artist on his travels around the country. / Each photograph by this artist incorporates his shadow. Through June 1. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

**Josef Koudelka**—Photographs of Gypsies and country people taken during the last decade by a thirty-seven-year-old Czech photographer who left his country in 1968. Through Sunday, May 11. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Jack Manning**—Surrealistic pictures by a *Times* photographer. Through Friday, May 9. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

**Larry Siegel / David Vestal**—Pictures of Mexican landscapes and villagers. / Recent photographs. Through May 27. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

**W. Eugene Smith and Aileen M. Smith**—An exhibition chronicling the long struggle of the victims of "Minamata disease"—mercury poisoning from industrial wastes dumped into the sea—to get reparation from the plastics company responsible. Through June 29. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

**Sherry Suris**—Photographs of Russian Jews arriving in Israel, along with pictures of Christians celebrating Christmas and Easter there. Through May 30. (Nikon House, 437 Madison Ave., at 50th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**Group Shows**—At the **ELLIOTT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: French photography dating from the eighteen-fifties to the early nineteen hundreds and including daguerreotypes, calotypes, and collodion-process prints by Baldus, Le Gray, Atget, and others. Through June 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Eight photographers, including August Sander and Paul Sussman. Through June 1. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays 7 P.M. to 9:30 P.M.)

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition—part of a cultural exchange with Russia—of artifacts recovered from tombs of pre-Christian nomadic cultures. Included are ornate Scythian gold carvings (almost all for personal adornment), as well as objects of bronze, wood, felt, horn, and iron. Through June 29. . . . ¶ "The Great Wave" is the name of a remarkable exhibition here of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Japanese woodcuts hung side by side with prints by the Impressionists on whom they exerted an influence. Through Sunday, May 11. . . . ¶ Twenty-four bronze representations of Buddhist and Hindu deities, from India, Pakistan, and Southeast Asia, dating from the fourth century to the thirteenth. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Paintings, including eight large triptychs, by the contemporary British artist Francis Bacon. Through June 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

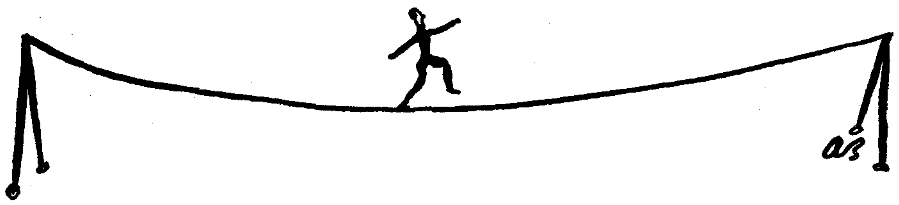
**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the sculptures of the British abstractionist Anthony Caro, including about thirty large-scale pieces (mainly painted steel) and a few table pieces. Through July 6. . . . ¶ Drawings, all done between 1920 and 1929, by Moholy-Nagy, Sheeler, Léger, and others. Through June 15. . . . ¶ An exhibit of prints in which works on similar themes by artists of different generations are juxtaposed. Among those represented are Munch, Sloan, and Hockney. Through June 8. . . . ¶ Furniture by Michael Thonet, Hector Guimard, Gerrit Rietveld, and Frank Lloyd Wright. Through May 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Ceramic tiles, some mounted singly, others mounted in groups, by the noted painter Helen Frankenthaler. . . . ¶ Forty-six recently acquired paintings, sculptures, and works on paper. Both exhibitions through June 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 9, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Whitney Museum**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the work of the realist painter Isabel Bishop. Through June 1. A complementary show is at the Midtown Galleries, 11 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century drawings (including gouaches and watercolors) from the museum's collection, by George Ault, Georgia O'Keeffe, Alexander Calder, and others. Through July 13. . . . ¶ Abstract paintings and watercolors of the Scottish coast by the American painter Jon Schueler. Through May 25. . . . ¶ Oils by Jo Baer. Through July 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ The final concerts of the season by the Composers' Showcase: On Monday, May 12, at 6:45 and 9:30, a program of the theatre music of Leonard Bernstein, with the composer commenting on his music and answering questions. The performers will include the Gregg Smith Singers. Tickets are now being issued on a first-come, first-served basis.)

**Whitney Downtown Museum**, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of New York painting originating during the years 1941-47, including early examples of Abstract Expressionism by Willem de Kooning, Lee Krasner, Robert Motherwell, and others. Through May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American



You are cordially invited to strike a blow for civilization.

It isn't easy to escape the everyday monotony of bad taste. It's vital.

And the place for the grandest escape you'll ever make isn't really a place at all.

It's an experience that can only be summed up in two words–The Met.

It's the scene of a thousand and one emotions that will make you glad to be alive.

And glad to belong to a series of great moments in music that will sing so clearly from the soul, you'll find them impossible to forget.

To mention just one of our 28 series, Aida, Boris Godunov, Carmen, Così Fan Tutte, Marriage of Figaro and Puccini's Trittico can be yours on six Monday evenings. All for as little as $27 in the Family Circle or as much as $120 in the Orchestra.

So fill out our coupon. In the name of civilization.

**THE MET**

**The Metropolitan Opera**
**Lincoln Center**
**New York, N.Y. 10023**

Please send me a subscription application with complete details on the Met's 1975-76 Season.

Name ____________________

Street ____________________

City ____________________

State __________ Zip __________

M-1

paintings by, among others, Thomas Cole, Arthur B. Davies, and Albert Pinkham Ryder. Through June 29. . . . ¶ A loan show of more than fifty-five Japanese screen and scroll paintings from the fourteenth century through the nineteenth. Through Aug. 10. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History,** Central Park W. at 79th St.—A model of a huge prehistoric flying reptile, a pterosaur, with a wingspan of fifty-one feet. Through May 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Asia House,** 112 E. 64th St.—Khmer stone sculptures, Tibetan and Nepalese paintings, and bronzes from the Shang and Chou dynasties are part of an exhibit on loan from the Musée Guimet, in Paris. Through June 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**China House,** 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of jades, dating from 2000 B.C. through the Han Dynasty (220 A.D.). Through June 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

**The Cloisters,** Fort Tryon Park—"The Secular Spirit" is the title of a loan exhibit of about three hundred objects made for everyday use between 1300 and 1550, ranging from household utensils to works of art. Through June 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 5:45.)

**Finch College Museum of Art,** 62 E. 78th St.—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the Abstract Expressionist James Brooks. Through June 8. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.) A complementary show is at the Martha Jackson Gallery, 32 E. 69th St.

**Morgan Library,** 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred and twenty-five drawings, most of them being shown for the first time, by a pivotal figure in American painting, Benjamin West (1738-1820). Included are the preliminary sketches for many of his historical and religious paintings as well as drawings by his son Raphael Lamar West. . . . ¶ Thirty recent acquisitions to the Mary Flagler Cary Music Collection, including the manuscripts for Brahms' "Hungarian Dances," and John Cage's "Three Dances." Both exhibitions through July 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of American Folk Art,** 49 W. 53rd St.—New York wood sculptures (decoys, cigar-store figures, and trade signs, for example) from the seventeenth century to the present. Through June 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**Museum of the City of New York,** Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"How Grim Was My City" is an exhibition of photographs, documents, and objects intended to show that late-nineteenth-century New York was not the charming place that art and nostalgia have created but was a city of "grinding poverty, decimating disease, intolerable housing, filth, congestion, and crime.". . . ¶ An exhibit, including paintings, drawings, and costumes, celebrating great women of the New York stage. Both exhibitions through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**New York Cultural Center,** 2 Columbus Circle—More than a hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings make up a show that follows the subject of the nude in American art from Benjamin West and John Singleton Copley to Tom Wesselmann and Philip Pearlstein. Starts Friday, May 9. . . . ¶ Figures and abstract bronze sculptures by Caroline Newhouse. Through Sunday, May 11. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**New York Public Library,** Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit (from the library's Berg Collection) centered on Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning and containing first editions, autograph manuscripts and letters, and related memorabilia. Through Nov. 1. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem,** 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Portraits by Kwasi Seitu Asantey. Through May 29. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|  |  |  | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 |

### OPERA

**Juilliard American Opera Center**—Additional benefit performances of a revised version of Samuel Barber's "Antony and Cleopatra." Staged by Gian Carlo Menotti, with the Juilliard Theatre Orchestra conducted by James Conlon. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Saturday, May 10, at 8, and Sunday, May 11, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

**New York Grand Opera Company**—Vincent La Selva directing performances of Verdi's "Nabucco," with Judith Telep, soprano, and Theodore Lambrinos, baritone. (Harkness Theatre, Broadway at 63rd St. Wednesday, May 14, and Saturday, May 17, at 8. For tickets, call 595-1161.)

**Bronx Opera Company**—Two performances of Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore," in English, staged by David Farrar, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, at 8.)

**John Brownlee Opera Theatre**—Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro," in English, conducted by George Schick and staged by James Lucas. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, May 16, at 8. A limited number of free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—At Avery Fisher Hall, Daniel Barenboim conducting the final performances of the season—Wednesday and Thursday, May 7-8, at 8:30; Friday, May 9, at 2; Saturday, May 10, at 8:30; and Tuesday, May 13, at 7:30 (all with Clifford Curzon, piano); and Thursday, May 15, at 8:30; Friday, May 16, at 2; and Saturday, May 17, at 8:30 (all with Isaac Stern, violin).

**Bavarian Symphony Orchestra**—Rafael Kubelik conducting a performance of "Má Vlast," Smetana's cycle of symphonic poems. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 7, at 8.)

**Orchestra da Camera of New York**—James Conlon conducting an all-Mozart benefit program, with Robert Mann, violin, and Walter Trampler, viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 8, at 8.)

**All-Schubert Concert**—Charlotte Bergen conducting a symphony orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 10, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

**Composers Festival Orchestra**—Alvin Brehm conducting the first of two concerts of contemporary American music, this one with Catherine Rowe, soprano; Walter Trampler, viola; Gerald Tarack, violin; and Per Brevig, trombone. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 12, at 8:30.)

**Our Bach Concert**—Twenty musicians who perform without a conductor, with Henry Schuman, oboe; Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; Eliot Chapo, violin; Gerard Schwarz, trumpet; and Thomas Nyfenger, piccolo. The final concert of the season. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, May 17, at midnight.)

**Union and Wheaton College Glee Clubs**—A joint concert, with Charles Fassett and Hugh Allen Wilson directing, and with John Houseman, narrator. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 7, at 8:15.)

**Hunter College Choirs**—Ralph Hunter directing an all-Mozart program, with a vocal quartet and a chamber orchestra. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, May 9, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**Dessoff Choirs**—Michael Hammond directing a program of music by Jean-Baptiste Lully, with a chamber orchestra and soloists. The final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, May 13, at 8.)

**New York Choral Society**—Robert DeCormier directing the final concert of the season, with an orchestra and soloists. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, May 16, at 8.)

**Metropolitan Greek Chorale**—Dino Anagnost directing a program of Greek music. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 17, at 8.)

### RECITALS

**Marlboro Trio**—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, May 7, at 8.)

**Armenta Adams**—Piano. (City University Graduate Center, third-floor music studio, 33 W. 42nd St. Friday, May 9, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**Joanna Simon**—Mezzo-soprano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, May 9, at 8.)

**Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center**—The final program of the season (two performances) will be played by Michael Tilson Thomas, pianist-conductor; Charles Treger and Ani Kavafian, violin; Laurence Lesser, cello; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 9, at 8:30, and Sunday, May 11, at 5.)

**Luciano Pavarotti**—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 10, at 8.)

**American Chamber Trio**—Peter Basquin, piano; June DeForest, violin; and Daniel Morganstern, cello, in the second of two concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 10, at 8:30.)

**Borodin Quartet**—Chamber music. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, May 11, at 2:30.)

**Lois Whiteman**—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 11, at 8.)

**Chamber Music Society of the American Symphony Orchestra**—The final concert of the season. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 11, at 8:30.)

**Susan Davenny Wyner**—Soprano. (City University Graduate Center, third-floor music studio, 33 W. 42nd St. Monday, May 12, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**League-ISCM**—The last in this season's series of programs, this one with the American String Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 12, at 8.)

**Speculum Musicae**—The last in a series of programs of twentieth-century music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, May 12, at 8.)

**Berenice Lipson-Gruzen**—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, May 13, at 8.)

### JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

**Interludes**—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, May 7, at 5:45: **BARBARA COOK**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 14, at 5:45: **DOROTHY DONEGAN**.

**Labelle**—Harkness Theatre, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000. Wednesday through Friday, May 7-9, at 8; Saturday, May 10, at 7:30 and 11; and Sunday, May 11, at 8.

**New York Jazz Repertory Company**—"The Savoy Ballroom, Home of Happy Feet," a program recalling the sounds of Lucky Millinder's Blue Rhythm Orchestra and Al Cooper's Savoy Sultans. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 8, at 8.)

**Caterina Valente and Woody Herman and His Thundering Herd**—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, May 9, and Sunday, May 11, at 8.

**Sparks and Orchestra Luna**—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, May 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-9516.

**Jesse Colin Young and Leo Kottke**—Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 9, at 8.

**Count Basie and His Orchestra**—Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, May 11, at 3.

**Traditional Jazz Band of São Paulo, Brazil**—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, May 11, at 3, 4, and 5. No tickets necessary.

**Demis Roussos**—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 14, at 8.

**Jazz Composer's Orchestra**—Performing the première of Sharon Freeman's "Time Piece," plus other works, Thursday, May 15, at 7. Workshop rehearsals of the Horowitz piece Monday through Wednesday, May 12-14, at 7. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Admission by contribution on Thursday, admission free the other nights.)

**EAGLES AND DAN FOGELBURG**—Academy of Music. Friday, May 16, at 8 and 11:30.

**EDDIE PALMIERI AND FRIENDS**—Town Hall. Friday, May 16, at 8:30.

**BONNIE RAITT**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 17, at 8.

## SPORTS

**BASEBALL**—At Shea Stadium: METS: Vs. Pittsburgh, Wednesday, May 7, at 8:05, and Thursday, May 8, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Friday, May 9, at 8:05; Saturday, May 10, at 2:15; and Sunday, May 11, at 2:05. . . . ¶ San Francisco, Monday through Wednesday, May 12-14, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Yankees (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sandlot baseball), Thursday, May 15, at 8:05. . . . YANKEES: Vs. Oakland, Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, at 8.

**CREW**—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Carnegie, Princeton. Sunday, May 11.)

**HOCKEY**—Stanley Cup Semifinal playoffs: Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Wednesday, May 7, at 8:05, and, if necessary, Sunday, May 11, at 4.)

**RACING**—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 31. The Toboggan Handicap, Wednesday, May 7; the Acorn, Saturday, May 10; the Vagrancy Handicap, Monday, May 12; and the Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 17. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, May 27. . . . PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 17.

**TROTTING**—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 17. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

## FOR CHILDREN

**MUSIC**—By the LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN: "Naughty Marietta." (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Saturdays and Sundays at 4.). . . BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA: David Amram conducting a program of works by twentieth-century composers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, May 17, at 3.)

**STAGE SHOWS**—By the Meri Mini Players—"Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz," Saturdays at 12:30 and 2:30. . . . ¶ "Alice Through the Looking Glass," Sundays at 2:30. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. For tickets, call 697-0730.)

**HAYDEN PLANETARIUM**, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Between the Planets." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

## ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

**WALKING TOUR**—"The New York of Clement Clarke Moore," a conducted walking tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, May 11, starting at the Chelsea Hotel, 222 W. 23rd St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

**FLOWER SHOW**—The May Flower Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) on Wednesday, May 14, from noon to 6.

**FLEA MARKET**—The New York Flea Market, at Sixth Ave. and 25th St., is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

**AUCTIONS**—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, May 7, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from many sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 8, at 10:15: Old Master prints, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 8, at 2: Contemporary prints, from various collectors. . . . ¶ Friday, May 9, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art, from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 10, at 2: English furniture and Oriental rugs, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 14, at 2: Jewelry, from many sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 10. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 15, at 2: American paintings and folk art, from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 10.

now is the time for...
OUR EXCLUSIVE COTTON SEERSUCKER
—in suits and colorful sportwear

The demand for this most comfortable of lightweight materials is greater every season. Woven exclusively for us in Switzerland, this year our cotton seersucker Odd Jackets and Trousers come in plaids, checks, classic and textured stripes in many colorings. Seersucker suits are featured in blue-white and grey-white stripes.

*Cotton Seersucker Jackets,* $80*
*Seersucker Suits,* $110*· *Trousers,* $30
*Bermuda Length Shorts,* $18

*Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44th ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10006
696 WHITE PLAINS ROAD, SCARSDALE, N.Y. 10583

ATLANTA
BOSTON
CHICAGO
CINCINNATI
DETROIT
HOUSTON
LOS ANGELES
PHILADELPHIA
PITTSBURGH
ST. LOUIS
SAN FRANCISCO
WASHINGTON, D.C.

# The luxury car all automotive engineers would design if the automobile companies would let them.

In an age of mass-produced status symbols and marketing wizardry, the engineers of the Bavarian Motor Works concentrate on building the best driving machines it is physically and technically possible to build.

Irrespective of passing fashion or price.

And, as a feat of pure engineering intelligence—as a luxury automobile perfect for its time—the new BMW 530 i may well be unequaled in all the world.

**Our status symbol is under the hood, not on it.**

If BMW is known for anything, it is superb, innovative engineering.

With all its ultimate good sense, the 530 i not only exemplifies the extraordinary performance and feel so characteristic of BMW, it exceeds it.

Its 3-liter, fuel-injected engine—small when compared to domestic behemoths—develops smooth, reliable, turbine-like power.

With a maximum of fuel economy and a minimum of pollution.

**Safety, more than just brute strength.**

The BMW 530 i is not designed merely to meet the legal requirements, but to surpass them.

Steel belted radial tires are standard equipment.

A dual twin-circuit, four-wheel, disc-braking system provides adequate braking power—actually more than the law prescribes—even if one of the two systems should fail.

A steel passenger safety cell and computer determined "crush zones" combine to minimize injury, should an accident prove unavoidable.

**Luxury, functional not frivolous.**

While the interior of the average luxury car is decorated by stylists, the interior of the BMW 530 i is designed by engineers to prevent driver fatigue.

All seats have an orthopedically molded shape.

All instruments are mounted within the driver's field of vision.

All controls are within easy reach.

In a time when the concept of the automobile has taken many irrelevant side roads, the BMW is built to be an extraordinary driving machine. A unique harmony, if you will, of performance, safety and comfort.

And the result? So unusual that Motor Trend magazine flatly proclaims BMW to be "...unexcelled among the world's automobiles."

**The ultimate driving machine.**

BMW

Bavarian Motor Works, Munich, Germany.

© 1975 BMW of North America, Inc.

Montvale, N.J. 07645 and 12541 Beatrice St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90066. Contact your nearest BMW dealer for further information. Convenient overseas delivery plan available.

Introducing the
BMW 530i

COGNAC
CAMUS
NAPOLÉON
CAMUS
LA GRANDE MARQUE
COGNAC

**"Il me plaît d'annoncer que des quantités limitées de Camus Napoléon**
*(I am happy to announce that limited quantities of Camus Napoléon)*
**-notre cognac de race-viennent d'arriver aux États-Unis."**
*(—our thoroughbred cognac—have just arrived in the United States.)*

*—Michel Camus*

A cognac of impeccable breeding, Camus Napoléon has been available in good restaurants in France since the early years of this century.

It has long been a favorite of knowledgeable Europeans, and in demand at duty-free shops around the world.

If you think nothing could go down softer or warmer than the cognac you are now drinking, try Camus Napoléon.

80 Proof. Sole Importer U.S.A. Munson Shaw Company, New York.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

### EAST SIDE

**ART**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

**THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through May 10: "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and "Down Argentine Way."
May 11: "Sitting Pretty" and "Anna and the King of Siam."
May 12-13: "The Day the Earth Stood Still" and "Dracula—Prince of Darkness."
May 14-15: "Not So Dumb" and "The Big Parade."

**ST. MARKS CINEMA**, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through May 13: "The Gambler" and "Death Wish."
From May 14: "The Four Musketeers" and another feature, to be announced.

**GRAMERCY**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 13: "A Woman Under the Influence."
From May 14: "The Four Musketeers."

**MURRAY HILL**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Happy Hooker."

**34TH ST. EAST**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Harry & Tonto."

**EASTSIDE CINEMA**, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Hearts and Minds."

**SUTTON**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Prisoner of Second Avenue."

**TRANS-LUX EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Towering Inferno."

**FINE ARTS**, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"And Now My Love." (No evening performances on Monday, May 12.)

**PLAZA**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Happy Hooker."

**BARONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Passenger."

**CORONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Shampoo."

**R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 1**, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Reincarnation of Peter Proud."

**R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 2**, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

**D. W. GRIFFITH**, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through May 10: "Touch and Go."
From May 11: "Lulu the Tool."

**CINEMA I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Day of the Locust."

**CINEMA II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

**COLUMBIA I**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"And Now for Something Completely Different."

**COLUMBIA II**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Aloha, Bobby and Rose."

**BEEKMAN**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
May 7: "Red Desert" and "Juliet of the Spirits."
May 8: "La Guerre Est Finie" and "Dear John."
May 9: "Little Big Man" and "The Last Picture Show."
May 10: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" and "The Bride Wore Black."
May 11: "Faces" and "My Night at Maud's."
May 12: "The Pawnbroker" and "Carnal Knowledge."
May 13: "Loves of a Blonde" and "Charlie Bubbles."
May 14: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté."
May 15: "Scenes from a Marriage."

**68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Middle of the World."

**LOEWS TOWER EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Funny Lady."

**72ND STREET EAST**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 13: "Amarcord."
From May 14: "A Woman Under the Influence."

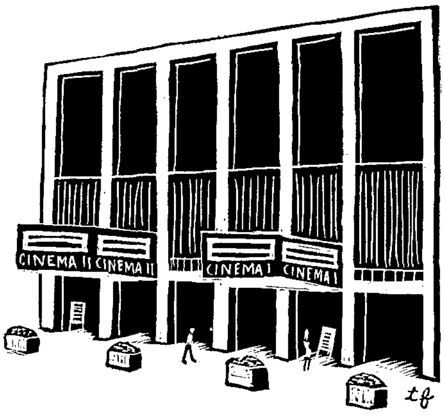
**JULIET 1**, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Amarcord."

**JULIET 2**, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Emmanuelle."

**TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

**U. A. EAST**, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Happy Hooker."

**LOEWS ORPHEUM**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Funny Lady."



| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | | |

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

**LOEWS CINÉ**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Capone."

**86TH ST. EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Rosebud."

**R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1**, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Mandingo."

**R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2**, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Reincarnation of Peter Proud."

### WEST SIDE

**BLEECKER ST. CINEMA**, 144 Bleecker St. (Separate admissions; call 674-2560 for particulars.)
May 7: "Medea"/"Red Desert"/"Black Thursday."
May 8: "Targets"/"The Golem"/"Black Thursday."
May 9: "Women in Revolt"/"The Struggle"/"Black Thursday."
May 10: "Painters Painting"/"Black Thursday"/"Abraham Lincoln"/"Fellini Satyricon."
May 11: "Painters Painting"/"Black Thursday"/"Women in Revolt"/"Fellini Satyricon."
May 12: "Pigpen"/"Black Thursday"/Two films by Martha Coolidge.
May 13: "Pigpen"/"Black Thursday"/"Pretty Poison."
May 14: "Black Thursday"/"Women in Revolt," and one other.
May 15: "Pretty Poison"/"Black Thursday"/"Women in Revolt."

**WAVERLY**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Hearts and Minds."

**8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Stavisky."

**GREENWICH**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through May 13: "Rosebud."
From May 14: "Ten Little Indians."

**QUAD CINEMAS 1, 2, 3, and 4**, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through May 13 at one or another of the theatres: "Lenny" and "Midnight Cowboy"/"Amarcord" and "Nights of Cabiria"/"The Seduction of Mimi" and "Going Places". . . . ¶ Through May 10: "Svengali" and "Vampyr.". . . ¶ May 11-13: "The 39 Steps" and "White Zombie."
From May 14: To be announced.

**ELGIN**, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
May 7: "The Odessa File" and "The Day of the Jackal."
May 8: "The Scarlet Empress" and "Shanghai Express."
May 9-10: "The Cocoanuts" and "Monkey Business."
May 11: One performance, at noon, of "The Producers."
May 11-12: "Duck Soup" and "Horsefeathers."
May 13: "Going Places" and "Contempt."
May 14: "The Night Porter" and "Carnal Knowledge."
May 15: "Darling" and "The Hireling."

**NEW EMBASSY**, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Earthquake."

**GUILD**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

**MUSIC HALL**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
May 7: "2001: A Space Odyssey."
May 8-14: "Singin' in the Rain."
From May 15: "Doctor Zhivago."

**ZIEGFELD**, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Tommy."

**FESTIVAL**, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"A Brief Vacation."

**PLAYBOY**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through May 12: "The Front Page" and "Slaughterhouse-Five."
May 13: Theatre closed.
From May 14: "The Four Musketeers" and "S*P*Y*S."

**LITTLE CARNEGIE**, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Passenger."

**CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
May 7: "Woman in the Dunes" and "Street of Shame."
May 8: "Easy Rider" and "The Last Movie."
May 9: "The Mother and the Whore."
May 10: "M*A*S*H" and "Catch-22."
May 11: "Guys and Dolls" and "Pal Joey."
May 12: "Trial of Joan of Arc" and "The Passion of Joan of Arc."
May 13: "Au Hasard, Balthazar" and "Mouchette."
May 14: "Before the Revolution" and "Terra em Transe."
May 15: "La Traviata" and "Boris Godunov."

**PARIS**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
May 7: "Don't Cry with Your Mouth Full."
From May 8: "Le Secret."

**PARAMOUNT**, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Godfather, Part II."

**CINEMA STUDIO**, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Stavisky."

**REGENCY**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Invitation."

**EMBASSY 72ND ST.**, B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through May 13: "Arthur Rubinstein—Love of Life" and "Minnie and Moskowitz."
From May 14: "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams" and "S*P*Y*S."

**LOEWS 83RD ST.**, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through May 11: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."
From May 12: Theatre temporarily closed.

**NEW YORKER**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Hearts and Minds."

**SYMPHONY**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Amarcord" and "Ten from Your Show of Shows."

**THALIA**, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through May 13: "Rosebud."
From May 14: "Ten Little Indians."

**OLYMPIA**, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 13: "Emmanuelle" and "The Boys in the Band."
From May 14: "A Woman Under the Influence."

### FILM LIBRARIES

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 7 at noon: "Nanook of the North" (1922), directed by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ May 7 at 5:30: "Western Union" (1941), directed by Fritz Lang, with Robert Young and Randolph Scott. . . . ¶ May 8 at 2: "Nanook of the North.". . . ¶ May 8 at 5:30: "Muriel" (1963), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Delphine Seyrig; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 8 at 8: "The Lady Eve" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda. . . . ¶ May 9 at 2: "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Charles Aznavour; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 9 at 5:30 and May 10 at noon: "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" (1932), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Paul Muni. . . . ¶ May 10 at 3: "A Summer to Remember" (1960), in Russian, directed by Georgy Danelia and Igor Talankin, with Sergei Bondarchuk; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 10 at 5:30: "Knife in the Water" (1961), in Polish, directed by Roman Polanski; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 11 at 12:30 and 3: "Happy Landing" (1938), directed by Roy Del Ruth, with Sonja Henie, Ethel Merman, and Don Ameche. . . . ¶ May 11 at 5:30: "Muriel." . . . ¶ May 12 at 2: "Knife in the Water." . . . ¶ May 12 at 5:30: "Mon Enfance à Montreal" (1970), in French, directed by Jean Chabot; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 13 at 2 and May 14 at 5:30: "Wee Willie Winkie" (1937), directed by John Ford, with Shirley Temple and Victor McLaglen. . . . ¶ May 15 at 5:30: "Home Sweet Home" (1914), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish and Mae Marsh. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

**New York Cultural Center,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—May 8-9 at 3 and 5:30: "A Time to Live and a Time to Die" (1958), directed by Douglas Sirk, with John Gavin and Lilo Pulver. . . . ¶ May 10-11 at 3:30 and 5:30: "Judge Priest" (1934), directed by John Ford, with Will Rogers and Stepin Fetchit. . . . ¶ May 15 at 3:30 and 5:30: "The Good Fairy" (1935), directed by William Wyler, with Margaret Sullavan and Herbert Marshall. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 1 on the day of the showing.)

**Whitney Museum,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—May 8-13: A program of six films that deal with still photographs or film. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:20, and 8:40 on Tuesday evening). . . . ¶ Starting May 14: "Benedict Arnold," directed by Walter Gutman. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 2, and 4. Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

**Anthology Film Archives,** 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Vertov, Wyborny, Snow, von Stroheim, Hill, Arrieta, Warhol, Stanton, Kaye, and others. Showings May 7 at 5, 7, and 9; May 8 at 6, 8, and 9; May 9 at 6 and 8; May 10 at 6, 8, and 10; May 11 at 8; May 13 at 5; and May 14-15 at 5, 7, and 9.

## IN BRIEF

### SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
### THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

**Abraham Lincoln** (1930)—Walter Huston played the lead in this D. W. Griffith sound film, made from a script officially credited to Stephen Vincent Benét (though apparently it was tampered with), and with set designs by William Cameron Menzies. Griffith was ill at the time and unable to supervise the final work or the editing, and he was (understandably) unhappy about the results. (Parts are first-rate, other parts arch.) Nevertheless, the film was well received, perhaps because of Huston's towering performance. Una Merkel is Ann Rutledge; Kay Hammond is Mary Todd Lincoln. With Ian Keith as John Wilkes Booth, Jason Robards as Herndon, and Hobart Bosworth as Lee. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 10.)

**Alexander's Ragtime Band** (1938)—The twenty-six Irving Berlin songs are reason enough for seeing the film, but you have to be prepared for the persistent, mosquitolike irritation of the plot. Alice Faye, with her mellow voice and overripe, slow smile, is wonderful on the title song and one wants to cheer for her "When the Midnight Choo-Choo Leaves for Alabam'," but one may get to shuddering when she ponders the First World War (exhibited to us in three seconds of newsreel shots) and murmurs, "It was all so futile, wasn't it?" This big, lavish Fox musical, directed by Henry King, has Ethel Merman, Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Jack Haley, Dixie Dunbar, and Chick Chandler. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 10.)

**Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore**—Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell, about a thirty-five-year-old widow who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality, it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/13/75.) (Art, R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Guild. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; through May 11.)

**Aloha, Bobby and Rose**—With Paul Le Mat, Dianne Hull, and Tim McIntire, directed by Floyd Mutrux. (Columbia II.)

**Amarcord**—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Juliet 1, and Symphony. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Quad Cinema; through May 13.)

**And Now for Something Completely Different** (1972)—Selected skits from the BBC-TV series called "Monty Python's Flying Circus." (Columbia I.)

**And Now My Love**—A winsome love story that believes firmly in the predetermination of love and in the gifts of Lelouch. The film includes one of those cinéastes' *hommages*—an unusual one, to a movie by Lelouch himself ("A Man and a Woman"). The man in the current movie (André Dussollier) is a poor but honest jailbird who turns to porno filmmaking, then to commercial filmmaking, then to a future of Lelouch-like, snow-white feature filmmaking about life, love, and death; this takes him to America, travelling first-class. The girl (Marthe Keller), rich but also honest, and very, very bored, inherits a fortune from her father (Charles Denner). She becomes a Socialist, gives away her fortune, throws on a simple mackintosh, goes to the airport (in a chauffeur-driven car), and travels to America. She, too, goes first-class, in spite of her Socialism, because she and André Dussollier have been fated to meet all through the film: in a Lelouch movie, love and the director's sense of convenience conquer all. Story and screenplay by Lelouch and Peter Uytterhoeven. In French. (4/7/75) (Fine Arts. No evening performances on Monday, May 12.)

**Anna and the King of Siam** (1946)—In this first movie version of Margaret Landon's account of the Englishwoman who went to Siam to teach the multitudinous children of the barbaric king, Irene Dunne is Anna to Rex Harrison's king. Harrison wears a dusky makeup and a pair of short pants that wrap around his haunches, and he speaks in a quaint dialect—a sort of pidgin Piccadilly—but he's never less than magnetically ridiculous. You don't want to take your eyes off him—certainly not to watch Irene Dunne curtsying in her starched petticoats. It's pitifully unauthentic, and not a very good movie, either, but the story itself holds considerable interest. Linda Darnell is brashly American but luscious as the king's favorite wife; Lee J. Cobb, well-tanned, plays the bare-chested Siamese prime minister. John Cromwell directed. (In the later, musical version, the leads were Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 11.)

**Arthur Rubinstein—Love of Life** (1969)—An exhilarating documentary, winner of an Academy Award, directed by François Reichenbach and S. G. Patris. (Embassy 72nd St.; through May 13.)

**Au Hasard, Balthazar** (1966)—Robert Bresson's oblique account of the life and suffering of a donkey and the life and suffering of the people who mistreat him. Considered a masterpiece by some, but others may find it painstakingly tedious and offensively holy. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 13.)

**Before the Revolution** (1965)—A sweepingly romantic movie about a young man's rebellion against bourgeois life and his disillusion with Communism, set in Parma and written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci at the astonishing age of twenty-two. He captures what has rarely been seen on the screen—the extravagance and poetry of youthful ardor. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 14.)

**The Big Parade** (1925)—John Gilbert, at his poetic best as the small-town boy who enlists and falls in love with a French girl (Renée Adorée), in King Vidor's silent classic. It is a vigorous, romantic work—a war story with grim humor, visual excitement, and sentimental scenes that are so simply and innocently felt that they remain touching. With Karl Dane, George K. Arthur, Tom O'Brien, and Hobart Bosworth. From Laurence Stallings' story, via a couple of other writers. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 14-15.)

**Black Thursday**—With Christian Rist and Christine Pascal, directed by Michel Mitrani. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

**Boris Godunov** (1955)—Elaborate, faithful recreation of the Moussorgsky-Pushkin opera. A. Pirogov is Boris. Directed by V. Stroyeva. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 15.)

**The Boys in the Band** (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nellie, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. William Friedkin directed Mart Crowley's adaptation of his own play. (Olympia; through May 13.)

**The Bride Wore Black** (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Beekman; May 10.)

**A Brief Vacation**—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a Calabrian peasant who is a factory worker in Milan; resentful, beaten down to a morose stupor, she's also oppressed by her husband (Renato Salvatori), who uses her sexually as if she were a farm beast he owned. When she collapses and is sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, the schizoid picture leaves this working-class grimness behind; it's swoony romanticism from then on, almost like a dressy fantasy starring Elizabeth Taylor. Clara discovers art and spirituality, and she finds a frail, dewy-eyed lover (Daniel Quenaud) who drips nobility as only a narcissistic bad actor can. Sedately sentimental, with Adriana Asti playing a feverishly frisky, dying music-hall entertainer in the gallant-waif Piaf style. In Italian. (3/3/75) (Festival.)

**Capone**—With Ben Gazzara and Susan Blakely, directed by Steve Carver. (Loews Ciné.)

**Carnal Knowledge** (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Beekman; May 12. . . . ¶ Elgin; May 14.)

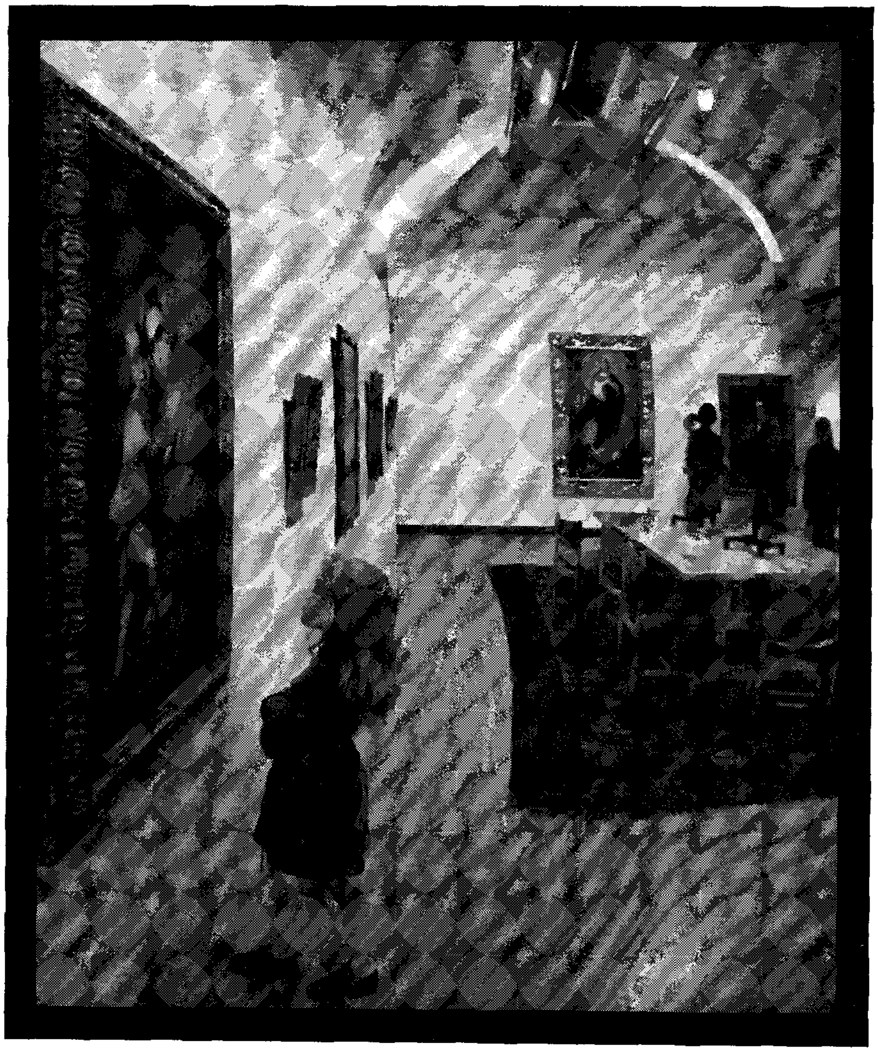
**Catch-22** (1970)—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 10.)

**Charlie Bubbles** (1968)—Albert Finney as a famous writer who feels alienated. The dreariness of his life, though deliberate and stylized, alienates the audience, too. There is talent in the movie, but a larger dose of irritation. With Liza Minnelli and Billie Whitelaw; Finney directed. (Beekman; May 13.)

**The Cocoanuts** (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in a studio on Long Island, is a transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the land boom in Florida. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo, Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats, and a pair of forgettable singing lovers. Written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; songs by Irving Berlin. (Elgin; May 9-10.)

**Contempt** (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, beautifully filmed, sometimes maddening movie about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey," and a woman (Brigitte Bardot) who is contemptuous of

# This museum was designed to shed new light on an old subject.



When a 17th Century master put oil to canvas, he didn't know that 20th Century viewers would see his work in a different light. Artificial.

But Fort Worth's Kimbell Museum was designed by Louis Kahn to totally utilize natural light. So old masters get to see the light of day. And you get to see just what the artist intended, thanks to a perforated aluminum light-filtering system custom-designed for The Kimbell to allow natural viewing. This award-winning lighting plan also eliminates ultraviolet rays that make paintings old before their time.

A new museum designed to shed new light on an old subject must have roots planted in progressive community support.

That 11-county community is The Southwest Metroplex. Here, deep in the art of Texas, is the only theatre ever designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. Civic Opera and Symphony Orchestras. Rembrandt, Rodin and Remingtons.

The Southwest Metroplex is not only a nice place to live, but a place to live nicer. For more "quality of life" information, contact Richard D. Jones at 817/265-7101 or mail your inquiry today.

Tell me more about quality of life in the Metroplex.

My Company

My Name

My Title

Company Address

City State Zip

Telephone Area Code and No.

Note:
Inquiries on company letterhead also receive factual business data.

Mail to:
Mr. Richard D. Jones
Executive Director
North Texas Commission
600 Avenue H East, Suite 101
Arlington, Texas 76011 NY-5

**Dallas/Fort Worth**

**The Southwest Metroplex: A new world capital.**

her husband (Michel Piccoli). With Jack Palance. In French. (Elgin; May 13.)

**Darling** (1965)—Julie Christie as a mod girl who doesn't feel "complete," in John Schlesinger's modish and spectacularly successful film about how empty we are. (Elgin; May 15.)

**The Day of the Jackal** (1973)—Fred Zinnemann directs a story about the attempted assassination of de Gaulle by a hireling of the O.A.S. (Edward Fox, looking blond and bland). Some of the high-level talk by cabinet ministers is hilariously and unreally sedate but probably exact. The original novel was by Frederick Forsyth, the screenplay by Kenneth Ross. The disguises are brilliant. (6/2/73) (Elgin; May 7.)

**The Day of the Locust**—Based on the Nathanael West novel about Hollywood in the thirties. With Donald Sutherland, Karen Black, Burgess Meredith, William Atherton, and Geraldine Page, directed by John Schlesinger. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

**The Day the Earth Stood Still** (1951)—Robert Wise, who edited "The Magnificent Ambersons" and "Citizen Kane," directed this hasty sci-fi about a peace-giving flying saucer, manned by Michael Rennie, that alights on the Washington Ellipse. Quite wry and alarmingly smooth. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 12-13.)

**Dear John** (1966)—An appealing picture, written and directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren, about an affair between a ship's captain and a waitress. Starring Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin. In Swedish. (Beekman; May 8.)

**Death Wish**—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill any number of muggers because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. The director is that untalented youngish Englishman Michael Winner. (8/26/74) (St. Marks Cinema; through May 13.)

**The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie** (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (Beekman; May 14.)

**Doctor Zhivago** (1965)—The poet-doctor (Omar Sharif) isn't a strong enough protagonist to bind together the events of the Russian Revolution, and so one seems to be on the sidelines watching an enormous, romantic, historical pageant. David Lean put it all together (or tried to) from Robert Bolt's adaptation of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Rod Steiger milling about. (Music Hall; starting May 15.)

**Don't Cry with Your Mouth Full**—With Annie Colé, directed by Pascal Thomas. In French. (Paris; May 7.)

**Down Argentine Way** (1940)—Twentieth Century-Fox forties-musical camp, so outrageous that it's hard to believe it isn't at least partly intentional—but why would anybody make this picture on purpose? The queen of these excruciating extravaganzas was Alice Faye, but she had become ill, and Betty Grable, a featured player for a decade, got her big chance. Unbelievably, this picture made her a star. With stolid Don Ameche, smiling his pained, hardworking smile, just as he always had for Alice; Charlotte Greenwood, the high-kicker who had seen better days before she started playing chaperones; and Carmen Miranda, the "Brazilian Bombshell," in her manic début. When she stands on her nine-inch heels and sings "Mama Yo Quiero," she is so frenetically irresistible that there's no use trying to fight it, though some people have been hiding under seats for thirty-five years. Irving Cummings directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 10.)

**Dracula—Prince of Darkness** (1966)—With Christopher Lee, directed by Terence Fisher. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 12-13.)

**Duck Soup** (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Elgin; May 11-12.)

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|  |  |  | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 |  |  |

**Earthquake**—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat, like "Airport 1975," which is cut-rate swill. This one is an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (New Embassy.)

**Easy Rider** (1969)—Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper motorcycle east across America. With Jack Nicholson as a boozing liberal Southern lawyer. Directed by Dennis Hopper. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 8.)

**Emmanuelle**—With Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny, directed by Just Jaeckin. In French. X-rated. (Juliet 2. . . . ¶ Olympia; through May 13.)

**Faces** (1968)—John Cassavetes' view of the meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled middle-aged. His semi-documentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Beekman; May 11.)

**Le Fantôme de la Liberté**—The theme of Buñuel's latest turns out to be freedom in the sense of "chance": the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great tonic style, but this is a piffle. The actors come on in relays; the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (10/28/74) (Beekman; May 14.)

**Fellini Satyricon** (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball. Cautionary images of depravity and apocalypse that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy—leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Monotonous. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 10-11.)

**The Four Musketeers**—Richard Lester's cheerful solution of how to turn "The Three Musketeers," which ran four hours, into a manageable movie: he simply made two films of it. This is the second. Very likable, with Michael York as the extra musketeer, Roy Kinnear as the trudging dogsbody of the three others (Richard Chamberlain, Frank Finlay, Oliver Reed), Raquel Welch, and splendid comic performances by Faye Dunaway, caparisoned with ringlets, and, of all people, Charlton Heston (Cardinal Richelieu). Written by George MacDonald Fraser, author of the "Flashman" series. (3/31/75) (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, and Playboy; starting May 14.)

**The Front Page**—Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's rowdy and marvellous dream of newspaper life, first produced on the stage in 1928, has here been diminished to the sloppy ordinary. Billy Wilder, the director, and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, think that the way to make a dialogue comedy work for modern audiences is to convert the dialogue into noise; their version is a harsh, scrambling-for-laughs gag comedy. Walter Matthau, who gets a chance at a really classy American character—Walter Burns, the funny, mean, egomaniac editor—plays him like a whistle-stop Bear Bryant. Matthau, however, still gets his laughs. Jack Lemmon doesn't; his Hildy Johnson—the best reporter in Chicago—is like a mortuary assistant having a wild fling. There's only one freshly felt performance—Austin Pendleton as Earl Williams, the fuddled anarchist concealed in the famous rolltop desk. (1/27/75) (Playboy; through May 12.)

**Funny Lady**—The moviemakers weren't just going to make a sequel to "Funny Girl"—they were going to kill us. (And they wanted to outdo "Cabaret," besides.) As Fanny Brice, Barbra Streisand is no longer human; she's like a bitchy female impersonator imitating Barbra Streisand. She's in beautiful voice, but her singing is too terrific; it's no longer singing, it's strident overdramatization that turns a song into a big number. The picture is overproduced and badly edited, with a forties-movie-heartbreak plot. A great deal of talent has been badly used, though James Caan has some good scenes as scrubby, anxious Billy Rose, and Streisand is charming in the wittily staged "I Found a Million Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store." Ray Stark produced; Herbert Ross directed. The new songs are by Kander and Ebb. (3/17/75) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum.)

**The Gambler**—A grandiloquent, egocentric novel written as a film, and although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. (10/14/74) (St. Marks Cinema; through May 13.)

**The Godfather, Part II**—The daring of Part II is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, Part II is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America; this is a bicentennial picture that doesn't insult the intelligence. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; the script is by Coppola and Mario Puzo. (12/23/74) (Paramount.)

**Going Places** (1974)—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere as two Rabelaisian young layabouts who serve as tokens of the pursuit of void pleasures. They spend their time on a spree of truancy and shoplifting—teasing middle-aged women, stealing cars, making idle love to a girl whom they cruelly call frigid when they have always treated her abominably. They say to themselves that they are having fun, but this is bluster. So is a lot of the film, in its desolately aimless way. Jeanne Moreau, as an ex-convict, provides the one gleam of fire and poise. Directed by Bertrand Blier from his own novel. In French. (5/20/74) (Quad Cinema; through May 13. . . . ¶ Elgin; May 13.)

**The Golem** (1937)—Julien Duvivier directed three of the best French films of 1937: "Pépé le Moko," "Un Carnet de Bal," and "The Golem," a remake of the silent German classic. The Golem is a stone man, eight feet tall, brought to life by a magically endowed rabbi, who commands his creation to overcome the Austrian oppressors of the Jewish people. The monster runs amok to order; Harry Baur plays a king who tries to trammel him. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 8.)

**La Guerre Est Finie** (1966)—Jorge Semprun wrote and Alain Resnais directed this ambivalent but compelling study of a failed radical. Yves Montand is a Communist courier who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. With Ingrid Thulin and Geneviève Bujold. In French. (Beekman; May 8.)

**Guys and Dolls** (1955)—Samuel Goldwyn's big, beribboned version of the Broadway musical, which Jo Swerling and Abe Burrows took from Damon Runyon's stories about lovable lowlifes, with a score by Frank Loesser. Never one to skimp on words, the director-scenarist Joseph L. Mankiewicz seems to have fallen in love with Runyon's cute, stilted locutions; the camera stands still while the actors mince through lines like "This is no way for a gentleman to act and could lead to irritation on the part of Harry the Horse." Frank Sinatra is the crap-game proprietor who bets Marlon Brando that he can't lure straitlaced Jean Simmons, a mission worker, to go to Havana with him. Sinatra and his partner, Vivian Blaine, sing pleasantly, and Brando and Simmons are ingratiatingly uneasy when they burst into song and dance, but the movie is too extended to be the light diversion it should be. With Stubby Kaye, Sheldon Leonard, and the Goldwyn Girls. Michael Kidd did the choreography, Oliver Smith the self-conscious sets. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 11.)

**The Happy Hooker**—With Lynn Redgrave as Xaviera Hollander. Directed by Nick Sgarro. R-rated. (Murray Hill, Plaza, and U. A. East.)

**Harry & Tonto**—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. (8/26/74) (34th St. East.)

**Hearts and Minds**—This documentary, finished in 1974, directed by Peter Davis (of "The Selling of the Pentagon"), won an Oscar this year in circumstances that obscured the poise and amplitude of the film. At the award ceremonies, the co-producer, Bert Schneider, in an outburst totally inapt to a film that the director had been careful to leave without commentary, read aloud a cable from the ambassador of Vietnam's Provisional Revolutionary Government to the Paris peace talks; it was a partisan thing to do, however innocently meant, and it would be a million pities if that were to debase the film in the eyes of its natural opponents into seeming a simple-minded broadsheet or a piece of penny-in-the-slot cant about the woes of imperialism. Peter Davis's intention and achievement were more grown-up than that. His film is really a reflection on America, and on Americans' changing view of themselves. The even temper and the heed for justice that flood "Hearts and Minds" give it the right to be considered not only an honest man's report but also a work that has the individual point of view that is a prerogative of art. (4/28/75) (Eastside Cinema, Waverly, and New Yorker.)

**The Hireling** (1973)—Made by an Englishman named Alan Bridges, from an L. P. Hartley novel about times between the World Wars when class warfare in England could cut to the raw. Robert Shaw plays a chauffeur who knows how to say "My lady" and stay just this side of rudeness; the girl he dotes on, Lady Franklin, is very well played by Sarah Miles, who gives to the character's etiolated breeding the sort of beauty that comes, like the perfection of old English lawns, from a family history of five hundred years of being looked after. Diluted stuff, vulgarized in its moments of melodrama. (6/16/73) (Elgin; May 15.)

**Horsefeathers** (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their best comedies. The setting is academic, and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom Groucho sings "Everyone Says 'I Love You.' " (Elgin; May 11-12.)

**The Invitation**—A summery haze hangs over this wonderfully simple and tender film by Claude Goretta, a Swiss who has joined Alain Tanner ("La Salamandre," "Le Retour d'Afrique," "Charles Dead or Alive," "The Middle of the World") and Michel Soutter ("The Surveyors") in making Switzerland an unexpected source of very fine cinema. This tale, which won a Special Jury Prize at Cannes in 1973, is about a middle-aged, shy office worker, delicately played by Michel Robin. He lives with his mother until she dies. After taking two months off from his job, he invites every member of the staff of his small office to a day-long party. They had expected to find their host living as humbly as before; they find him on an estate, attended by an exquisitely played hireling butler (François Simon), wearing white gloves as he tends their needs, pours champagne, and deals with the small but mounting crises of character change induced by heat, holiday, and, most of all, by the alteration in the way the office workers view their old fellow-clerk. The picture is somehow very Russian, with its strange but entirely acceptable outbursts in the course of an apparently muted story in which happiness comes and goes like a mirage in the heat. In French. (5/5/75) (Regency.)

**Juliet of the Spirits** (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Beekman; May 7.)

**The Last Movie** (1971)—Dennis Hopper directed this put-on, knockabout tragedy, in which he stars as a stunt man with an American film company in Peru who becomes a Christ figure when the natives imitate filmmaking. The movie grinds to a painful halt right at the start; it is visually beautiful, but the editing is so self-destructive that it's as if Hopper had slashed his own canvases. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 8.)

**The Last Picture Show** (1971)—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (Beekman; May 9.)

**Lenny**—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (Quad Cinema; through May 13.)

**Little Big Man** (1970)—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Beekman; May 9.)

**Loves of a Blonde** (1965)—A dreamily romantic young girl who is depressed and lost in her regimented factory milieu mistakes the casual interest of a young musician for a serious interest, and follows him to his home. The Miloš Forman picture is a comedy, and yet it's too painful and desolate to be funny; it reveals a horribly petty middle-class world within the Socialist economy. A Czech film. (Beekman; May 13.)

**Lulu the Tool**—With Gian Maria Volonte, directed by Elio Petri. In Italian. (D. W. Griffith; starting May 11.)

**Mandingo**—The antebellum South. With James Mason, Susan George, and Perry King, directed by Richard Fleischer. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

**M*A*S*H** (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 10.)

**Medea** (1971)—From the play by Euripides, with Maria Callas, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 7.)

**The Middle of the World**—One of the best, most innovative films about the nature of passionate love to come out of Europe since "Scenes from a Marriage" and the pictures of Eric Rohmer. This is a film of tremendous simplicity with a complex intellectual underlay, directed by Alain Tanner and written by him with the English art critic and novelist John Berger. (They did "La Salamandre" together, and Tanner made "Charles Dead or Alive" and "Le Retour d'Afrique.") The hero (Philippe Léotard) is a married engineer who is being manipulated into becoming a local politician; the heroine (Olimpia Carlisi) is an Italian barmaid. Opposites meet, and the film is a record of the two characters' ability to change. Lucid and thoughtful, shot in long takes without cuts. And also very funny at times, and truly erotic. A trailbreaker. In French. (3/31/75) (68th St. Playhouse.)

**Midnight Cowboy** (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Quad Cinema; through May 13.)

**Minnie and Moskowitz** (1971)—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't work. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Embassy 72nd St.; through May 13.)

**Monkey Business** (1931)—The four Marx Brothers as anarchic stowaways on an ocean liner who get involved with bootleggers and Thelma Todd. The first of their films written for the screen (by S. J. Perelman and others). Norman McLeod directed this heavenly, corny nonsense. (Elgin; May 9-10.)

**Monty Python and the Holy Grail**—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and now keep growing numbers of Americans in on Sunday night to watch Channel 13 at half past ten. The group has won a peculiar right to be funny, even when it makes a mess of things, because its surreal style accepts floundering as a condition of life. Here, King Arthur's doughty knights are cowardly and ill-starred; the King himself possesses only an imaginary horse, simulated by a hooflike knocking together of coconuts by a muddy-looking subject, and the representative of the enemy French has a sublimely singular line of Anglophobic insults. Recklessly funny, with moments of genius, especially in the pursuit of red herrings that have nothing to do with plot. (5/5/75) (Cinema II.)

**The Mother and the Whore** (1973)—This controversial three-hour-and-thirty-minute film, produced, written, and directed by Jean Eustache, is about the aging young of the Left Bank, who live in an atmosphere of apocalyptic narcissism. It is about the disaffection of those who are stranded in a confusion of personal freedom and social hopelessness. Eustache's method resembles the static randomness of the Warhol-Morrissey pictures, but the randomness here is not a

creative world pottery.

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | | |

matter of indifference; it's a conscious goal. The actors—Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun—were not allowed to deviate from the script, yet Eustache wants the look of chance. He tries to push viewers beyond patience—to rub our noses in his view of reality. Implicitly, he is saying, "I'm going to show you more of the tormented soul than anybody has ever shown you." This soul belongs to a poor young nurse named Veronika, and the picture stands or falls on the viewer's attitude toward her recital of her sexual humiliations and her loathing of sex without love. In French. (3/4/74) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 9.)

**Mouchette** (1966)—In recent years, Robert Bresson has made several films of such sobriety that while some people find them awesomely beautiful, other people find sitting through them like taking a whipping and watching every stroke coming. "Mouchette," from a Bernanos novel, is about a lonely, mistreated fourteen-year-old girl who commits suicide. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 13.)

**My Night at Maud's** (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Beekman; May 11.)

**The Night Porter**—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s.-m. Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something about the spiritual destruction caused by war is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (10/7/74) (Elgin; May 14.)

**Nights of Cabiria** (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a shabby, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). Arguably Fellini's finest picture. (It was the basis for the American musical "Sweet Charity.") In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through May 13.)

**Not So Dumb** (1930)—Marion Davies is absurd and silly and charming all at once in this version of George S. Kaufman's and Marc Connelly's comedy "Dulcy," directed by King Vidor. She plays a compulsively tactless young girl who tries to help her fiancé swing a business deal and screws everything up. The material has a built-in, harmless-trifle familiarity, and it had already been done in 1923 by Constance Talmadge, but Davies is wonderfully skillful as the cutup. With Elliott Nugent, Raymond Hackett, Franklin Pangborn, and the writer Donald Ogden Stewart in his acting days. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 14-15.)

**The Odessa File**—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Elgin; May 7.)

**Painters Painting** (1973)—Painters talking, mostly, often combining the knowledgeable with the dopey. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 10-11.)

**Pal Joey** (1957)—Blighted Hollywoodization of the musical by John O'Hara, Richard Rodgers, and Lorenz Hart, with the score purified along with Joey's character. The heel hero has been changed from a hoofer to a crooner—in line with the talents of Frank Sinatra. His singing helps things along, and he also does the only acting, though Kim Novak's vacuity is rather touching and is certainly not as laborious as Rita Hayworth's misconceived performance. This sad botch was directed by George Sidney. But since the real "Pal Joey" hasn't yet been filmed, why oh why doesn't somebody do it now with Joel Grey? (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 11.)

**The Passenger**—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV news reporter trying to flee the coop of himself. Everything has staled for him—work and personal life both—and Antonioni makes, for the first time in his career, a clear causal connection between a character's situation and his environment. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions, which endow him with political purpose. The film is psychologically complex, dwelling on parallel themes about disjuncture and ambiguity, but also declarative in a way that is unique in Antonioni's work; as well as that, it is a picture of astonishing aesthetic beauty and technical innovation. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight about a man whose chances are running out. Maria Schneider exquisitely plays a soft-voiced, attentive stranger whom he meets in his new identity. (4/14/75) (Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

**The Passion of Joan of Arc** (1927)—One of the few truly great films. Carl Dreyer based the script on the trial records and, keeping the camera close to the fleshly faces of Joan and her persecutors, subtly—and shockingly—links eroticism and religious persecution. Maria Falconetti's Joan may be the finest performance ever recorded on film. With Antonin Artaud. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 12.)

**The Pawnbroker** (1965)—Rod Steiger plays the benumbed Jewish survivor of the concentration camps who lives on in Harlem running a pawnshop—fat, sagging, past pain, past caring. Adapted from the Edward Lewis Wallant novel and directed by Sidney Lumet, the film is trite, and you can see the big pushes for powerful effects, yet it isn't negligible. It wrenches audiences, making them fear that they, too, could become like this man. And when events strip off his armor, he doesn't discover a new, warm humanity, he discovers sharper suffering—just what his armor had protected him from. Most of the intensity comes from Steiger's performance and from the performance of the great old Juano Hernandez, as a man who comes into the shop to talk. With Geraldine Fitzgerald, Brock Peters, and Jaime Sanchez. (Beekman; May 12.)

**Pigpen** (1969)—With Pierre Clémenti and Jean-Pierre Léaud, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 12-13.)

**Pretty Poison** (1968)—A subtle and intelligent little psychological thriller, shot on location in Great Barrington. Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld give fine performances under the direction of Noel Black. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 13 and 15.)

**The Prisoner of Second Avenue**—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. Melvin Frank has directed the movie version of Neil Simon's sitcom in his usual sagging, fifties style, but probably there isn't a filmmaker in the world who could substantially improve this picture except by throwing out the play altogether. (3/10/75) (Sutton.)

**The Producers** (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Elgin; May 11, one performance, at noon.)

**Red Desert** (1965)—Boredom in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's hazy illustration of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the hazy, polluted atmosphere so ethereal that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Beekman, and Bleecker St. Cinema; May 7.)

**The Reincarnation of Peter Proud**—With Michael Sarrazin and Jennifer O'Neill, directed by J. Lee Thompson. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

**Rosebud**—Thriller about the Middle East, with no great thrills and no thoughtfulness at all. It has an international cast of actors who speak English as though they were dolphins of high degree who had learned the language from phonograph records. Five girl teenagers, four of them heirs to fortunes, are hijacked by an Arab terrorist under the orders of a loopy Muslim-converted Englishman called Sloat (Richard Attenborough). He is foiled by Peter O'Toole, using the cover of a job on *Newsweek* to disguise the fact that he is working for the C.I.A. Moral confusion abounds in the film; Otto Preminger, who directed, has a much finer intelligence than this. The fault lies mostly with the inane screenplay, which was adapted by Erik Lee Preminger, Otto's son, from a best-seller by Joan Hemingway, Ernest's granddaughter, and Paul Bonnecarrère. (4/7/75) (86th St. East. . . . ¶ Greenwich, and Thalia; through May 13.)

**The Scarlet Empress** (1934)—Josef von Sternberg turned the story of Catherine the Great into what he himself called a "relentless excursion into style;" the décor and the visual motifs became the stars, and Marlene Dietrich was used as a camera subject instead of as a person. She's photographed behind veils and fishnets, while dwarfs slither about and bells ring and everybody tries to look degenerate. Von Sternberg had a peculiar notion that all this showy pomposity proved that film was an art medium. The picture is egocentric and empty of drama, yet it has the fascination (and the tediousness) that bizarre, obsessional movies often have. Sam Jaffe, in a fright wig and smiling like a death's-head, plays mad, crippled Peter; Dietrich's daughter, Maria Sieber, appears in the opening scenes as the young Catherine; John Lodge, with dashing long hair and a mustache, swaggers about in furs. With Louise Dresser, strangely folksy as the old Empress, and Jane Darwell, Gavin Gordon, and C. Aubrey Smith. (Elgin; May 8.)

**Scenes from a Marriage**—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. The movie constantly catches at minute tugs of affection or impatience between the long-married, whose eventual divorce by consent is oddly cancelled out by their continuing comprehension of one another. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (Beekman; May 15.)

**Le Secret**—With Jean-Louis Trintignant, Marlène Jobert, and Philippe Noiret, directed by Robert Enrico. In French. (Paris; starting May 8.)

**The Seduction of Mimi**—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Quad Cinema; through May 13.)

**Shampoo**—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The film opens on Election Eve, November 4, 1968, and ends the day after Nixon's and Agnew's victory; the people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. This sophisticated farce, directed by Hal Ashby from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who is also the producer), may be put down as frivolous just because it really isn't. It's a very uncompromising film. (2/17/75) (Coronet.)

**Shanghai Express** (1932)—Irresistibly enjoyable. In this glossy mixture of sex and intrigue, Shanghai Lily (Marlene Dietrich) and her exquisitely stoic beloved (Clive Brook) fall into the hands of sinister Chinese revolutionaries led by Warner Oland. Josef von Sternberg directed. With Anna May Wong and Gustav von Seyffertitz. (Elgin; May 8.)

**SINGIN' IN THE RAIN** (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Music Hall; May 8-14.)

**SITTING PRETTY** (1948)—Clifton Webb became a big box-office hit in this dumb yet lively and, on some levels, satisfying comedy. He plays a supercilious gentleman who moves in on an average disorderly family as a babysitter and brings discipline to the household. Actually, he becomes a domestic tyrant, cowing his charges with his haughtiness and reducing their parents (Robert Young and Maureen O'Hara) to the status of peasants. Audiences guffawed happily when he glared at the family's youngest, who was making a mess with his porridge, and placed the bowl over the baby's head. Webb is abetted by Richard Haydn as the adenoidal neighborhood gossip. Walter Lang directed, from F. Hugh Herbert's screenplay. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 11.)

**SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE** (1972)—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left), and photographed by Miroslav Ondříček, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Playboy; through May 12.)

**S*P*Y*S**—With Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland, directed by Irvin Kershner. (Playboy, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 14.)

**STAVISKY**—Alain Resnais's death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, and silvery-white skies. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. He has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (1/20/75) (8th St. Playhouse, and Cinema Studio.)

**STREET OF SHAME** (1956)—Kenji Mizoguchi's ascetic view of the lives of the inhabitants of Tokyo's red-light district, with Machiko Kyo. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 7.)

**THE STRUGGLE** (1931)—This sound film was the last film D. W. Griffith directed. It was a disaster with the public; audiences laughed, and Griffith hid in his hotel room. It's not all that bad; there are some fine sequences shot on location in the Bronx and at a factory in Connecticut, but the script has enough idiocies to have triggered the laughter. Griffith meant the film to be an attack on both alcoholism and Prohibition, but the polemical ideas didn't work out right. Hal Skelly is the man struggling against the temptations of booze. With Zita Johann and Helen Mack. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 9.)

**SUMMER WISHES, WINTER DREAMS** (1973)—Dun-colored earnestness about a middle-aged Manhattan housewife's coldness, unfulfillment, and regrets; Joanne Woodward is less lively than in her other suffering-women roles. The screenwriter, Stewart Stern, following the structure of "Wild Strawberries," tries to equate the American woman's supposed incapacity for love with the whole American screwup of recent years but never shows the connection. Gilbert Cates directed. (12/10/73) (Embassy 72nd St., starting May 14.)

**SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY** (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With

Vera Maxwell

Introducing **SPEED SUIT '75***

Miracle Helanca stretch with attached India cotton print skirt, cuffs and scarf. S-M-L about 120.00
*Patent applied for. P.S. Not a suit it's a dress.

Find it at

GENE BURTON
Pasadena, California
FRANKIE WELCH
Alexandria, Virginia Birmingham, Alabama
CROSS COUNTRY CLOTHES
Hilton Plaza, Pikesville, Maryland
FELICE
Westfield, New Jersey
HANDEL'S
On the Quadrangle, Dallas, Texas

NEFF'S
Springfield & Joplin, Missouri
SANDERSON'S
La Jolla, California
CLAIRE PEARONE
Troy, Michigan
ETHEL ALLAN, Inc.
Stamford, Connecticut
FABRIC SHOP
York, Pennsylvania

VERA MAXWELL 530 Seventh Ave., New York 10018

Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Beekman; May 10.)

**Svengali** (1931)—John Barrymore's love of bizarre roles and outré makeup (no man had less reason to cover his face) led him to take on George Du Maurier's wonderful hokum about the sly, sinister musician who hypnotizes beautiful, blue-eyed little Trilby (Marian Marsh) into becoming a great singer. In one startling sequence, Svengali, his eyes a blank white, stands at a window and casts his spell over the rooftops to the room where Trilby lives, and there are affecting moments, too, like the failure of Trilby's voice when Svengali's influence wanes. Barrymore, long and lank here, with greasy locks, never needed occult powers to be magnetic; one's interest flags when he's offscreen, however. The scene designs and Archie Mayo's direction occasionally suggest the German Expressionist films of the preceding decade. With Bramwell Fletcher, Donald Crisp, Lumsden Hare, and Carmel Myers. (Quad Cinema; through May 10.)

**Targets** (1968)—Peter Bogdanovich wrote, directed, and appears in this lame melodrama about a clean-cut all-American boy (Tim O'Kelly) who turns sniper. The picture is rather naïvely made, and one begins to wait for the sniper to hit his targets, because there's nothing else of interest going on. Boris Karloff, in one of his last screen appearances, plays a veteran horror-film actor. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 8.)

**Ten from Your Show of Shows** (1973)—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits were classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (Symphony.)

**Ten Little Indians**—Peter Collinson's maladroit remake of Agatha Christie's famous thriller, so much better done by René Clair. The ten witless Indians here include Richard Attenborough as an English judge, Herbert Lom as a Harley Street surgeon, Gert Frobe as a German-voiced mystery figure, and Stéphane Audran as an undernourished actress who stalks about in clothes that seem very unwieldy, considering she is supposed to be dressed for an isolated assignation in the middle of a desert. The great Orson Welles, who has so often been called on to play the voice of God in films and plays, here thunders as a mysterious "Mr. Owen," who has an obsession about bringing the undiscovered several guilts of the ten characters to light. Old Testament justice prevails. The camera, indecently at the service of the most rigged suspense plot imaginable, allows us to see what the director wants us to see, whether it's from a character's eye-view or not, but also willfully shields us from access to crucial information if it suits the director to keep us ignorant. Anger about unfairness in thriller narrative isn't the same thing as suspense. (Greenwich, and Thalia; starting May 14.)

**Terra em Transe** (1966)—A Brazilian film, directed by Glauber Rocha. In Portuguese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 14.)

**The 39 Steps** (1935)—Hitchcock's suave, amusing spy melodrama, directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll are the pair handcuffed together until hate turns to love, Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie are the couple joined together by marriage chains, and the villain is Godfrey Tearle, looking astonishingly like F.D.R. From the John Buchan novel. (Quad Cinema; May 11-13.)

**Tommy**—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. Like many mindless satires, it fallaciously respects and exploits what it seeks to criticize. For instance, it pretends to be severe about the false idols of our era, but it is exceedingly religious about show biz and success. Lots of psychedelic shocks and comic-strip effects. Ann-Margret is appealing when she doesn't have to fling herself about. Roger Daltrey plays Tommy. (4/7/75) (Ziegfeld.)

**Touch and Go**—Philippe de Broca takes on the Second World War and a serious theme about friendship among three people accidentally thrown together in an intimacy that we are asked to believe to be deep-running. But de Broca's gift is for a particular kind of monkey-on-a-stick farcical humor; when he tries to show us characters who really bleed in war and really suffer the wound of a friendship's ending, he can't escape his old habits of *joie de vivre* among farcical stereotypes. His three chief figures—Michel Piccoli as a French gunrunner, Marlène Jobert as a Swiss consul's wife, Michael York as a Bertie Woosterish English officer, speaking fractured French—inhabit a sentimental mode that allows no room for the very grown-up and bitter rage that seethes under, say, Richard Lester's films; they are reduced to existing simply as the instruments of whimsey. In French. (4/28/75) (D. W. Griffith; through May 10.)

**The Towering Inferno**—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. These incendiary deaths and the falls from high up in the hundred-and-thirty-eight-floor tallest skyscraper in the world are the film's only feats. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed, Irwin Allen produced, Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that make up the script. (12/30/74) (Trans-Lux East.)

**La Traviata** (1948)—With Nelli Corradi and Tito Gobbi. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 15.)

**Trial of Joan of Arc** (1962)—Robert Bresson's hour-long précis of the trial, based on the historic records but directed as unemotionally as if Joan were a philosophy student taking an oral examination. Cold and mannered. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 12.)

**2001: A Space Odyssey** (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Music Hall; May 7.)

**Vampyr** (1932)—Most vampire movies are so silly and meretricious that this film by Carl Dreyer—a great vampire film—hardly belongs to the genre. Dreyer preys upon our subconscious fears; dread and obsession are the film's substance, and its mood is evocative, dreamy, spectral. The cast is headed by Julian West (the movie name of Nicolas de Gunzburg), with Henriette Gérard as the vampire, and Rena Mandel and Sybille Schmitz as her potential victims. The incomparable photographic effects are the work of Rudolph Maté. In German. (Quad Cinema; through May 10.)

**White Zombie** (1932)—Madge Bellamy arrives in Haiti to get married but is abducted by a satanic zombie master (Bela Lugosi) who has taken a fancy to her. She becomes, as they used to say, "a slave to his will." For those absolutely dedicated to gothic silliness. Victor Halperin directed. (Quad Cinema; May 11-13.)

**Woman in the Dunes** (1964)—An excellent Japanese film by Hiroshi Teshigahara, if one can assume that your sympathies will not be shaken by a taxing concentration on sand and sand-covered bodies, and by an alien cast of mind about erotic parables. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 7.)

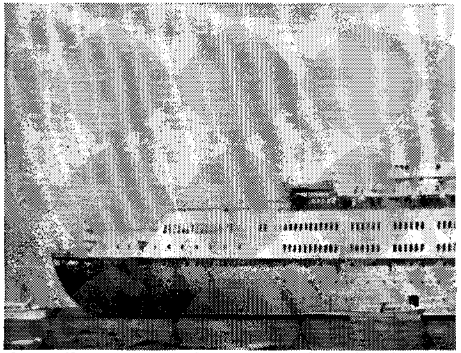
**A Woman Under the Influence**—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution: she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable, because she does so much. (12/9/74) (Gramercy; through May 13. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting May 14.)

**Women in Revolt** (1972)—Three transvestites (Candy Darling, Holly Woodlawn, Jackie Curtis) in a porno-burlesque of women's liberation. It sounds like fun, but it isn't. The subject is really the junk fantasies of Andy Warhol's "superstars." (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 9, 11, 14, and 15.)

## CRUISE SCHEDULE 1975·76

**Spring Holiday Caribbean Cruise.** Sagafjord, 14 days, 6 ports. May 23/25 from New York & Port Everglades to St. Thomas, Guadeloupe, St. Barthelemy, St. Maarten, San Juan, Haiti, Port Everglades, New York.

**North Cape, Fjordlands Cruise.** Sagafjord, 33 days, 11 ports. June 4/7 from Port Everglades & New York to Amsterdam, Hamburg, Kiel, Copenhagen, Oslo, Stavanger, Bergen, Flaam, Gudvangen, Hellesylt, Geiranger, Svartisen Glacier, Hammerfest, Skarsvaag (North Cape), Reykjavik, New York.



**Scandinavia, Russia Cruise.** Sagafjord, 31 days, 10 ports. July 11 from New York to Molde, Aandalsnes, Geiranger, Bergen, Oslo, Visby, Stockholm, Helsinki, Leningrad, Copenhagen, New York.

**Baltic, Russia & Scandinavia Cruise.** Sagafjord, 31 days, 10 ports. August 11 from New York to Copenhagen, Leningrad, Helsinki, Stockholm, Oslo, Eidfjord, Bergen, Hellesylt, Geiranger, Molde, Aandalsnes, New York.

***Six Caribbean Cruises.** Sagafjord. September 14, 6 days, 2 ports; September 20, 27, October 4, 11 & 18, 7 days, 3 ports. All cruises leave from and return to Port Everglades. Ports chosen from: St. Thomas, Nassau, St. Barthelemy, St. Maarten.

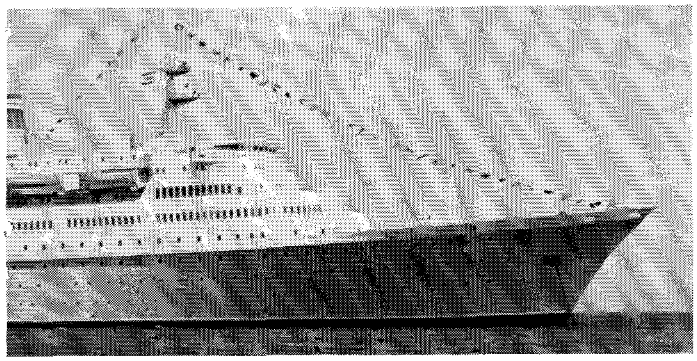
***Three Fall West Indies Cruises.** Sagafjord, 14 days, 8 ports. October 25, November 8 and November 22 from Port Everglades to Haiti, Curacao, La Guaira (for Caracas), St. Lucia, Guadeloupe, St. Thomas, San Juan, Port Everglades.

**Christmas-New Year Cruise.** Sagafjord, 19 days, 8 ports. December 17/19 from New York & Port Everglades to San Juan, St. Maarten, Antigua, Grenada, La Guaira (for Caracas), Bonaire, Aruba, St. Thomas, Port Everglades, New York.

***Eleven Caribbean Cruises.** Vistafjord, January 19-May 15, 1976, 7-14 days, 3-8 ports. All cruises leave from and return to Port Everglades. Ports chosen from: Aruba, Barbados, Bonaire, Colombia, Curacao, Guadeloupe, Haiti, Jamaica, La Guaira (for Caracas), Martinique, San Juan, St. Barthelemy, St. Croix, St. Lucia, St. Maarten, St. Thomas.

*On these *Special Bonus Cruises,* NAL will pay half the round trip coach air fare to Port Everglades (Ft. Lauderdale) for passengers arriving from outside Florida; and a $50 travel allowance for in-Florida residents.

# Six reasons why cruising with NAL makes all the difference in the world.



*There's as much difference between cruises as there is between cruising and other vacations. Here's why your first cruise should be on the Sagafjord or Vistafjord.*

Cruising is great. The breeze on your cheek. Days filled with sun. Nights filled with stars. Flying fish skimming, dolphins gambolling. The sea shifting and sparkling with its myriad moods and colors, while new lands, great ports or shy, untouched villages and islands seem to float almost timelessly toward you.

### A DIFFERENT VACATION

You unwind, and find yourself again. There are practical reasons. Gone is the hassle of making connections, dealing with strangers, packing and unpacking, checking in and out. On a cruise you unpack just once, and from then on you are among friends.

But as with everything else, there are cruises and cruises. Why then are NAL cruises so different, and why do so many people return to them again and again?

### THE DIFFERENT SHIPS

First because of our ships, Vistafjord and Sagafjord. Some facts: each is about 25,000 tons, around 630 feet long and 80-plus feet wide, with a 20-knot cruising speed. It's the ideal size for cruising. Large enough to feature every possible luxury and entertainment and convenience. Yet not so vast that you have the feeling of being in a city at sea.

### A DIFFERENT SPACIOUSNESS

Each ship accommodates in the range of 400-500 passengers with the utmost luxury, in spacious twin-bedded or single staterooms. Each could have been configured to carry twice as many. So the sense of spaciousness is striking, especially, by comparison, on the shorter cruises. The Vistafjord, for instance, is far and away the most spacious ship offering a series of Caribbean cruises from Port Everglades this fall and winter. And after all, who wants to go to sea and feel like a sardine?

Both ships are also stunningly beautiful, with the flair and drama of Norwegian design. Imagine a Ballroom in orange and beige with "big coin" lights. A dining room that spans the ship, its windows framing the sea. Murals, collages, and contemporary sculptures. Warm teak panelings. A swirling amphitheatre lounge with a dance floor. A chic nightclub in red.

Imagine pools and acres of open decks. A gym. A sauna. Boutique. Beauty parlor. And more. And fantastic cuisine. And brilliant entertainment...

### A DIFFERENT WELCOME

The other half of cruising is the crew. Ours personify the famous NAL welcome. Attractive, European, gracious, warm and genuinely friendly. (We get letters about them.) On the Vistafjord and Sagafjord "welcome aboard" and "welcome back" are not just phrases. You'll get to know your Karen and Willi and Dennis and Inge and Olaf. You'll remember them next time. And vice versa.

You'll also find friendships blossom quickly with your fellow-passengers. Our ships attract the nicest people. People, should we say, like yourself?

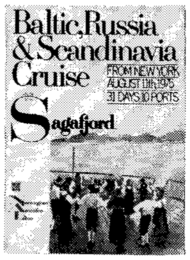
### A DIFFERENT WORLD

Cruising is also ports of call and fascinating shore excursions. Our itineraries, you will find, ingeniously combine the classic and innovative, from the Caribbean and South America to Scandinavia, Russia and the fjordlands.

### A DIFFERENT EXPERIENCE

It all adds up to this. There's cruising, and then there's NAL cruising. Your experience is different because *our* experience uniquely spans 65 years of Norwegian-style world cruising. Why not ask the expert, your travel agent, which Sagafjord or Vistafjord cruises are exactly right for you? Or call or write us for brochures of our cruises. They're different.

Ships of Norwegian Registry.



One of many full-color Sagafjord and Vistafjord cruise brochures. See page opposite for full listing.

*Sagafjord & Vistafjord. The Welcome Difference.*

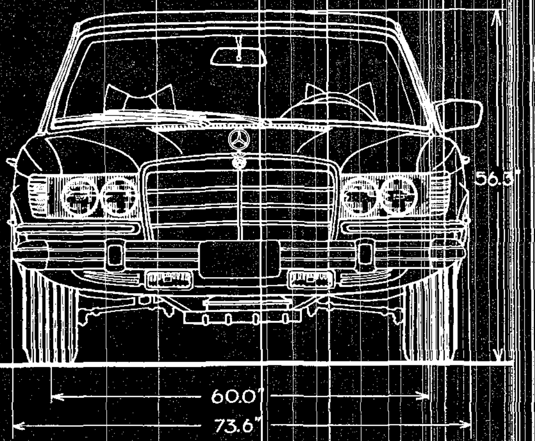
**Norwegian America Line**

29 BROADWAY
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10006
TEL. (212) 944-6900

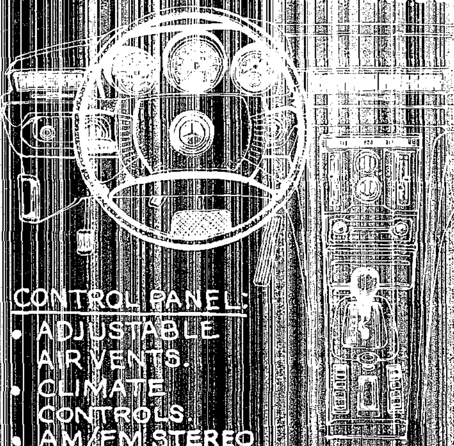
# How to tell a Mercedes-Benz 450SEL from all the rest.

450 SEL [illegible]

TOURING CAR TRIM. EXTERIOR SIZE [illegible]
GENEROUS INTERIOR ROOM. TOTAL [illegible]
THROUGHOUT [illegible]



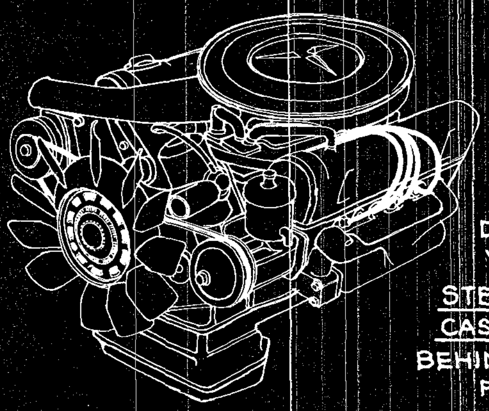
**UNIQUE ENGINE:** 8 CYLINDERS, V-TYPE. OVERHEAD CAMSHAFT. TRANSISTORIZED IGNITION. ELECTRONIC FUEL INJECTION. ELECTRIC FUEL PUMP. FORGED STEEL CRANKSHAFT. SODIUM FILLED EXHAUST VALVES. LIGHT ALLOY CYLINDER HEAD.



**CONTROL PANEL:**

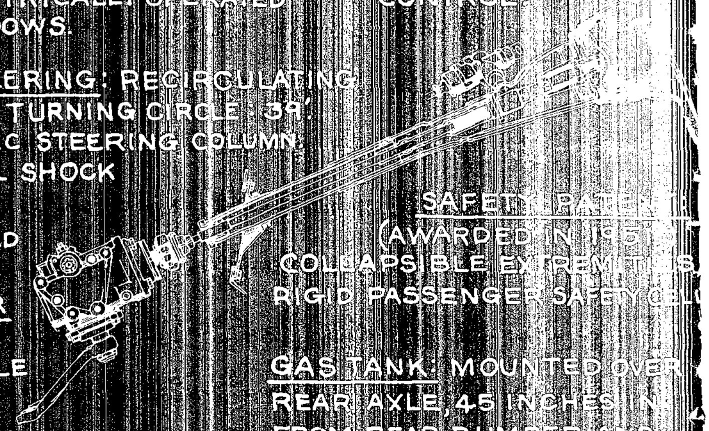
- ADJUSTABLE AIR VENTS.
- CLIMATE CONTROLS.
- AM/FM STEREO RADIO WITH AUTOMATIC ANTENNA.
- ELECTRICALLY OPERATED WINDOWS.

- 3-SPEED AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION WITH TORQUE CONVERTER.
- FULL INSTRUMENTATION PLUS TACHOMETER.
- CRUISE CONTROL.



**POWER STEERING:** RECIRCULATING BALL-TYPE. TURNING CIRCLE: 39'. TELESCOPIC STEERING COLUMN. ADDITIONAL SHOCK ABSORBER DAMPENS ROAD VIBRATIONS.

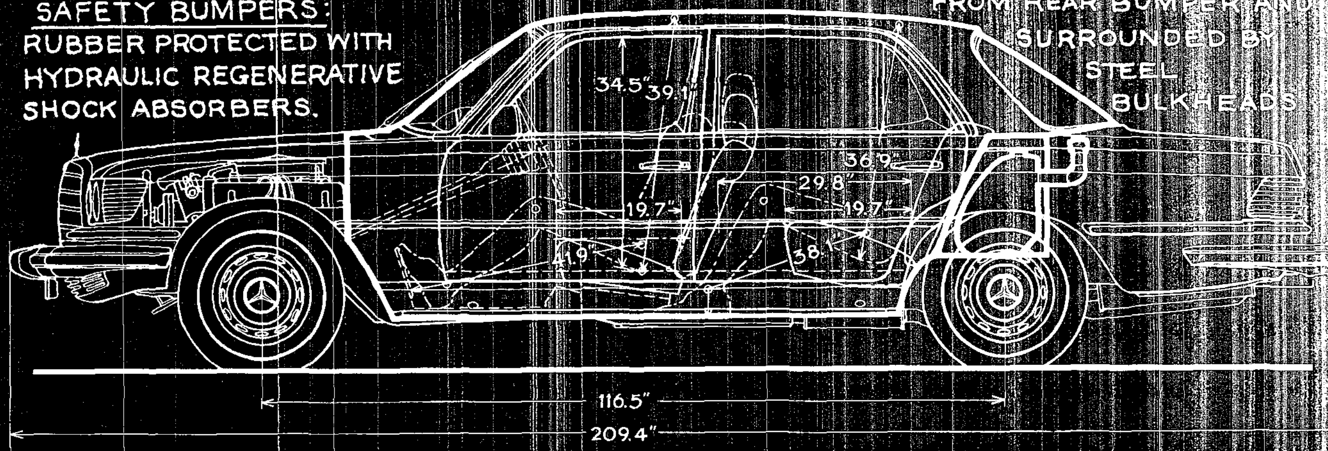
**STEERING GEAR CASE:** LOCATED BEHIND FRONT AXLE FOR SAFETY.

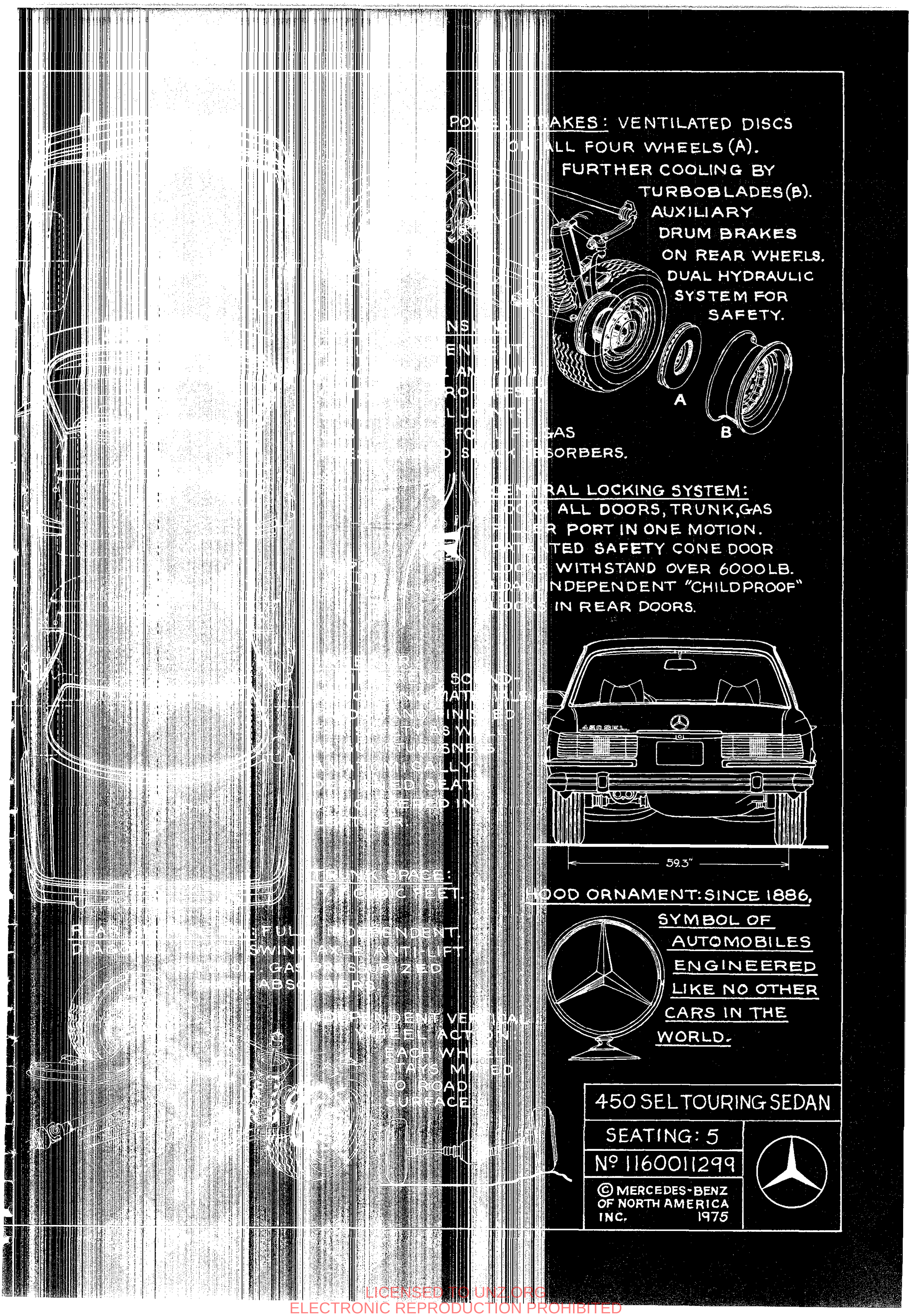


**SAFETY PATENT**
(AWARDED IN 1951)
COLLAPSIBLE EXTREMITIES, RIGID PASSENGER SAFETY CEL

**GAS TANK:** MOUNTED OVER REAR AXLE, 45 INCHES IN FROM REAR BUMPER AND SURROUNDED BY STEEL BULKHEADS

**SAFETY BUMPERS:** RUBBER PROTECTED WITH HYDRAULIC REGENERATIVE SHOCK ABSORBERS.





POWER BRAKES: VENTILATED DISCS ON ALL FOUR WHEELS (A). FURTHER COOLING BY TURBOBLADES (B). AUXILIARY DRUM BRAKES ON REAR WHEELS. DUAL HYDRAULIC SYSTEM FOR SAFETY.

[illegible] NSI[illegible] [illegible] ENDENT [illegible] E AN[illegible] [illegible] RO[illegible] [illegible] L JOINTS [illegible] FOR [illegible] GAS [illegible] D SHOCK ABSORBERS.

CENTRAL LOCKING SYSTEM: LOCKS ALL DOORS, TRUNK, GAS FILLER PORT IN ONE MOTION. PATENTED SAFETY CONE DOOR LOCKS WITHSTAND OVER 6000 LB. LOAD. INDEPENDENT "CHILDPROOF" LOCKS IN REAR DOORS.

[illegible] RENT SOUND- [illegible] MATERIALS [illegible] D AND FINISHED [illegible] SAFETY AS WELL AS SUMPTUOUSNESS. ANATOMICALLY DESIGNED SEAT [illegible] ERED IN LEATHER.

TRUNK SPACE: [illegible] CUBIC FEET.

HOOD ORNAMENT: SINCE 1886, SYMBOL OF AUTOMOBILES ENGINEERED LIKE NO OTHER CARS IN THE WORLD.

REAR [illegible]: FULLY INDEPENDENT. DIAGO[illegible] SWING AXLE. ANTI-LIFT [illegible] OL. GAS PRESSURIZED [illegible] ABSORBERS.

INDEPENDENT VERTICAL WHEEL ACTION: EACH WHEEL STAYS MATED TO ROAD SURFACE.

450 SEL TOURING SEDAN

SEATING: 5

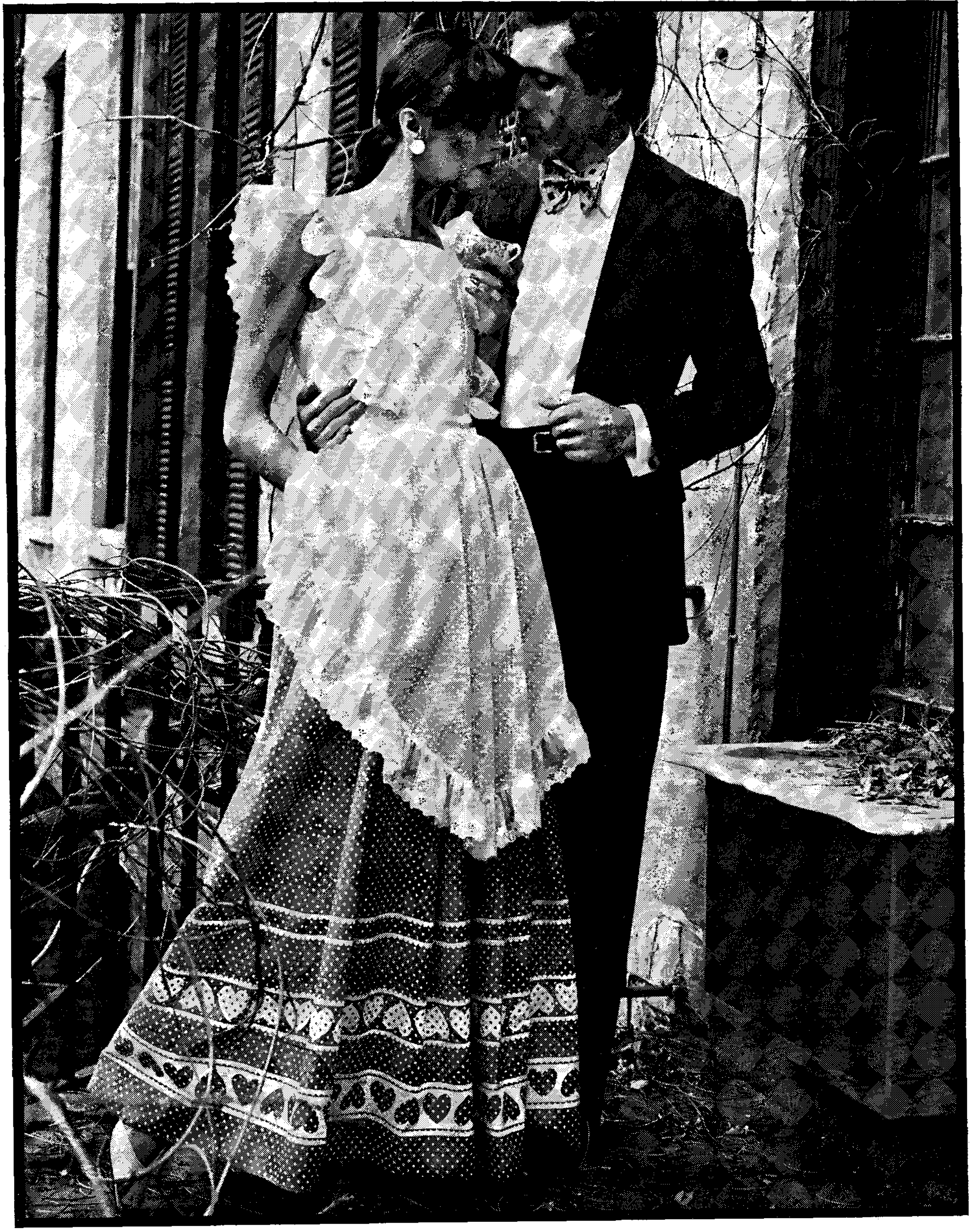
Nº 1160011299

© MERCEDES-BENZ OF NORTH AMERICA INC. 1975

**Albert Capraro sails a pinafore into summer**

Hearts, polka dots, ruffles and bows come together for summer's most lighthearted evenings. All right here in red and white: a bodice with ruffle-sheltered shoulders, a polka-dotted skirt wearing its hearts on its hem. And the final fragile touch of a pointed apron. Top and apron in polyester and cotton; skirt in cotton. 4 to 12 sizes, $138. Fifth Avenue Shop, Fifth Floor. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Saks Fifth Avenue



THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

IN Vietnam last week, there was desperation and there was exultation. Some people were running for their lives, and other people were cheering in the streets. Here in America, the emotions were different. We stood apart now. The victory in Vietnam was not ours, and neither, for that matter, was the defeat. We could only sit before our television sets, watching old scenes being replayed, and trying to make a certain sense of what had happened. Our emotions had to be reflective ones: regret at the irredeemable waste of our efforts; relief that it was all over. Fifteen years or so ago, the stream of American history and the stream of Vietnamese history flowed together. Nothing but grief ever came of it. Last week, the two streams flowed apart again, and the two peoples were free to pursue their separate thoughts, their separate emotions, and their separate destinies.

IT seems worth noting, just for the record, that April 30, 1975, the day the war ended, was, as far as we can tell, the first day since September 1, 1939, when the Second World War began, that something like peace reigned throughout the world.

• •

## *Aspects of Natural History*

WE dropped in at the American Museum of Natural History for an illustrated lecture by S. Peter Dance, who is a British authority on molluscan shells and the author of five books on the subject, including "The Collector's Encyclopedia of Shells," which was recently published by McGraw-Hill. The lecture was given in Room 319, and there were about a hundred people present, most of them members of the New York Shell Club, whose monthly meeting this was. At first, we felt as though we were in a very grim sort of classroom. The room had a blackboard and a projection screen near the front, seven rows of wooden chairs, and no windows. As soon as Mr. Dance began to talk, however, things picked up. He spoke of shells with names like *Babylonia ambulacrum*, *Conus episcopus*, *Terebra subulata*, and *Lambis lambis*, pointing out how they resembled each other and differed from each other in color and pattern. As he talked, he showed photographic slides that caused some members of the audience to gasp with pleasure or astonishment. One shell looked like a fanciful pagoda, another like a unicorn's horn, another like a pale-orange tulip that was about to open, another like a snow-capped mountain peak, and still another like a spiral cone whose aperture led into an orange-and-violet whirlpool.

After the lecture, we spoke with Mr. Dance in an anteroom that was more congenial than Room 319. (The anteroom had windows.) Mr. Dance, a bearded, animated young man, has been associated with the British Museum of Natural History, the Manchester Museum, and the National Museum of Wales. "Shell collecting has been growing steadily, particularly since the Second World War," he said. "It soon will be vying with stamps and coins as a hobby. Some shells have been sold for five or six thousand dollars at places like Christie's and Sotheby's. The New York Shell Club and this museum are the headquarters of shell collecting in this country. But it's interesting to note that books on shells sell better on remote Pacific islands than they do in cities; I've been told that my books are best-sellers on Bali. I've had a genus of mollusk named after me, too. It's found off the coast of Mauritius, and it's known as *Dancea*. My next book will deal with what I call man-made monsters—creatures like mermaids, hydras, and dragons, which men have actually created in order to deceive the public."

We asked Mr. Dance whether there have been any man-made-monster shells.

"There have been, actually," he said. "One of the best-known—and rarest—was turned out in the Far East during the last century. It was a copy of a delicate white gastropod called *Epitonium scalare*, and it was made of rice paper. It was extremely beautiful, but as soon as you took it home and washed it, it dissolved."

GIFTS
EICKE

•

THE New York Turtle and Tortoise Society, made up of people who think highly of turtles and tortoises, held *its* monthly meeting a couple of Sundays ago at the Natural History Museum, and we were there, too. Michael Sherwin, president of the Society, described plans for a couple of field trips. The first outing, in June, will be a behind-the-scenes tour of the reptile facilities of the Philadelphia Zoo. The second trip—no definite date set yet—will be to the Great Swamp National Wildlife Refuge, in New Jersey. "You'll be roughing it a bit, but it won't be too rough," Mr. Sherwin promised.

A boy with glasses and long black hair said, "I was at the Great Swamp last year, and I caught a spotted turtle."

"You kept it?" Mr. Sherwin asked.

"No," the boy said hastily.

Mr. Sherwin nodded his approval.

The main business of the meeting was a slide presentation narrated by Ruth Gravelin, a Society member whose red-ear hatchlings were judged Best in Show at the Society's annual exhibition last October. In recognition of her skill in raising such stunning turtles in her apartment, in Queens, Mrs. Gravelin received a turtle-shaped silver saccharine bowl from her fellow Society members. In addition to photographs of her own turtles, Mrs. Gravelin's slides included several taken at the October show—a South African sideneck, a two-headed snapper, and an albino red-ear—plus a picture of a green porcelain turtle that sits on her living-room mantel. She slipped it in just to see if anyone would notice. No one did.

Mrs. Gravelin explained in detail how to cultivate turtles at home. "First you start with an adult male and an adult female," she said, "and you need a very large tank. I prefer a seventy-gallon tank. And, in fact, it's better to use two females and one male to play the mating game right. The females begin to lay their eggs around March or April. When a turtle is ready to lay eggs, she'll let you know by bumping the glass in the aquarium and splashing around in the water. Then you should take her out of the tank and put her in a tub that has been filled with damp sand, which must be kept warm by an overhead incandescent light. Then she'll bury her eggs in the sand. After that, return her to the tank, dig the eggs out with a spoon, and place them in a Tupperware container that has air holes punched in the bottom. Cover the eggs with slightly moist sphagnum moss and place the whole thing in a chicken incubator. The red-ears take from sixty to seventy-five days to hatch. After they do, place them in a glass tank with about an inch of water. I feed them brine shrimp and, after they've grown a bit, chicken livers and smelts, plus mineral supplements. Remember to take the turtles out of their tanks to feed them. Otherwise the tanks become rather unpleasant. Also, it helps if you have a young son who doesn't mind cleaning the tanks for you every now and then." Mrs. Gravelin added that scrambled turtle eggs taste very oily.

The Turtle and Tortoise Society members applauded her presentation, and slowly left the room.

### *Aspects of Show Biz*

LUNCH last week at the Algonquin with Betty Comden and Adolph Green, the matchless New York pair whose songs and shows, written with people like Leonard Bernstein and Jule Styne, express everything that is most witty and convivial about show biz in this country. Together—if that's the right word, because when Comden and Green are talking or inventing they seem to be one doubly alert person—they've written the book and/or lyrics for fourteen shows and ten movies. They've written "On the Town," "Good News," "Wonderful Town," "Peter Pan," "Bells Are Ringing," "The Band Wagon," et cetera, et cetera, and "Singin' in the Rain." Excuse for the lunch: "Singin' in the Rain" opens a one-week run this week at the Music Hall as part of a month-long salute to M-G-M.

Comden and Green ordered a single chef's salad and two plates.

"Thirty-five years ago," said Adolph.

"Have we checked the date?" said Betty.

"It was warm," said Adolph.

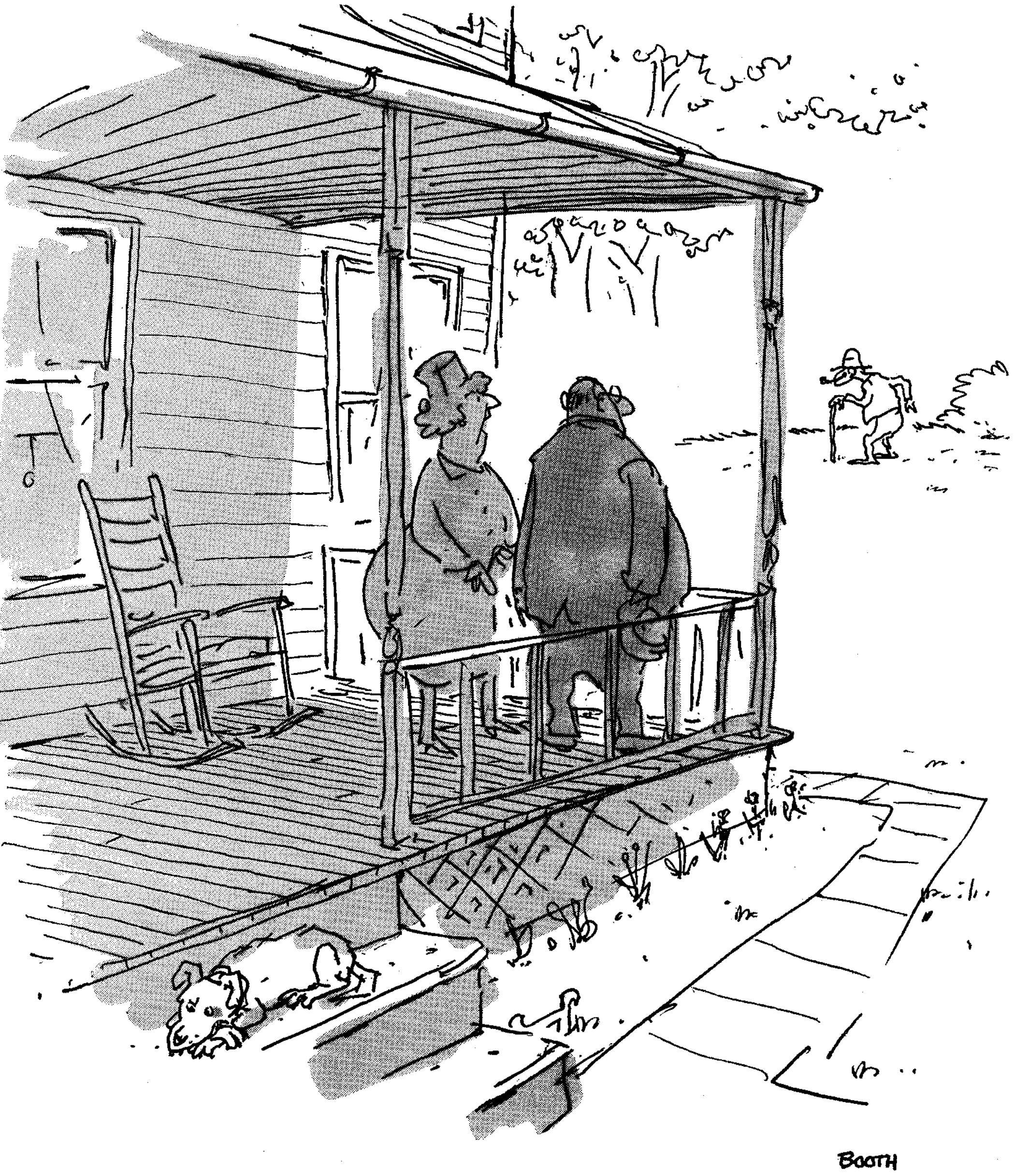
"I think it was November," said Betty.

"It was near the end of a month," said Adolph.

"It was October 31st, 1940," we said.

"We played the Music Hall on October 31st, 1940," said Adolph, "as part of the stage show. I don't know why they hired us. We were doing a tiny act, and it's a very big place. We were The Revuers."

"Five of us," said Betty. "All just kids, including Judy Holliday, and we'd been play-



*"Mr. Pittman spent the late sixties hunkering down. Then, in the early seventies, he made an effort to get it all together. These past months, he's been trying to find the handle."*

ing the Village Vanguard, where we did a lot of material set on subways or streets, so we could wear hats and coats and mufflers, because the Vanguard was very cold."

We knew the date because we had spent the evening before with Leon Leonidoff, a charming old Russian, who retired last summer as senior producer of stage shows at the Music Hall, having been with it since the beginning. Before that, he was at the Roxy and the Capitol. He remembers Comden and Green vividly: "They are such a wonderful two people. Their talent is so enormous that it fills the Music Hall. They are much advanced people, and I mean this from the pit of my heart."

"For the Music Hall," said Adolph, "for Mr. Leon Leonidoff, who pronounces it 'Lay-on,' the Russian way—Leon Leonidoff, and damned be him that first cries 'Hold, enough, enough'—we did a Tin Pan Alley number about five ways to write a hit song. Betty sang a very fraught—"

"Cole Porter," said Betty.

"—Cole Porter song, 'I've Got You Under My Bones.' Judy sang a boy-girl chanson, 'I Met Him on a Giant Ocean Liner.' "

Comden and Green suddenly both started singing. " 'I met him three years later on the prairie, He was baying rather loudly at the moon.' " Between them, they remembered the song perfectly, prompting each other so quickly that the lines came out without a pause.

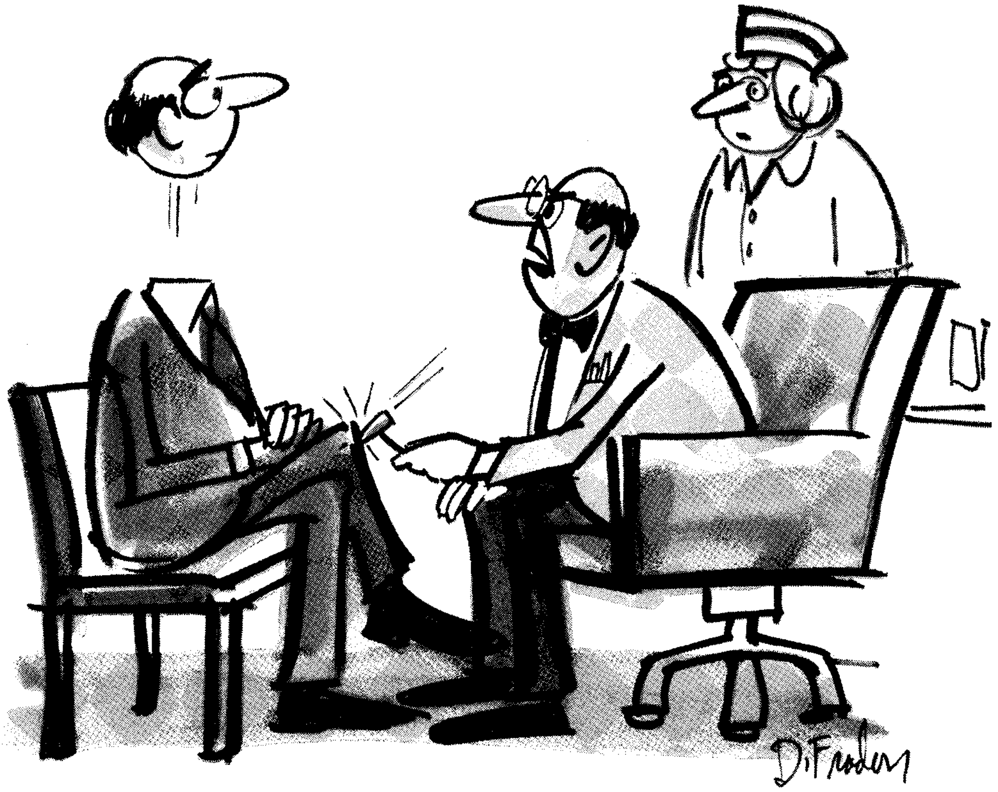
"The big thing at the time was writing rather serious love songs to themes by famous classical composers," said Betty. "So Adolph finished off the act with 'Mabel,' a tender song set to the fiendishly fast last movement of Tchaikovsky's Fourth. Did you hear Bernstein conducting the Tchaikovsky Fourth the other day?"

"No," we said.

"Well, we shouldn't say this," said Betty, "but he tells us it's very hard for him to do that symphony without hearing 'Mabel.' "

"We lasted three weeks at the Music Hall," said Adolph, "which was a long run. The stage show's run entirely depended on the run of the movie, and our movie was 'Escape,' with Norma Shearer and Robert Taylor—a hit. We did four shows a day, and five on weekends, and we lived in the building, because there wasn't enough time between shows to go out. It was almost like a little world."

"No, a large world," said Betty. "Did you know there is a huge dormitory there for the Rockettes and the Corps de Ballet? We sat in our dressing room, which was miles from anything else, and listened to the other acts, which we never saw. They were piped in on the public-address system."



*"Damn! I suppose this means another malpractice suit!"*

• •

"Whistler's Mother, the Blue Boy, and the Laughing Cavalier were all onstage together in one number," said Adolph. "They each recited a poem and then came to life. Whistler's Mother stood up and tap-danced. The Blue Boy was John Sebastian, the harmonica player, and the Laughing Cavalier was a *funny* German juggler. Four times a day, and five on weekends, an orange he was juggling landed on his head."

"And over the P.A. we would hear '*Ach!* Billiard balls.' "

Comden and Green think their partnership has survived because they are both happily married to other people—she to Steven Kyle, a businessman; he to Phyllis Newman, the actress and director. When Comden and Green invent together, she sits at the typewriter and he prowls around, and they stare at each other. Then they talk, and when one of them says something that makes the two of them smile, or solves a problem, Betty types it, with a carbon for Adolph. And they've written all those shows and movies, hundreds of songs, including the words for "Just in Time" and "New York, New York," and they've written music, revues, lots of sketches for political bashes, and they've acted, sung, recorded, and directed. They haven't written a play.

We asked them if there was anything else they hadn't done.

"We haven't made money," said Betty, and she put her hand over her mouth. Then she went "Puff, puff" in a debonair way on an imaginary cigarette.

And what are they doing now?

Well, writing a musical with Cy Coleman, the composer of "Sweet Charity." Just finishing a non-musical comedy screenplay called "I'm Comin', Virginia."

Oliver Smith, the producer-designer, waved at Comden and Green from across the Rose Room, and at the same moment a girl in the movie business came over to ask Adolph something rather lengthy. "Good," Adloph said to her when she was done. "Why don't we get in touch with Betty and me?"

•

KIERAN TOIVONEN, who is still quite young and therefore knows not what he does, sat for a while atop the hallowed Round Table in the downstairs grill of The Lambs, the theatrical club on West Forty-fourth Street, the other day. Apparently, Kieran was (a) uninterested in the local rule that *nobody* sits at the Round Table unless he has been asked to and (b) unaware of the fact that the table was about to be auctioned off. The day of the auction, it turned out, was also Kieran's first birthday—making him roughly ninety-nine and a half years younger than The Lambs, which, having experienced the final indignities of bankruptcy, seems to have celebrated its last birthday.

A half hour before the auction began, Tom Dillon, The Lambs' president, or Shepherd, was busy in his office removing framed photographs from the walls, among them a picture of Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Eisenhower with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dempsey; one of Conrad Nagel; and several of "dear Harry Hershfield." Except for these photographs and a few theatre programs, a large collection of oil paintings, a pair of rams' heads, the ring that Bill Hoey, of Evans & Hoey, wore when he sang "The Man That Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," and some other priceless Lambs mementos, just about every movable object in the house was for sale. As Shepherd Dillon worked, club members came by to offer condolences. "It was a tough struggle for you, Tom," one of them said. Another said, "You tried hard to keep it together, fella." Mr. Dillon smiled, and reminded everyone that The Lambs planned to regroup at the headquarters of the Grand Street Boys' Association, on West Fifty-sixth Street.

Downstairs, in the lobby, where the auctioneer was announcing the ground rules for the sale to about a hundred people—including Kieran Toivonen and his parents, James and Geraldine Toivonen—we met William Beckham, the club's treasurer, and Archie Thomson, house manager of the Belasco Theatre and a longtime Lamb. Mr. Beckham told us that the possibility of the demise of The Lambs became clear to him in 1970, when the club took out a mortgage on its building—actually a pair of brownstones—designed by Stanford White, completed in 1910, and paid off in the early twenties. "Now they tell me, though, that as early as the thirties it was apparent that the club was going under," said Mr. Beckham, who is an accountant. "Just between you and me, actors are not business people. We had a couple of plans for saving the club that involved selling the building and leasing back a floor or two from the new owners, but there weren't any serious buyers—other than real-estate speculators, that is. Nobody's figured out a use for the building."

"What's holding them back?" we asked.

"Money," said Mr. Beckham.

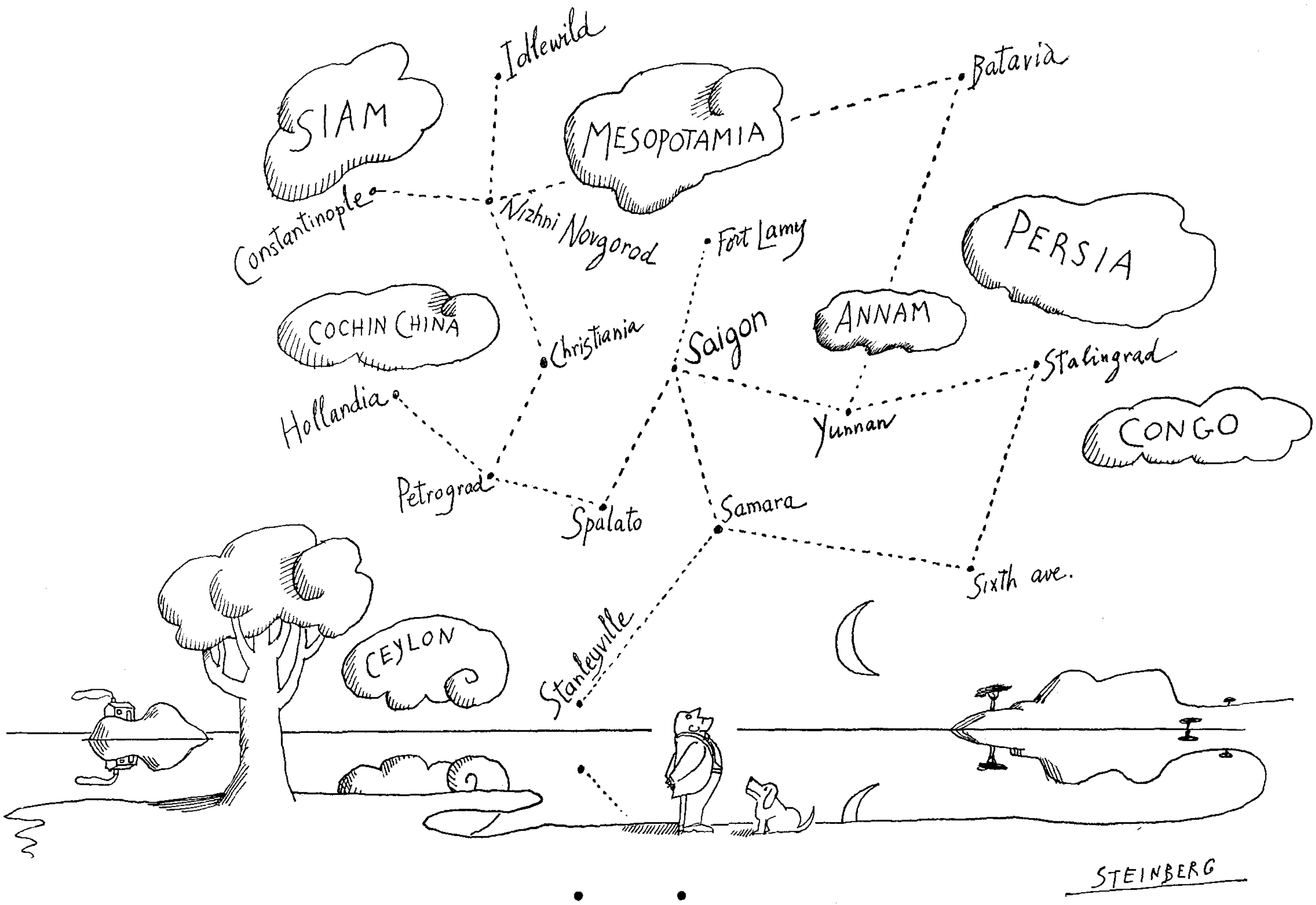
"Nope," interjected Archie Thomson. "Lack of money."

Before the auction began, the mortgage holder, a local bank, bid for the entire contents of the building, but offered less than the twenty-two thousand dollars that the individual bidders eventually paid. While the early bidding proceeded, upstairs, we toured the bar and the grill with Mr. Dillon and Mr. Beckham, who showed us a few oak tables with engraved brass plates embedded in their tops. One plate said "ELLIOT FOREMAN PICKED UP 747,471 GLASSES FROM THIS TABLE." Elliot Foreman, Mr. Dillon explained, was a fastidious man—a theatre manager—who did not like to have empty glasses sitting around. The plate in another table—the domain of George Shelton, a vaudeville comedian, who died in 1971 at the age of eighty-seven—was engraved "THIS IS MY OFFICE. GEORGE SHELTON." Tom Dillon also explained to us the rites of the Round Table. "It was a place to sit if you'd really made it," he said. "I guess during the twenties it read like a show-biz *Who's Who*. It was reserved for the Shepherd and the members of his Council, who are the club's directors. I was a member of the club for ten years before I would dare to go *near* that table. If 'Senator' Ford, the vaudeville comedian, ever found anyone at the table who didn't belong there, he just stared the fellow down until he got up and moved."

We caught up with the auction in the club's theatre, upstairs, where a piano and bench sold for three hundred dollars and a wooden armchair that we were about to sit in went for five bucks. On the stairway down to the banquet room, we met Ed Herlihy, the voice of Kraft Foods, who was angry because he had found someone trying to steal the club's American flag. It was in the banquet room that several of the auction's choicer items were bid on. Martin Begley, Jr., the son of a club member and a nephew of Ed Begley, the actor, bought The Lambs' "throne," a high-backed yellow armchair, for four hundred and twenty-five dollars. Two handsome inlaid tables—one of them a 1915-vintage crap table with the names of many club members engraved in the top—brought three hundred and fifty and three hundred and seventy-five dollars.

In the writing room, adjacent to the banquet room, we noticed a built-in

*"I give him two more minutes. Then I say so much for telekinesis!"*



• •

bank of brass letter boxes, each one with a slot for the nameplate of a club member. One of the boxes was marked "Light Switch," and we opened it. Inside it was a light switch. "You know Light Switch, of course," said Ronald Blatt, who was standing nearby. "He's been a household name for years. Yes, sirree, Mr. Switch."

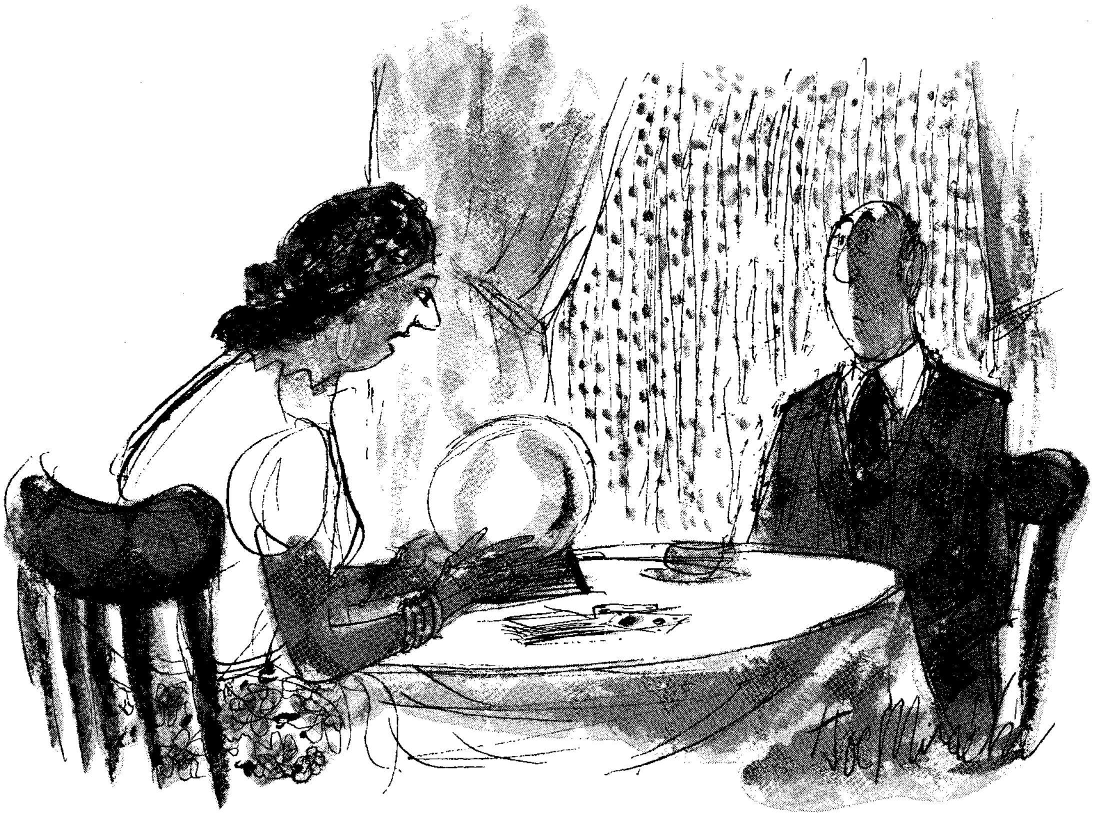
Mr. Blatt, the president of the Blatt Bowling & Billiard Corporation, told us that he had come to the auction to check out three antique pool tables in the bar. He had examined them and decided that they were "salvageable but not in terribly good shape." Just before the bidding on the tables started, we met Harriet Fields, granddaughter of W.C. Fields, who had come to see the pool table that W.C. played on during his frequent visits to The Lambs. When the bidding was over, she had bought it, for four hundred dollars, and she told us that its next resting spot will be in a restaurant that is being planned for Philadelphia.

One of the last items sold was the Round Table. It was bought by several Lambs, who pooled two hundred and fifty dollars to save it for shipment to the hoped-for new home in the Grand Street Boys' Association building. "They can have it," said Archie Thomson, who had contributed to the pool, as he ushered us toward the door. "I'm sure as hell not following that table to the Grand Street Boys. Too far to walk to sit down."

•

MONTY PYTHON'S FLYING CIRCUS is so funny that it once caused a man in a theatre watching "And Now for Something Completely Different"—a movie the Python people made out of bits from a BBC television series of theirs—to catapult himself out of his seat and over the armrest, and to roll head over heels clear down to the front of the theatre, pounding the floor with his fists all the way. For a while, it looked as if, as far as the United States was concerned, Monty Python were going to remain strictly an oral tradition. Nancy Lewis, a rock-and-roll press agent, who took it upon herself to flog Python over here, and is now the group's manager, spent several discouraging years trying to interest American television executives in the show. The "Something Different" movie, badly promoted by Columbia Pictures, went nowhere. But the Python record albums sold surprisingly well, creating a fanatical cult. Even though the records were basically just the TV scripts re-recorded, and so omitted the entire "visual element," they were the best humor records available. And people began memorizing bits and performing them for their friends.

The first American television person to take a flyer on Python was Ron Devillier, the program manager of KERA, the public-television outlet in none other than Dallas, Texas. Our own Channel 13 and most of the rest of the Eastern Educational Network went along for the first series of thirteen half-hour programs, and now Python is on in most of the country. It's far and away the most popular offering on New York public television, outdrawing even "Masterpiece Theatre." A second Python movie, "Monty Python and the Holy Grail," opened a few days ago at the Cinema II. We saw it last week, and it's our very deep, very personal privilege to report that during the entire length of "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" the audience was either laughing or getting ready to laugh. The chairs were laughing, the rug was laughing, the exit signs were laughing, and the building next door was laughing. Monty Python's Flying Circus consists of six male persons between the ages of thirty-two and thirty-five—five Oxbridge types and one Ameri-



*"You will be at the very end of your rope by Thursday."*

• •

can. The TV shows never tell you which is which, so we will.

Graham Chapman is the tall, blond, distinguished-looking one, who often appears as a military officer denouncing the preceding sketch as "too silly." He is a doctor, and served his interneship at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in London. In one sketch he wears a pink organza dress and, as the Minister of Housing, debates a small patch of brown liquid, possibly creosote. The moderator asks him something, and he replies suavely, "I'd like to answer that question in two ways. First in my normal speaking voice, and then in a sort of silly, high-pitched whine."

John Cleese is also tall, but he has dark hair and is rather dangerous-looking. He excels at invective. His moments of triumph, which are legion, include his portrayals of a high official in the Ministry of Silly Walks, of an Army sergeant teaching recruits how to defend themselves against someone armed with a piece of fresh fruit, and of a refreshment seller hawking albatross ("Stormy petrel on a stick!"). During the Dead Parrot sketch, he tries to return a parrot to a pet shop because it is dead. The clerk assures him it is only resting. Cleese replies, "This parrot is no more. It's ceased to be. It has expired. The parrot has gone to meet its Maker. This is a late parrot. It's a stiff. Bereft of life, it rests in peace. If you hadn't nailed it to the perch, it would be pushin' up the daisies. It's rung down the curtain and joined the choir invisibule. *It . . . is . . . an . . . ex-parrot.*"

Terry Gilliam is the American. Before he moved to England, he worked with Harvey Kurtzman, the legendary first editor of *Mad*, on a publication called *Help!* Gilliam is responsible for the surrealistic animated sequences that pop up from time to time, such as the one in which the man in Rodin's "The Kiss" plays a little calliope tune on the woman.

Eric Idle, who first fell in with Cleese at Cambridge, where both of them were in a Footlights show together, is blond and pointy-featured, and sometimes wears a wispy mustache. Thanks to Idle, the phrase "Nudge, nudge," redolent with insinuation, is now an idiom of the English language. He is very good at playing persistent bores and fruity intellectuals. It was Idle who, in loincloth and full war paint, portrayed an Indian sitting in the audience of a West End theatre waiting for the curtain to go up. "Red man great fan of Cicely Courtneidge," he tells his neighbor. "Her interpretations heap subtle."

Michael Palin is an Oxford man, and he is the most fresh-faced and innocent-looking of the Python troupe. Two of his best-known roles are a small-time gangster named Luigi Vercotti, the pet-shop clerk in the Dead Parrot sketch, and the head of the Spanish Inquisition. *Three* of his best-known roles. He has a talent for the sort of character who wants to behave respectably but is having trouble repressing the contents of his unconscious, such as the art critic who says, in a Kenneth Clarkish accent, "I would like to talk to you tonight about the place of the nude in my bed. In the *history* of my bed. Art. Art. In the history of art. The nude in the history of tart. Call girl. Sorry, I'll start again."

Terry Jones is a Welshman, and is less tall, less thin, and less fair than any of the others. Like Palin, he is an Oxford man. He appears frequently as a middle-aged, rather motherly woman. He has played a man who sends bricks to sleep by hypnosis, a candy manufacturer whose products include Crunchy Frog and Ram's Bladder Cup, and a composer named Arthur (Two Sheds) Jackson. In one sketch, he performed "Three Blind Mice" on a mouse organ, an instrument consisting of mice, trained to squeak in tune, and a pair of wooden mallets.

The Python people have been in and out of New York quite a lot lately, and not long ago we had lunch with three of them—Chapman, Jones, and Palin—in a hotel restaurant on Central Park South. We chatted with them in normal tones about normal subjects, such as Northern Ireland, the Common Market, and the National League umpires' new "get-tough" policy. They were good company, they were relaxed, and we had the impression that they did not care much, if at all, about making lots of money or having impressive careers. During the "interview" part of our conversation, we went over some of the questions they are frequently asked. The question "Where does the name 'Monty Python's Flying Circus' come from?" is generally answered by Jones, who takes about twenty-six seconds to do so. Answering chores on "Does the BBC censor your material?" are handled by Chapman, but that takes longer—one hundred and twelve seconds. It's Palin's turn when "How did you guys first get together?" comes up, with an elapsed time of eighty-four seconds.

# RUIN

MY father was a cattle rancher in Jamaica. One day after the war, he had become sick after eating a bad piece of frozen meat, and suddenly all our cane went down and men began putting up fences. By himself my father took the Oracabessa launch to Cuba, went up into the mountains, he said, and came back a week later with a Cuban he had known during the war in North Africa. Pappy was his name, and he had two teeth in his mouth and looked thin and stupid, but he knew cattle.

It was a risk for my father to take the Oracabessa launch across the straits in September. It was only ninety miles, but September in Jamaica is the time for bad storms; they come up quickly. He was very daring, my mother told me, after the war, and I remember it a bit myself. All the men were a little like that. My mother said after Al Alamain my father thought he could do anything. He was impetuous, like a young boy, the war having taught him both how temporary life is and how valuable.

He had been a cane grower all his life—that was what he knew—but he was willing to learn cattle. He put every penny, every quattie of what we had into a small herd and a prize black bull that came from Corpus Christi in October and was lowered from the freighter to the dock, hung from a bright yellow sling. When the yellow sash dropped away and we could see the bull's blackness and the rotations of green that were its eyes, my father was a proud man. The bull looked up and snorted, its eyes fixed on the mountain, and Pappy said with a hideous gentle smile that it smelled the herd and that the sea voyage had done it no good.

Our house had red tiles on the roof. They glowed vermillion in the sun. We heard drums on Friday and Saturday nights; drifting up from the town, the sound was marvellous and frightening. When my father was troubled, he walked down the mountain on the winding road and stayed for a long time on the wall overlooking the sea. It was terribly hot and still in the morning. Everyone wore white. I was often aware of carrion rotting unseen in some soft place.

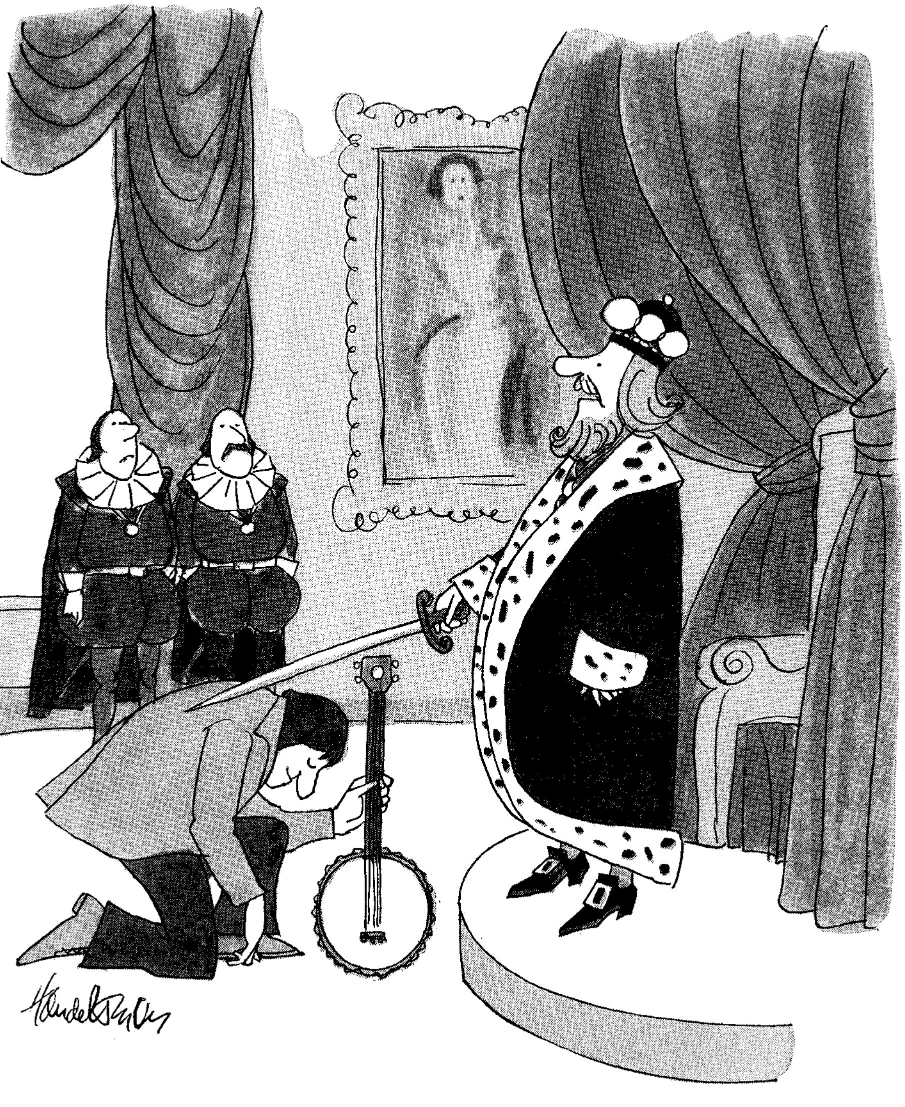
I was quite surprised when, a week after we took the bull off the ship, Pappy ran onto the terrace and, turning his straw hat rapidly in his hands, announced that the bull had gone wild and was killing the other animals. My father got up slowly and put down *The Gleaner*. He was in white pants and a white shirt and he was stained beautifully with colors, for he had been painting a picture; he had been painting fish and fruit. I followed him to his room, where I watched him load a .30-06, pushing in the dull brass cartridges one by one. He seemed to be angry and perhaps a little frightened. I was frightened for him.

We started at a walk down the hill but then we began to run. At the bend, Hamid, who worked in our stables, was waiting for us with two horses, a beautiful black one for my father and the nice brown one called Kerry for Pappy. My father pulled me up behind him and we flew down the hill with the trades whipping our hair and flinging Pappy's hat onto his back, where it hung by a cord. The rifle bumped against my face and I had trouble hanging on, but we reached the field, which was streaked with the blood of cows as if some Japanese had been flying kites with long red ribbons, which when the wind died were left parallel on the grass. The blood steamed—especially near the places where cows had fallen. Some of them groaned but most were just breathing deeply as if they hoped to get better.

The bull was at the end of the field and his head was covered and clotted with blood; it made thick cakes which clung to his hair. He was stained with red.

My father told me to hang on tight, and I made my thin arms a tourniquet around his waist. I was very much afraid of falling off the horse. I could smell the paint on my father's shirt and the sun made me blink. He put the rifle in a sling position, so he could hold it in one hand and the reins in another. He did it fast; it must have been one of the things he learned in North Africa. He spurred the horse and it started to prance, foaming, toward the bull. Silent Jamaicans pressed against the fences. They were watching us on a wet black horse.

The horse danced sideways at the bull, elegantly, as if we were not in a



"*Arise, Sir Bluegrass Pete.*"

# BLUE

1
Day is naked even in its nuances
Of cloud: and there goes Pancho Manza, *homme*
*De terre*, working his own way alongside
The wide road that bandages the rye fields.

Moving along the grain, a point of shade,
He will arrive in good time to keep his
Disappointment with the dim, elusive
Horizon: stumpety-stump. Across the

Road, nightly the dark don, Freiherr of Sky,
Waits by a small pool, floating bright sequins
Over velvety water: one after
Another, they mirror diminutions

Of moon, upon which the pondering don
Reflects, his eyes lit windows of the room
Wherein crafty lamplight is at its work
On objects, and silence settles its dust.

2
At the broad border of the evening
Mercury leered out of the bold cobalt
He was returning to, remembering
Azure anterior to this night's share.

He remembered cyan: he thought again
Of high, blue air he had borne a white torch
Of morning in, of what it was to hear
The blue zones of sky torn with humming winds.

His tiny globe glowed brightly with knowing
How to tell blue from blue, where noon divides
The after from the forenight. Later, when
He knelt down among deep, waving shadows,

He smelled the exploding smalt of the sea
Fizzing away in a different kind
Of light: its hue cried out against fancy,
Against tales of its own contingency

(Such as that once a blue moon setting dipped
Deep in the broad water, dyeing it).
Above it the undying barer of
Fresh, borrowed light stared out of the blue dawn.

3
Better to say perhaps that there were two
Moons, one blue and one yellow, that green tones
Were but diseases of these, or the fruit
Of their contention at times of twilight;

And that the major illusion of moon
Was one of widening at the zenith—
Not at the seedy horizon behind
Cutout low rooftops, or second-growth woods,

The better to condense their silhouettes—
And that the creamy moonlight, spilled among
Our forms of night, fled the neutrality
Of silver kissing marble shapes in myths,

Likewise the icy light of the witch's
Eye, which drew away from like tinsellings.
Then nothing would affright the traveller
Of thicket paths: neither the yellow-made

Shade cast behind him, the Body of Bones,
Nor the blue-flung shadow of the Body
Of Work moving more slowly before him.
He would be calmed by the two modes of night.

4
But a sole moon alone hovers above
The fields of collapsed light, the acreage
Of our misfortunes, narrowed at its height;
And the hard blue line of the horizon

Divides two notional hues of ocean
Cloudy with whitecaps and of sky behind
The day's mackerel belly; it slices
Our globe of eyesight, and bluer than might

Be imagined, far more lethal than all
The bottled light of fluorescent tubes,
Unleashes the strong eager energies
Of destruction, new shatterings under

The sun, new nullifications at night.
Dawn comes when we distinguish blue from—white?
No, green—and, in agreement, eyeing the
Dying dark, our morning wariness nods.

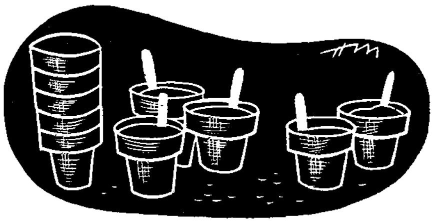
—John Hollander

• •

green palm ring on a cliff above the sea but in a London riding academy.

The bull stomped the ground. My father cocked the rifle. The horse, rocking and edging, had spasms of fright. That black horse was a good horse. He was frightened but he risked his life for what as far as he knew was my father's whim. My father often said that if he could be as good a man as that horse was a horse, he would be happy and ready to rest. Pappy called the black horse an astronomer, because at night he looked long into the air at the stars—sometimes for hours.

The bull charged us and I felt my father's muscles tense as he aimed quickly and fired. I did not see the bull fall, for I had turned my head away. But I saw the waves of our action in the faces of the people at the fences, who started, and then cheered. As we trotted away from the bull's body I looked back. There were two large red holes in the neck. I had remembered only one shot.



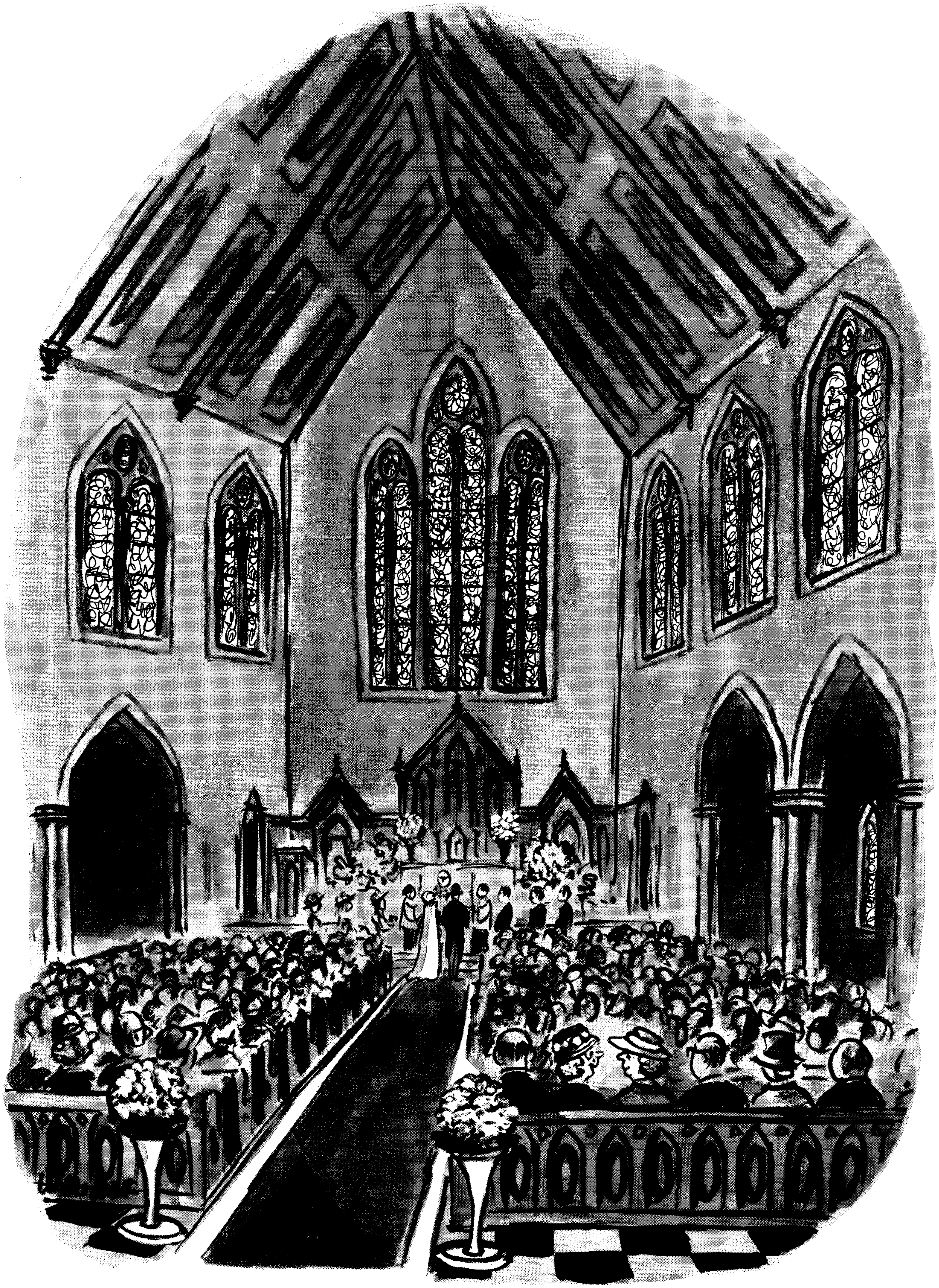
We visited the cows one by one and killed them. The horse seemed more frightened of them than of the bull.

My father said, "Now we are going to have to get rid of all this meat, and buy new cows, dammit."

"New ones?" I said. He did not answer. "How can we . . ." I did not finish.

We went up the hill at a walk. It was hot, and the hooves of the black horse were scarlet.

—Mark Helprin



*"I hear they met in line for an emergency phone when the Telephone Company went kablooey."*

# MANUAL FOR SONS

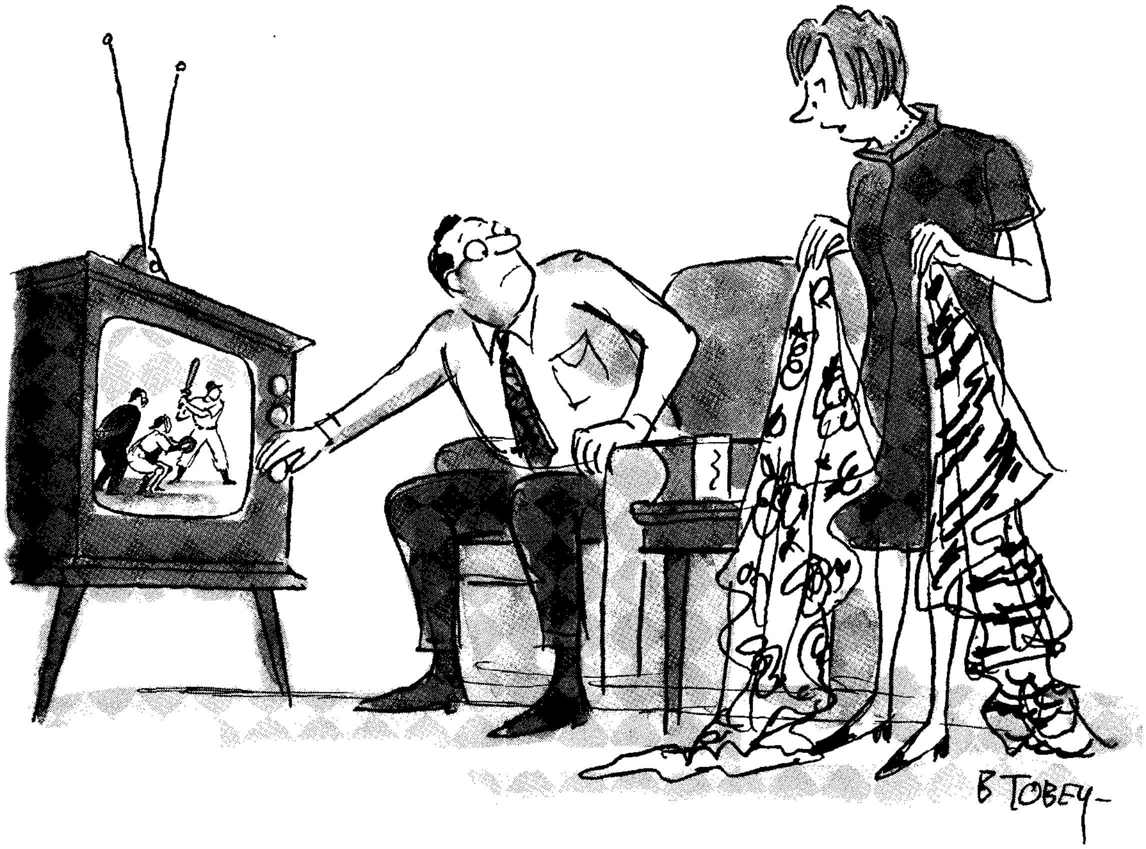
(1) Mad fathers
(2) Fathers as teachers
(3) On horseback, etc.
(4) Annual address
(5) The leaping father
(6) Best way to approach
(7) Ys
(8) Names of
(9) Voices of
(10) Sample voice, A
B
C
(11) Fanged, etc.
(12) Hiram or Saul
(13) Color of fathers
(14) Dandling
(15) A tongue-lashing
(16) The falling father
(17) Lost fathers
(18) Rescue of fathers
(19) Sexual organs
(20) Yamos
(21) "Responsibility"
(22) Death of
(23) Patricide a poor idea, and summation

MAD fathers stalk up and down the boulevards, shouting. Avoid them, or embrace them, or tell them your deepest thoughts—it makes no difference, they have deaf ears. If their dress is covered with sewn-on tin cans and their spittle is like a string of red boiled crayfish running head-to-tail down the front of their tin cans, serious impairment of the left brain is present. If, on the other hand, they are simply barking (no tin cans, spittle held securely in the pouch of the cheek), they have been driven to distraction by the intricacies of living with others. Go up to them and, stilling their wooden clappers by putting your left hand between the hinged parts, say you're sorry. If the barking ceases, this does not mean that they have heard you, it only means they are experiencing erotic thoughts of abominable lustre. Permit them to enjoy these images for a space, and then strike them sharply in the nape with the blade of your tanned right hand. Say you're sorry again. It won't get through to them (because their brains are mush) but in pronouncing the words your body will assume an attitude that conveys, in every country of the world, sorrow—this language they can understand. Gently feed them with bits of leftover meat you are carrying in your pockets. First hold the meat in front of their eyes, so that they can see what it is, and then point to their mouths, so that they know that the meat is for them. Mostly, they will open their mouths at this point. If they do not, throw the meat in between barks. If the meat does not get all the way into the mouth but lands upon (say) the upper lip, hit them again in the neck; this often causes the mouth to pop open and the meat sticking to the upper lip to fall into the mouth. Nothing may work out in the way I have described; in this eventuality, you can do not much for a mad father except listen, for a while, to his babble. If he cries aloud, "*Stomp it, emptor!*," then you must attempt to figure out the code. If he cries aloud, "*The fiends have killed your horse!*," note down in your notebook the frequency with which the words "the" and "your" occur in his tirade. If he cries aloud, "*The cat's in its cassock and flitter-te-hee moreso stomp it!*," remember that he has already asked you once to "stomp it" and that this must refer to something you are doing. So stomp it.

FATHERS are teachers of the true and not-true, and no father ever knowingly teaches what is not true. In a cloud of unknowing, then, the father proceeds with his instruction. Tough meat should be hammered well between two stones before it is placed on the fire, and should be combed with a hair comb and brushed with a hairbrush before it is placed on the fire. Iron lungs and cyclotrons are also useful for the purpose. On arriving at night, with thirsty cattle, at a well of doubtful character, one deepens the well first with a rifle barrel, then with a pigsticker, then with a pencil, then with a ramrod, then with an icepick, "bringing the well in" finally with needle and thread. Do not forget to clean your rifle barrel immediately. To find honey, tie a feather or straw to the leg of a bee, throw him into the air, and peer alertly after him as he flies slowly back to the hive. Nails, boiled for three hours, give off a rusty liquid that, when combined with oxtail soup, dries to a flame color, useful for warding off tuberculosis or attracting native women. Do not forget to hug the native women immediately. To prevent feet from blistering, soap the inside of the stocking with a lather of raw egg and steel wool, which together greatly soften the leather of the foot. Delicate instruments (such as surveying instruments) should be entrusted to a porter who is old and enfeebled; he will totter along most carefully. For a way of making an ass not to bray at night, lash a heavy child to his tail; it appears that when an ass wishes to bray he elevates his tail, and if the tail cannot be elevated, he has not the heart. Savages are easily satisfied with cheap beads in the following colors: dull white, dark blue, and vermillion red. Expensive beads are often spurned by them. Non-savages should be given cheap books in the following colors: dead white, brown, and seaweed. Books praising the sea are much sought after. Satanic operations should not be conducted without first consulting the Bibliothèque Nationale. When Satan at last appears to you, try not to act surprised. Then get down to hard bargaining. If he likes neither the beads nor the books, offer him a cold beer. Then—

Fathers teach much that is of value. Much that is not.

FATHERS in some countries are like cotton bales; in others, like clay pots or jars; in others, like reading, in a newspaper, a long account of a film you have already seen and liked immensely but do not wish to see again, or read about. Some fathers have triangular eyes. Some fathers, if you ask them for the time of day, spit silver dollars. Some fathers live in old filthy cabins high in the mountains, and make murderous noises deep in their throats when their amazingly sharp ears detect, on the floor of the valley, an alien step. Some fathers piss either perfume or medicinal alcohol, distilled by powerful body processes from what they have been, all day long, drinking. Some fathers have only one arm. Others have an extra arm, in addition to the normal two, hidden inside their coats. On that arm's fingers are elaborately wrought golden rings that, when a secret spring is pressed, dispense charity. Some fathers have made themselves over into convincing replicas of beautiful sea animals, and some into convincing replicas of people they hated as children. Some fathers are goats, some are milk, some teach Spanish in cloisters, some are exceptions, some are capable of attacking world economic problems and killing them, but have not yet done so; they are waiting for one last vital piece of data. Some fathers strut but most do not, except inside; some fathers pose on horseback but most do not, except in the eighteenth century; some fathers fall off the horses they mount but most do not; some fathers, after falling off the horse, shoot the horse but most do not; some fathers fear horses but most fear, instead, women; some fathers masturbate because they fear women; some fathers sleep with hired women because they fear women who are free; some fathers never sleep at all, but are endlessly awake, staring at their futures, which are behind them.



*"Before you climb into your shell, George, I want to ask you which of these materials you prefer for the draperies."*

• •

THE father's annual address to the new children: "In considering the additionally arriving human beings each producing upon its head one hundred thousand individual hairs, some retained and some discarded, in contemplating I say these additionally arrived human beings not provided for by anticipatory design hocus or pocus and thus problematical, we must reliably extend a set of ever-advancing speeding poised lingering or dwelling pattern behaviors sufficient unto the day or adequate until the next time. Given the existence of the next time, anticipatory design neurosis designs for integration of the until-then-threatening non-self-requested experience of life and sweet, sweet variable stresses and flows to carry inward and inwardize if rain floods fires earthquakes tornadoes do not occur as predicted but look out of the window and see how dark the sky, how bold the wind, how whipped the trees, how gravitational the red falling skinripping rooftiles not provided for by anticipatory design fury preallotted to the discontinuance of consciousness known as sleep let us pray. Tensionally cohered universe here today and gone tomorrow finity inward and finity outward ever-advancing speeding poised lingering or dwelling particles in waveful duality and progressive conceptioning and Father's Day interface with holistic behaviors unpredicted by parts such as you, me, them, and we, and I, and you, and he, and she, and it. These, assigned by a static or 'at rest' analysis to super series of unpredictable mathematical frequencies composed of complementary and reciprocal numbers found in cyclic bundling of experience not necessarily compromised by variable geographic bundle limitations, but sometimes, as in the song at twilight when the lights are low and the flickering shadows softly come and go, to multidynamically blossom or burst forth in beauty or pain and pre- and post-natal . . . disappointments . . . next appropriate trial balance struck . . . as to what might be . . . in the best case . . . however. However. Given the already-secreted true experience of the regeneratively-evolving comprehensive world-design effort against fire flood pestilence violent atmospheric disturbance and providing seventeen cubic feet of air per minute per person free of toxic or disagreeable odors or dust, or malice, we feel that metals broadly speaking and synthetics narrowly speaking will interlink into continuously improving world-around extra-corporeal networks, networks within which only individual man presents himself as an inherent island of physical discontinuity sad to say, sad to say, physical discontinuity and torpor, total velocities of which known practices have proved inadequate to solve. Given however allover compensatory design despair such as is known to you and known to me, and freakiness, and bearing in mind push-pull as prior to and above all, and disregarding those whose larger pattern-security is challenged or threatened by these systematically pulsing alternations, we project your existence here as possibly tolerable within tolerances of .01, .02, and .03 given uptooling of social engineering, genetic razzle, postpartum reprepositioning, and I spy. Welcome."

THE leaping father is not encountered often, but exists. Two leaping fathers together in a room can cause accidents. The best idea is to chain heavy-duty truck tires to them, one in front, one in back, so that their leaps become pathetic small hops. That is all their lives amount to anyhow, and it is good for them to be able to see, in the mirror, their whole life-histories performed, in a sequence perhaps five minutes long, of upward movements which do not, really, get very far or achieve very much. Without the tires, the leaping father has a nuisance value which may rapidly transform itself

MAKE BIG MONEY!
Ask about our plan

FAME Can be YOURS!

into a serious threat. Ambition is the core of this problem (it may even be ambition *for you*, in which case you are in even greater danger than had been supposed), and the core may be removed by open-liver surgery (the liver being the home of the humours, as we know). I saw a leaping father in the park, he was two feet off the ground and holding a one-foot-in-diameter, brown leather object that he was pushing away from himself—a sin of some sort, I judged. He was aiming it at a net supported by a steel ring but the net had no bottom, there was no way on earth that the net would retain the sin, even if the father had been able to place the sin safely in the net. The futility of his project saddened me, but this was an appropriate emotion. There is something very sad about all leaping fathers, about leaping itself. I prefer to keep my feet on the ground, in situations where the ground has not been cut out from under me, by the tunnelling father. The latter is usually piebald in color, and supremely notable for his nonflogitiousness.

THE best way to approach a father is from behind. Thus if he chooses to hurl his javelin at you, he will probably miss. For in the act of twisting his body around, and drawing back his hurling arm, and sighting along the shaft, he will give you time to run, to make reservations for a flight to another country. To Rukmini—there are no fathers there. In that country virgin corn gods huddle together under a blanket of ruby chips and flexible cement, through the long wet Rukminian winter, and in some way not known to us produce offspring. The new citizens are greeted with dwarf palms and certificates of worth, are led (or drawn on runnerless sleds) out into the zocalo, the main square of the country, and their *augensheinlich* parentages recorded upon a great silver bowl, and their fingerprints peeled away, so that nothing can ever be proved. Look! In the walnut panelling of the dining hall, a javelin! The panelling is wounded in a hundred places.

I KNEW a father named Ys who had many many children and sold every one of them to the bone factories. The bone factories will not accept angry or sulking children, therefore Ys was, to his children, the kindest and most amiable father imaginable. He fed them huge amounts of calcium candy and the milk of minks, told them interesting and funny stories, and led them each day in their bone-building exercises. "Tall sons," he said, "are best." Once a year the bone factories sent a little blue van to Ys's house.

THE names of fathers. Fathers are named:

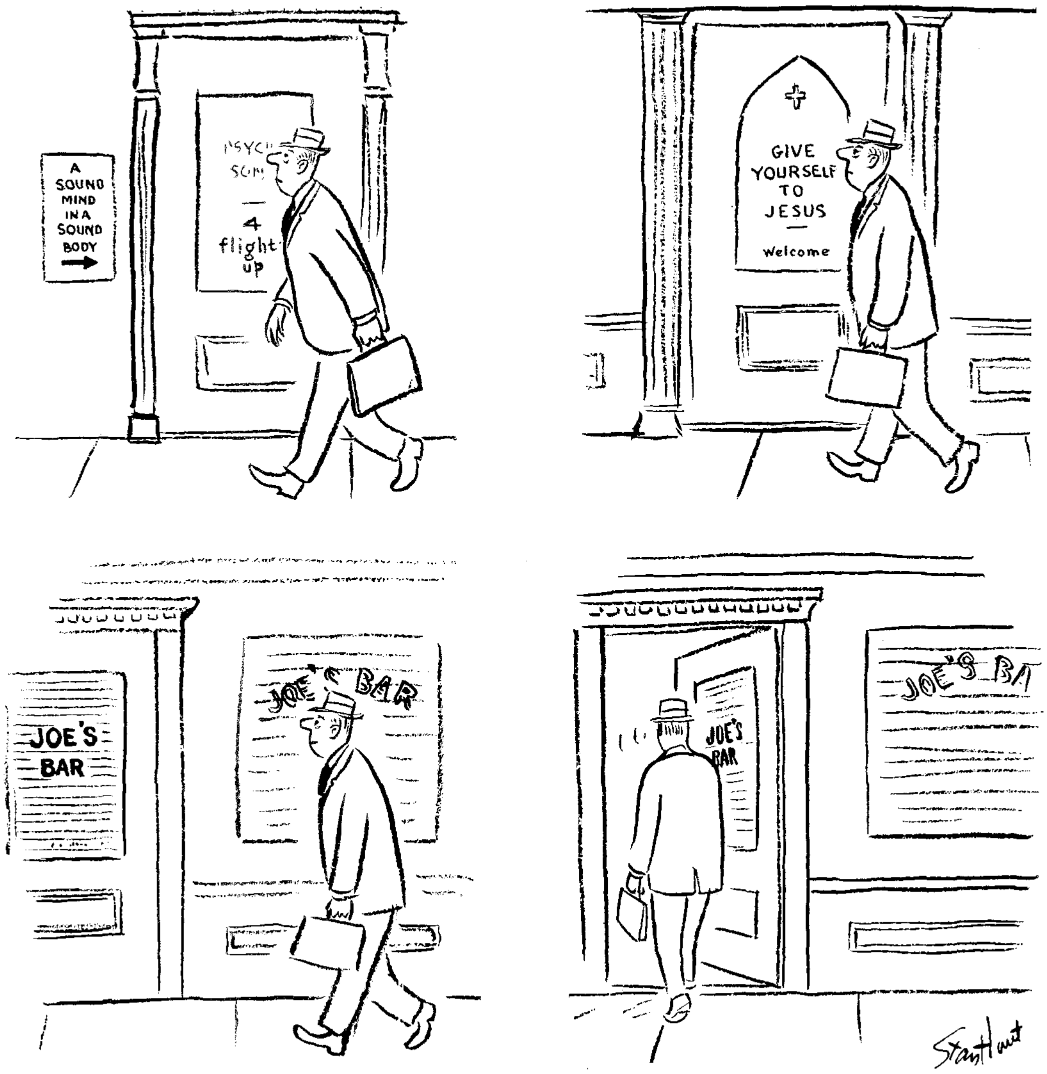
A'albiel
Aariel
Aaron
Aba
Ababaloy
Abaddon
Aban
Abathur
Abbott
Abdia
Abel
Abiou
Achsah
Adam
Adeo
Adityas
Adlai
Adnai
Adoil
Adossia
Aeon
Aeshma
Af
Afkiel
Agason
Agwend
Albert

FATHERS have voices, and each voice has a *terribilità* of its own. The sound of a father's voice is various: like film burning, like marble being pulled screaming from the face of a quarry, like the clash of paper clips by night, lime seething in a lime pit, or batsong. The voice of a father can shatter your glasses. Some fathers have tetchy voices, others tetched-in-the-head voices. It is understood that fathers, when not robed in the father-role, may be farmers, heldentenors, tinsmiths, racing drivers, fistfighters, or salesmen. Most are salesmen. Many fathers did not wish, especially, to be fathers; the thing came upon them, seized them, by accident, or by someone else's careful design, or by simple clumsiness on someone's part. Nevertheless this class of father—the inadvertent—is often among the most tactful, light-handed, and beautiful of fathers. If a father has fathered twelve or twenty-seven times, it is well to give him a curious look—this father does not loathe himself enough. This father frequently wears a blue wool watch cap, on stormy nights, to remind himself of a manly past—action in the North Atlantic. Many fathers are blameless in all ways, and these fathers are either sacred relics people are touched with to heal incurable illnesses, or texts to be studied, generation after generation, to determine how this idiosyncrasy may be maximized. Text-fathers are usually bound in blue.

The father's voice is an instrument of the most terrible pertinaciousness.

SAMPLE VOICE, A.

Son, I got bad news for you. You won't understand the whole purport of it, 'cause you're only six, a little soft in the head too, that fontanelle never did close properly, I wonder why. But I can't delay it no longer, son, I got to tell you the news. There ain't no malice in it, son, I hope you believe me. The thing is, you got to go to school, son, and get socialized. That's the news. You're turnin' pale, son, I don't blame you. It's a terrible thing, but there it is. We'd socialize you here at home, your mother and I, except that we can't stand to watch it,



it's that dreadful. And your mother and I who love you and always have and always will are a touch sensitive, son. We don't want to hear your howls and screams. It's going to be miserable, son, but you won't hardly feel it. And I know you'll do well and won't do anything to make us sad, your mother and I who love you. I know you'll do well and won't run away or fall down in fits either. Son, your little face is pitiful. Son, we can't just let you roam the streets like some kind of crazy animal. Son, you got to get your natural impulses curbed. You've got to get your corners knocked off, son, you got to get realistic. They going to vamp on you at that school, kid. They going to tear up your ass. They going to learn you how to think, you'll get your letters there, your letters and your figures, your verbs and all that. Your mother and I could socialize you here at home but it would be too painful for your mother and I who love you. You're going to meet the stick, son, the stick going to walk up to you and say howdy-do. You're going to learn about your country at that school, son, oh beautiful for spacious skies. They going to lay just a raft of stuff on you at that school and I caution you not to resist, it ain't appreciated. Just take it as it comes and you'll be fine, son, just fine. You got to do right, son, you got to be realistic. They'll be other kids in that school, kid, and ever' last one of 'em will be after your lunch money. But don't give 'em your lunch money, son, put it in your shoe. If they come up against you tell 'em the other kids already got it. That way you fool 'em, you see, son? What's the matter with you? And watch out for the custodian, son, he's mean. He don't like his job. He wanted to be president of a bank. He's not. It's made him mean. Watch out for that sap he carries on his hip. Watch out for the teacher, son, she's sour. Watch out for her tongue, it'll cut you. She's got a bad mouth on her, son, don't balk her if you can help it. I got nothin' against the schools, kid, they just doin' their job. Hey kid, what's the matter with you, kid? And if this school don't do the job we'll find one that can. We're right behind you, son, your mother and I who love you. You'll be gettin' your sports there, your ball sports and your blood sports, and watch out for the coach, he's a disappointed man, some say a sadist but I don't know about that. You got to develop your body, son. If they shove you, shove back. Don't take nothin' off nobody. Don't show fear. Lay back and watch the guy next to you, do what he does. Except if he's a damn fool. If he's a damn fool you'll know he's a damn fool 'cause everybody'll be hittin' on him. Let me tell you 'bout that school, son. They do what they do 'cause I told them to do it. That's why they do it. They didn't think up those ideas their own selves. I told them to do it. Me and your mother who love you, we told them to do it. Behave yourself, kid! Do right! You'll be fine there, kid, just fine. What's the matter with you, kid? Don't be that way. I hear the ice-cream man outside, son. You want to go and see the ice-cream man? Go get you an ice cream, son, and make sure you get your sprinkles. Go give the ice-cream man your quarter, son. And hurry back.

•

B.

Hey son. Hey boy. Let's you and me go out and throw the ball around. Throw the ball around. You don't want to go out and throw the ball around? How come you don't want to go out and throw the ball around? I know why you don't want to go out and throw the ball around. It's 'cause you— Let's don't discuss it. It don't bear thinkin' about. Well let's see, you don't want to go out and throw the ball around, you can hep me work on the patio. You want to hep me work on the patio? Sure you do. Sure you do. We gonna have us a fine-lookin' patio there, boy, when we get it finished. Them folks across the street are just about gonna fall out when they see it. C'mon kid, I'll let you hold the level. And this time I want you to hold the goddam thing straight. I want you to hold it straight. It ain't difficult, any idiot can do it. A nigger can do it. We're gonna stick it to them mothers across the street, they think they're so fine. Flee from the wrath to come, boy, that's what I always say. Seen it on a sign one time, Flee from the Wrath to Come. Crazy guy goin' down the street holdin' this sign, see, flee from the wrath to come, it tickled me. Went round for days sayin' it out loud to myself, flee from the wrath to come, flee from the wrath to come. Couldn't get it outa my head. See they're talkin' 'bout God there, that's what that's all about, God, see boy, God. It's this God crap they try and hand you, see, they got a whole routine, see, let's don't talk about it, it fries my ass. Your mother goes for all that, see, and of course your mother is a fine woman and a sensible woman but she's just a little bit ape on this church thing we don't discuss it. She has her way and I got mine, we don't discuss it. She's a little bit ape on this subject, see, I don't blame her it was the way she was raised. Her mother was ape on this subject. That's how the churches make their money, see, they get the women. All these dumb-ass women. *Hold it straight kid.* That's better. Now run me a line down that form with the pencil. I gave you the pencil. What'd you do with the goddam pencil? Jesus Christ kid *find the pencil.* O.K. go in the house and get me another pencil. Hurry up I can't stand here holdin' this all day. Wait a minute here's the pencil. O.K. I got it. Now hold it straight and run me a line down that form. *Not that way dummy*, on the horizontal. You think we're buildin' a barn? That's right. Good. Now run the line. Good. O.K., now go over there and fetch me the square. Square's the flat one, looks like a L. Like this, look. Good. Thank you. O.K. now hold that mother up against the form where you made the line. That's so we get this side of it square, see? O.K. now hold the board and lemme just put in the stakes. HOLD IT STILL DAMN IT. How you think I can put in the stakes with you wavin' the damn thing around like that? Hold it still. Check it with the square again. O.K., is it square? Now hold it still. Still. O.K. That's got it. How come you're tremblin'? Nothin' to it, all you got to do is hold one little bitty piece of one-by-six straight for two minutes and you go into a fit? Now stop that. Stop it. I said stop it. Now just take it easy. You like heppin' me with the patio, don'tcha? Just think 'bout when it's finished and we be sittin' out here with our drinks drinkin' our drinks and them jackasses 'cross the street will be having a hemorrhage. From green envy. Flee from the wrath to come, boy, flee from the wrath to come. He he.

•

C.

Hey son come here a minute. I want you and me to have a little talk. You're turnin' pale. How come you always turn pale when we have a little talk? You *delicate*? Pore delicate little flower? Naw you ain't, you're a *man*, son, or will be someday the good Lord willin'. But you got to do right. That's what I want to talk to you about. Now put down that comic book and come on over here and sit by me. Sit right there. Make yourself comfortable. Now, you comfortable? Good. Son, I want to talk to you about your personal habits. Your personal habits. We ain't never talked about your personal habits and now it's time. I been watchin' you, kid. Your personal habits are admirable. Yes they are. They are flat admirable. I like the way you pick up your room. You run a clean room, son, I got to hand it to you. And I like the way you clean your teeth. You brush right, in the right direction, and you brush *a lot.* You're goin' to have good gums, kid, good healthy gums. We ain't gonna have to lay out no money to get your teeth fixed, your mother and I, and that's a blessing and we thank you. And you keep yourself clean, kid, clothes neat, hands clean, face clean, knees clean, that's the way to hop, way to hop. There's just one little thing, son, one little thing that puzzles me. I been studyin' 'bout it and I flat don't understand it. How come you spend so much time washin' your hands, kid? I been watchin' you. You spend an hour after breakfast washin' your hands. Then you go wash 'em again 'bout ten-thirty, ten-forty, 'nother fifteen minutes washin' your hands. Then just before lunch, maybe a half hour, washin' your hands. Then after lunch, sometimes an hour, sometimes less, it varies. I been noticin'. Then in the middle of the afternoon back in there washin' your hands. Then before supper and after supper and before you go to bed and sometimes you get up in the middle of the night and go on in there and wash your hands. Now I'd think you were in there playin' with your little pecker, 'cept you a shade young for playin' with

FOR
SALE
Judith Shahn

## SOME POSSIBILITIES

There you were, standing in an empty field,
cold as ever, kicking a stone to see if it moved.
Minding your own business.

And there he was, perfect stranger,
breaking up the light, moving
as if he knew where he was going.

He was perfect, two arms, two legs,
and making the most of them,
coming toward you as if
there were no such thing as distance.

He must mistake you for someone else.
You are the sparrow biting its tongue,
the rock left in the middle of the field,
too large to be moved.

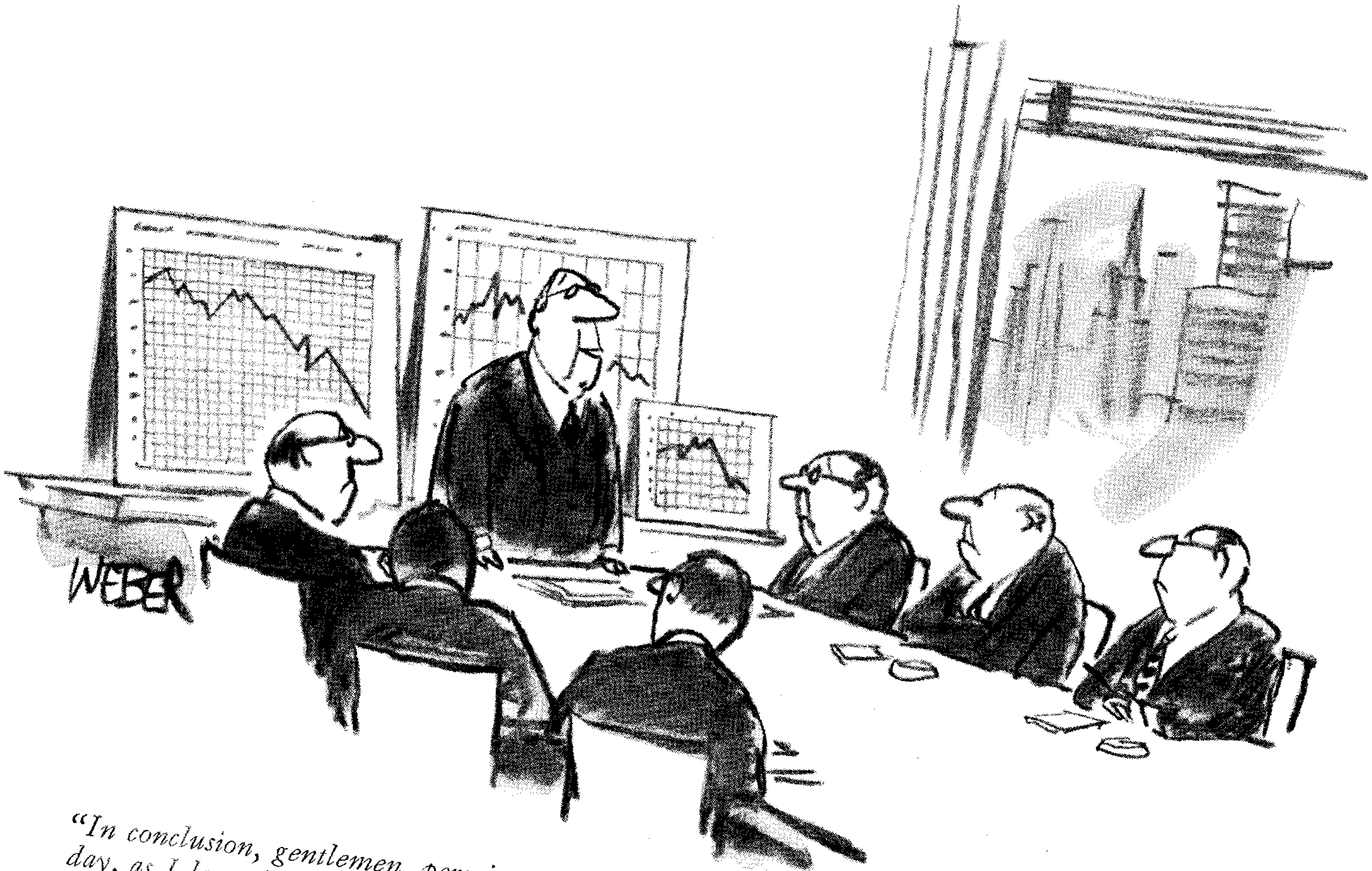
He is inventing you as he goes.
He is picking a bouquet of wild flowers.
You think he could pass through you

and never notice.
He thinks he could surround you.
"What else are these arms for?" he would say.

As if by the time he arrives, you will be there.

—DEBORA GREGER

• •



*"In conclusion, gentlemen, permit me a small personal note. Sometimes, at the close of day, as I lay aside the concerns of profit and loss, assets and liabilities, inventories, interest rates, cash flow, taxes, and all the other fiscal anxieties that beset us in these troubled times, sometimes, gentlemen, in that quiet before sleep, I hear music."*

your little pecker and besides you leave the door open, most kids close the door when they go in there to play with their little peckers but you leave it open. So I see you in there and I see what you're doin', you're washin' your hands. And I been keepin' track of it and son, you spend 'bout three-quarters of your wakin' hours *washin' your hands.* And I think there's somethin' a little bit *strange* about that, son. It ain't natural. So what I want to know is how come you spend so much time washin' your hands, son? Can you tell me? Huh? Can you give me a rational explanation? Well, can you? Huh? You got anything to say on this subject? Well, what's the matter? You're just sittin' there. Well come on, son, what you got to say for yourself? What's the explanation? Now it won't do you no good to start cryin', son, that don't help anything. O.K. kid stop crying. *I said stop it!* I'm goin' to whack you, kid, you don't stop cryin'. Now cut that out. This minute. Now cut it out. Goddam baby. Come on now kid, get ahold of yourself. Now go wash your face and come on back in here, I want to talk to you some more. Wash your face, but don't do that other. Now go on in there and get back in here right quick. I want to talk to you 'bout bumpin' your head. You're still bumpin' your head, son, against the wall, 'fore you go to sleep. I don't like it. You're too old to do that. It disturbs me. I can hear you in there, when you go to bed, bump bump bump bump bump bump bump bump. It's disturbing. It's monotonous. It's a very disturbing sound. I don't like it. I don't like listenin' to it. I want you to stop it. I want you to get ahold of yourself. I don't like to hear that noise when I'm sittin' in here tryin' to read the paper or whatever I'm doin', I don't like to hear it and it bothers your mother. It gets her all upset and I don't like your mother to be all upset, just on accounta you. Bump bump bump bump bump bump bump bump, what are you, kid, some kind of animal? I cain't figure you out, kid. I just flat cain't understand it, bump bump bump bump bump bump bump. Dudden't hurtcha? Dudden't hurtcha head? Well, never mind about that right now. Go on in there and wash your face, and then come on back in here and we'll talk some more. And don't do none of that other, just wash your face. You got three minutes.

• •

FATHERS are like blocks of marble—giant cubes, highly polished, with veins and seams—placed squarely in your path. They block your path. They cannot be climbed over, neither can they be slithered past. They are the "past," and very likely the slither, if the slither is thought of as that accommodating maneuver you make to escape notice, or get by unscathed. If you attempt to go around one, you will find that another (winking at the first) has mysteriously appeared athwart the trail. Or maybe it is the same one, moving with the speed of paternity. Look closely at color and texture. Is this giant square block of marble similar in color and texture to a slice of rare roast beef? Your very father's complexion! Do not try to draw too many conclusions from this; the obvious ones are sufficient and correct. Some fathers like to dress up in black robes and go out and give away the sacraments, adding to their black robes the chasuble, stole, and alb, in reverse order. Of these "fathers" I shall not speak, except to commend them for their lack of ambition and sacrifice, especially the sacrifice of the "franking privilege," or the privilege of naming the first male child after yourself: Franklin Edward A'albiel, Jr. Of all possible fathers, the fanged father is the least desirable. If you can get your lariat around one of his fangs, and quickly wrap the other end of it several times around your saddle horn, and if your horse is a trained roping horse and knows what to do, how to plant his front feet and then back up with small nervous steps, keeping the lariat taut, then you have a chance. Do not try to rope both fangs at the same time; concentrate on the right. Do the thing fang by fang, and then you will be safe, or more nearly so. I have seen some old, yellowed six-inch fangs that were drawn in this way, and once, in a whaling museum in a seaport town, a twelve-inch fang, mistakenly labelled as the tusk of a walrus. But I recognized it at once, it was a father fang, which has its own peculiarly shaped, six-pointed root. I am pleased never to have met that father. . . .

If your father's name is Hiram or Saul, flee into the woods. For these names are the names of kings, and your father Hiram, or your father Saul, will not be a king, but will retain, in hidden places in his body, the memory of kingship. And there is no one more blackhearted and surly than an ex-king, or a person who harbors, in the dark channels of his body, the memory of kingship. Fathers so named consider their homes to be Camelots, and their kith and kin courtiers, to be elevated or depressed in rank according to the lightest whinges of their own mental weather. And one can never know for sure if one is "up" or "down" at a particular moment; one is a feather, floating, one has no place to stand. Of the rage of the king-father I will speak later, but understand that fathers named Hiram, Saul, Charles, Francis, or George rage (when they rage) exactly in the manner of their golden and noble namesakes. Flee into the woods, at such times, or earlier, before the mighty scimitar or yataghan leaps from its scabbard. The proper attitude toward such fathers is that of the toad, lickspittle, smellfeast, carpet knight, pickthank, or tuft-hunter. When you cannot escape to the trees, genuflect, and stay down there, on one knee with bowed head and clasped hands, until dawn. By this time he will probably have drunk himself into a sleep, and you may creep away and seek your bed (if it has not been taken away from you) or, if you are hungry, approach the table and see what has been left there, unless the ever-efficient cook has covered everything with clear plastic and put it away. In that case, you may suck your thumb.

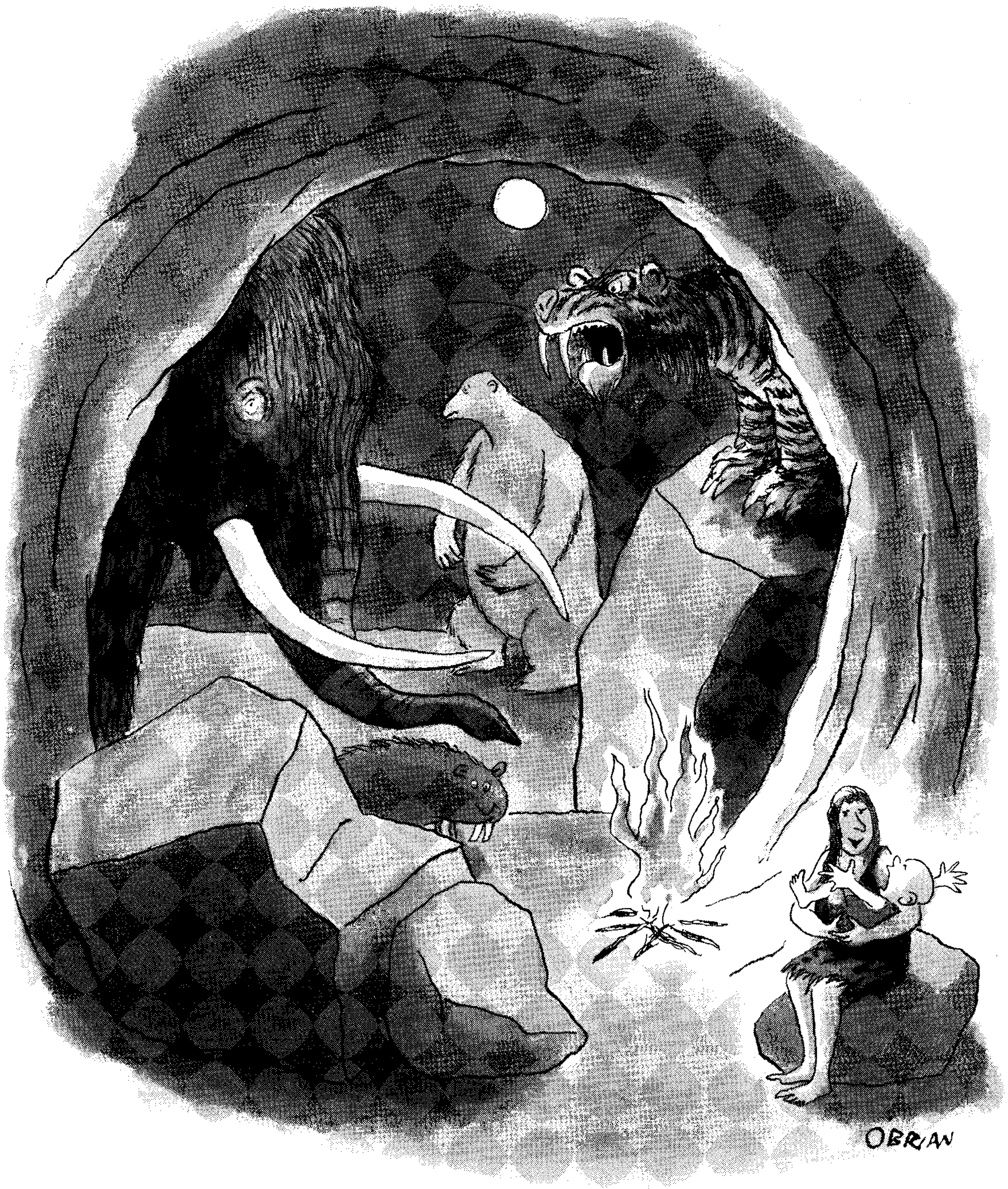
Exemplification of the foregoing:

The next day the King my father waxed exceedingly wroth and seizing with his two hands his mighty whinyard began laying about him with many lusty strokes. First he slew a snowshoe rabbit cleaving it in twain with a single blow and then he slew a spiny anteater and then he slew two rusty numbats and then whirling the great blade round and round his head he slew a wallaby and a lemur and a trio of ouakaris and a spider monkey and a common squid. Then moving up and down the green garden path backward and forward in his red rage he dispatched a macaque and a mandrill and a gibbon and fourscore innocent chinchillas who had been standing idly by watching the great slaughter. Then he rested standing with the point of his sword stuck in the earth and his two hands folded upon the hilt. Then again as if taken with a fit he set about the bloody work slaying a prairie dog and a beaver and a gopher and a dingo and a honey badger and an otter and a house cat and a tapir and a piglet. Then his anger grew and he called for a brand of even greater weight and length which was brought to him, and seizing it with his two fine-formed and noble hands he raised it above his head, and every living thing within his reach trembled and every dead thing within his reach remembered how it got that way, and the very trees of the green garden did seem to shrink and step away. Then the King my father slew a warthog and a spotted fawn and a trusting sheep and a young goat and a marmoset and two greyhounds. Then, kicking viciously with his noble and shapely foot at the piles of the slain, raw, and sticky corpses drenching the earth in blood on every side, he cleared a path to a group of staring pelicans slicing the soft white thin necks of them from the bodies in the wink of an eye. Then he slew a cassowary and a flamingo and a grebe and a heron and a bittern and a pair of ducks and a shouting peacock and a dancing crane and a bustard and a lily-trotter and, wiping the sacred sweat from his brow with one ermine-trimmed sleeve, slew a wood pigeon and a cockatoo and a tawny owl and a snowy owl and a magpie and three jackdaws and a crow and a jay and a dove. Then he called for wine. A silver flagon was brought him and he downed the whole of it in one draught looking the while out of the corner of his ruby eye at a small iguana melted in terror against the limb of a tree. Then he tossed the silver flagon into the arms of the cupbearer sousing the cupbearer's white tunic with the red of the wine and split the iguana into two halves with the point of his sword as easily as one skilled in the mystery fillets a fish. Then the King my father resumed his sword work in earnest slaying divers more small animals of every kind, so that the heaps mounted steaming to the right and to the left of him with each passionate step. But the toad escaped.

The color of fathers: The bay-colored father can be trusted, mostly, whether he is standard bay, blood bay, or mahogany bay. He is useful (1) in negotiations between warring tribes, (2) as a catcher of red-hot rivets when you are building a bridge, (3) in auditioning possible bishops for the Synod of Bishops, (4) in the co-pilot's seat, and (5) for carrying one corner of an eighteen-metre-square mirror through the city's streets. Dun-colored fathers tend to shy at obstacles, and therefore you do not want a father of this color, because life, in one sense, is nothing but obstacles, and his continual shying will reduce your nerves to grease. The liver-chestnut-colored father has a reputation for decency and good sense; if God commands him to take out his knife and slice through your neck with it, he will probably say "No, thanks." The dusty-chestnut father will reach for his knife. The light-chestnut father will ask for another opinion. The standard-chestnut father will look the other way, to the east, where another vegetation ceremony, with more interesting dances, is being held. Sorrel-colored fathers are easily excitable and are employed most often where a crowd, or mob, is wanted, as for coronations, lynchings, and the like. The bright-sorrel father, who glows, is an exception; he is content with his glow, with his name (John), and with his life membership in the Knights of the Invisible Empire. In bungled assassinations, the assassin will frequently be a blond-sorrel father who forgot to take the lens cap off his telescopic sight. Buckskin-colored fathers know the Law and its mangled promise, and can help you in your darker projects, such as explaining why a buckskin-colored father sometimes has a black stripe down the spine from the mane to the root of the tail; it is because he has been whoring after Beauty, and thinks himself more beautiful with the black stripe, which sets off his tanned deer-hide color most wonderfully, than without it. Red roan-colored fathers, blue roan-colored fathers, rose gray-colored fathers, grulla-colored fathers are much noted for bawdiness, and this should be encouraged, for bawdiness is a sacrament that does not, usually, result in fatherhood; it is its own reward. Spots, paints, pintos, piebalds, and Appaloosas have a sweet dignity that proceeds from their inferiority, and excellent senses of smell. The color of a father is not an absolute guide to the character and conduct of that father but tends to be a self-fulfilling prophecy, because when he sees what color he is, he hastens out into the world to sell more goods and services, so that he may keep pace with his destiny.

FATHERS and dandling: If a father fathers daughters, then our lives are eased. Daughters are for dandling, and are often dandled up until their seventeenth or eighteenth year. The hazard here, which must be faced, is that the father will want to sleep with his beautiful daughter, who is after all *his* in a way that even his wife is not, in a way that even his most delicious mistress is not. Some fathers just say "Publish and be damned!" and go ahead and sleep with their new and amazingly sexual daughters, and accept what pangs accumulate afterward; most do not. Most fathers are sufficiently disciplined in this regard, by mental straps, so that the question never arises. When fathers are giving their daughters their "health" instruction (that is to say, talking to them about the reproductive process) (but this is most often done by mothers, in my experience) it is true that a subtle rinse of desire may be tinting the situation slightly (when you are hugging and kissing the small woman sitting on your lap it is hard to know when to stop, it is hard to stop yourself from proceeding as if she were a bigger woman not related to you by blood). But in most cases, the taboo is observed, and additional strictures imposed, such as "Mary, you are never to allow that filthy John Wilkes Booth to lay a hand upon your bare, white, new breast." Although in the modern age some fathers are moving rapidly in the opposite direction, toward the future, saying, "Here, Mary, here is your blue fifty-gallon drum of babykilling foam, with your initials stamped on it in a darker blue—see, there on the top?" But the important thing about daughter-fathers is that, as fathers, they don't count. Not to their daughters, I don't mean—I have heard daughter-stories that would toast your hair—but to themselves. Fathers of daughters see themselves as *hors concours* in the great exhibition, and this is a great relief. They do not have to teach hurling the caber. They tend, therefore, to take a milder, gentler hand (meanwhile holding on, with an iron grip, to all the fierce prerogatives that fatherhood of any kind conveys—the guidance system of a slap is an example). To say more than this about fathers of daughters is beyond me, even though I am father of a daughter.

A TONGUE-LASHING: "Whosoever hath within himself the deceivableness of unrighteousness and



*"Now then, dear, there's nothing to fuss about."*

hath pleasure in unrighteousness and walketh disorderly and hath turned aside into vain jangling and hath become a manstealer and liar and perjured person and hath given over himself to wrath and doubting and hath been unthankful and hath been a lover of his own self and hath gendered strife with foolish and unlearned questions and hath crept into houses leading away silly women with divers lusts and hath been the inventor of evil things and hath embraced contentiousness and obeyed slanderousness and hath filled his mouth with cursing and bitterness and hath made of his throat an open sepulchre and hath the poison of asps under his lips and hath boasted and hath hoped against hope and hath been weak in faith and hath polluted the land with his whoredoms and hath profaned holy things and hath despised mine holy things and hath committed lewdness and hath mocked and hath daubed himself with untempered mortars, and whosoever, if a woman, hath journeyed to the Assyrians there to have her breasts pressed by lovers clothed in blue, captains and rulers, desirable young men, horsemen riding upon horses, horsemen riding upon horses who lay upon her and discovered her nakedness and bruised the breasts of her virginity and poured their whoredoms upon her, and hath doted upon them captains and rulers clothed most gorgeously, horsemen riding upon horses, girdled with girdles upon their loins, and hath multiplied her whoredoms with her paramours whose flesh is as the flesh of asses and whose issue is like the issue of horses, great lords and rulers clothed in blue and riding on horses: This man and this woman I say shall be filled with drunkenness and sorrow like a pot whose scum is therein and whose scum hath not gone out of it and under which the pile for the fire is and on which the wood is heaped and the fire kindled and the pot spiced and the bones burned and then the pot set empty on the coals that the brass of it may be hot and may burn and that the filthiness of it may be molten in it, that the scum of it may be consumed, for ye have wearied yourselves with lies and your great scum went not forth out of you, your scum shall be in the fire and I will take away the desire of thine eyes. Remember ye not that when I was yet with you I told you these things?"

THERE are twenty-two kinds of fathers, of which only nineteen are important. The drugged father is not important. The lionlike father (rare) is not important. The Holy Father is not important, for our purposes. There is a certain father who is falling through the air, heels where his head should be, head where his heels should be. The falling father has grave meaning for all of us. The wind throws his hair in every direction. His cheeks are flaps almost touching his ears. His garments are shreds, telltales. This father has the power of curing the bites of mad dogs, and the power of choreographing the interest rates. What is he thinking about, on the way down? He is thinking about emotional extravagance. The Romantic Movement, with its exploitation of the sensational, the morbid, the occult, the erotic! The falling father has noticed Romantic tendencies in several of his sons. The sons have taken to wearing slices of raw bacon in their caps, and speaking out against the interest rates. After all he has done for them! Many bicycles! Many *gardes-bébés!* Electric guitars uncountable! Falling, the falling father devises his iron punishment, resolved not to err again on the side of irresponsible mercy. He is also thinking about his upward mobility, which doesn't seem to be doing so well at the moment. There is only one thing to do: work harder! He decides that if he can ever halt the "downturn" that he seems to be in, he will redouble his efforts, really put his back into it, this time. The falling father is important because he embodies the "work ethic," which is a dumb one. The "fear ethic" should be substituted, as soon as possible. Peering upward at his endless hurtling, let us simply shrug, fold up the trampoline we were going to try and catch him in, and place it once again on top of the rafters, in the garage.

TO find a lost father: The first problem in finding a lost father is to lose him, decisively. Often he will wander away from home and lose himself. Often he will remain at home but still be "lost" in every true sense, locked away in an upper room, or in a workshop, or in the contemplation of beauty, or in the contemplation of a secret life. He may, every evening, pick up his gold-headed cane, wrap himself in his cloak, and depart, leaving behind, on the coffee table, a sealed laundry bag in which there is an address at which he may be reached, in case of war. War, as is well known, is a place at which many fathers are lost, sometimes temporarily, sometimes forever. Fathers are frequently lost on expeditions of various kinds (the journey to the interior). The five best places to seek this kind of lost father are Nepal, Rupert's Land, Mount Elbrus, Paris, and the agora. The five kinds of vegetation in which fathers most often lose themselves are needle-leaved forest, broad-leaved forest mainly evergreen, broad-leaved forest mainly deciduous, mixed needle-leaved and broad-leaved forest, and tundra. The five kinds of things fathers were wearing when last seen are caftans, bush jackets, parkas, Confederate gray, and ordinary business suits. Armed with these clues then, you may place an advertisement in the newspaper: *Lost, in Paris, on or about February 24, a broad-leaf-loving father, 6′ 2″, wearing a blue caftan, may be armed and dangerous, we don't know, answers to the name Old Hickory. Reward.* Having completed this futile exercise, you are then free to think about what is really important. Do you really want to find this father? What if, when you find him, he speaks to you in the same tone he used before he lost himself? Will he again place nails in your mother, in her elbows and back of the knee? Remember the javelin. Have you any reason to believe that it will not, once again, flash through the seven-o'clock-in-the-evening air? What we are attempting to determine is simple: Under what conditions do you wish to live? Yes, he "nervously twiddles the stem of his wineglass." Do you wish to watch him do so on into the last quarter of the present century? I don't think so. Let him take those mannerisms, and what they portend, to Borneo, they will be new to Borneo. Perhaps in Borneo he will also nervously twiddle the stem of, etc., but he will not be brave enough to manufacture there the explosion of which this is a sign. Throwing the roast through the mirror. Thrusting a belch big as an opened umbrella into the middle of something someone else is trying to say. Beating you, either with a wet, knotted rawhide or with an ordinary belt. Ignore that empty chair at the head of the table. Give thanks.

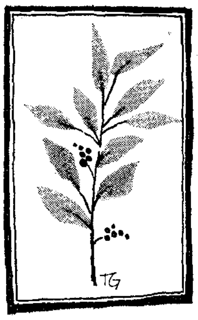
ON the rescue of fathers: Oh they hacked him pretty bad, they hacked at him with axes and they hacked at him with hacksaws but me and my men got there fast, wasn't as bad as it might have been, first we fired smoke grenades in different colors, yellow and blue and green, that put a fright into them but they wouldn't quit, they opened up on us with 81-mm. mortars and meanwhile continued to hack. I sent some of the boys out to the left to flank them but they'd put some people over there to prevent just that and my men got into a firefight with their support patrol, no other way to do the thing but employ a frontal assault, which we did, at least it took the pressure off him, they couldn't continue to hack and deal with our assault at the same time. We cleaned their clocks for them, I will say that, they fell back to the left and linked up with their people over there, my flanking party broke off contact as I had instructed and let them flee unpursued. We came out of it pretty well, had a few wounded but that's all. We turned immediately to the task of bandaging him in the hacked places, bloody great wounds but our medics were very good, they were all over him, he never made a complaint or uttered a sound, not a whimper out of him, not a sign. This took place at the right arm, just above the elbow, we left some pickets there for a few days until the arm had begun to heal, I think it was a successful rescue, we returned to our homes to wait for the next time. I think it was a successful rescue. It was an adequate rescue.

Then they attacked him with sumo wrestlers, giant fat men in loincloths. We countered with loincloth snatchers—some of our best loincloth snatchers. We were successful. The hundred naked fat men fled. I had rescued him again. Then we sang "Genevieve, Oh Genevieve." All the sergeants gathered before the veranda and sang it, and some enlisted men too—some enlisted men who had been with the outfit for a long time. They sang it, in the twilight, pile of damp loincloths blazing fitfully off to the left. When you have rescued a father from whatever terrible threat menaces him, then you feel, for a moment, that you are the father and he is not. For a moment. This is the only moment in your life you will feel this way.

THE sexual organs of fathers: The penises of fathers are traditionally hidden from the inspection of those who are not "clubbable," as the expression runs. These penises are magical, but not most of the time. Most of the time they are "at rest." In the "at rest" position they are small, almost shrivelled, and easily concealed in carpenter's aprons, chaps, bathing suits, or ordinary trousers. Actually they are

*"She's neat, but he's marginal."*

not anything that you would want to show anyone, in this state; they are rather like mushrooms or, possibly, large snails. The magic, at these times, resides in other parts of the father (fingertips, right arm) and not in the penis. Occasionally a child, usually a bold six-year-old daughter, will request permission to see it. This request should be granted, once. Be matter-of-fact, kind, and undramatic. Pretend, for the moment, that it is as mundane as a big toe. About sons you must use your own judgment. It is injudicious (as well as unnecessary) to terrify them; you have many other ways of accomplishing that. Chancre is a good reason for not doing any of this. When the penises of fathers are semi-erect, titillated by some stray erotic observation, such as a glimpse of an attractive female hoof, bereft of its slipper, knowing smiles should be exchanged with the other fathers present (better: half smiles) and the matter let drop. Semi-erectness is a half measure, as Aristotle knew; that is why most of the penises in museums have been knocked off with a mallet. The original artificers could not bear the idea of Aristotle's disapproval, and mutilated their work rather than merit the scorn of the great Peripatetic. The notion that this mutilation was carried out by later (Christian) "cleanup squads" is untrue, pure legend. The matter is as I have presented it. Many other things can be done with the penises of fathers, but these have already been adequately described by other people. The penises of fathers are in every respect superior to the penises of nonfathers, not because of size or weight or any consideration of that sort but because of a metaphysical "responsibility." This is true even of poor, bad, or insane fathers. African artifacts reflect this special situation. Pre-Columbian artifacts, for the most part, do not.



I KNEW a father named Yamos who was landlord of the bear gardens at Southwark. Yamos was known to be a principled man and never, never, never ate any of his children no matter how dire the state of his purse. Yet the children, one by one, disappeared.

WE have seen that the key idea, in fatherhood, is "responsibility." First, that heavy chunks of blue or gray sky do not fall down and crush our bodies, or that the solid earth does not turn into a yielding pit beneath us (although the tunnelling father is sometimes responsible, in the wrong sense, for the latter). The responsibility of the father is chiefly that his child not die, that enough food is pushed into its face to sustain it, and that heavy blankets protect it from the chill, cutting air. The father almost always meets this responsibility with valor and steadfastness (except in the case of child-abusers or thiefs of children or managers of child labor or sick, unholy sexual ghouls). The child lives, mostly, lives and grows into a healthy, normal adult. Good! The father has been successful in his burdensome, very often thankless task, that of keeping the child breathing. Good work, Sam, your child has taken his place in the tribe, has a good job selling thermocouples, has married a nice girl whom you like, and has impregnated her to the point that she will doubtless have a new child, soon. And is not in jail. But have you noticed the slight curl at the end of Sam II's mouth, when he looks at you? It means that he didn't want you to name him Sam II, for one thing, and for two other things it means that he has a sawed-off in his left pant leg, and a baling hook in his right pant leg, and is ready to kill you with either one of them, given the opportunity. The father is taken aback. What he usually says, in such a confrontation, is "I changed your diapers for you, little snot." This is not the right thing to say. First, it is not true (mothers change nine diapers out of ten), and secondly, it instantly reminds Sam II of what he is mad about. He is mad about being small when you were big, but no, that's not it, he is mad about being helpless when you were powerful, but no, not that either, he is mad about being contingent when you were necessary, not quite it, he is insane because when he loved you, you didn't notice.

THE death of fathers: When a father dies, his fatherhood is returned to the All-Father, who is the sum of all dead fathers taken together. (This is not a definition of the Dead Father, only an aspect of his being.) The fatherhood is returned to the All-Father, first because that is where it belongs and secondly in order that it may be denied to you. Transfers of power of this kind are marked with appropriate ceremonies; top hats are burned. Fatherless now, you must deal with the memory of a father. Often that memory is more potent than the living presence of a father, is an inner voice commanding, haranguing, yesing and no-ing—a binary code, yes no yes no yes no yes no, governing your every, your slightest movement, mental or physical. At what point do you become yourself? Never, wholly, you are always partly him. That privileged position in your inner ear is his last "perk" and no father has ever passed it by.

Similarly, jealousy is a useless passion because it is directed mostly at one's peers, and that is the wrong direction. There is only one jealousy that is useful and important, the original jealousy.

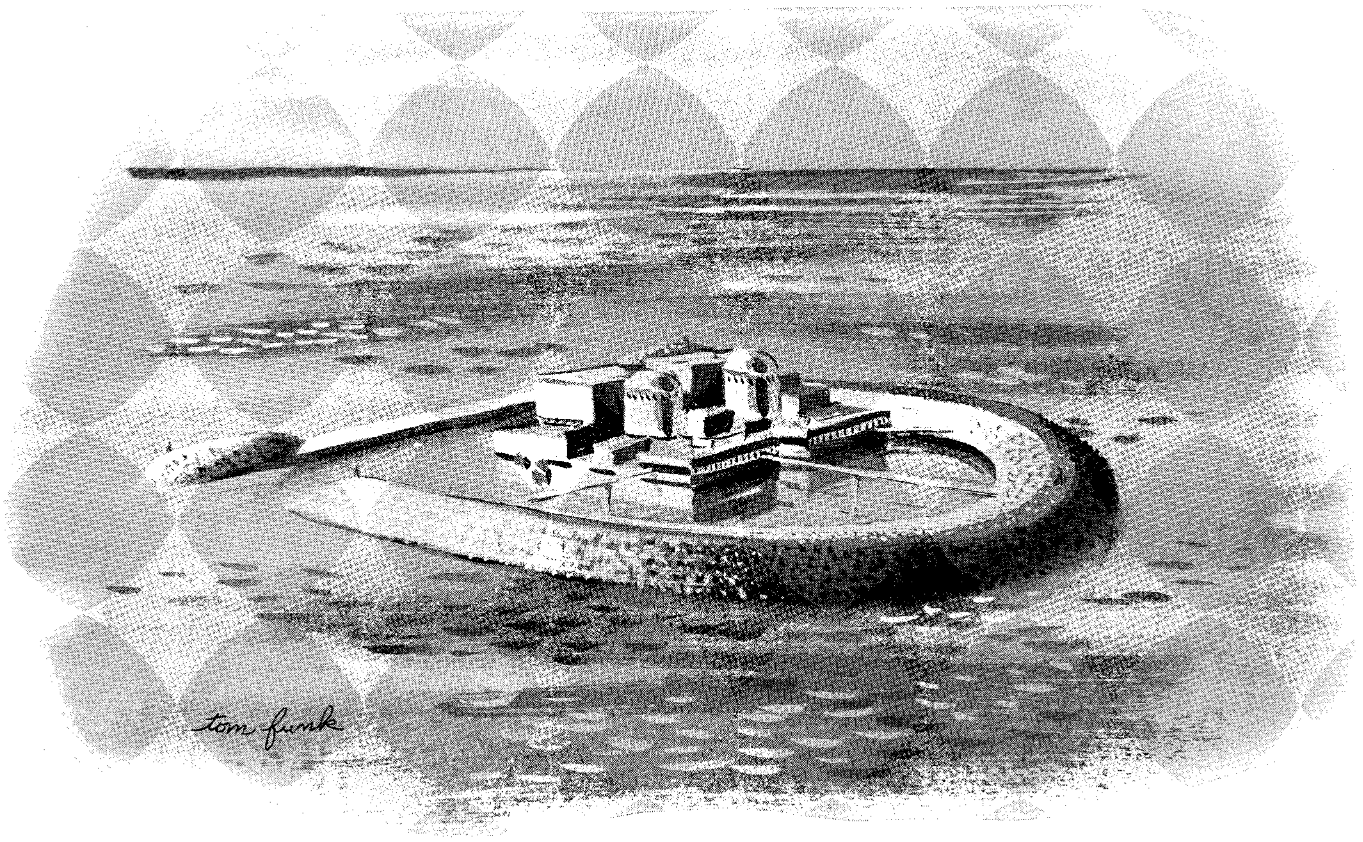
PATRICIDE: Patricide is a bad idea, first because it is contrary to law and custom and secondly because it proves, beyond a doubt, that the father's every fluted accusation against you was correct: You are a thoroughly bad individual, a patricide!—member of a class of persons universally ill-regarded. It is all right to feel this hot emotion, but not to act upon it. And it is not necessary. It is not necessary to slay your father, time will slay him, that is a virtual certainty. Your true task lies elsewhere.

Your true task, as a son, is to reproduce every one of the enormities touched upon in this manual, but in attenuated form. You must become your father, but a paler, weaker version of him. The enormities go with the job, but close study will allow you to perform the job less well than it has previously been done, thus moving toward a golden age of decency, quiet, and calmed fevers. Your contribution will not be a small one, but "small" is one of the concepts that you should shoot for. If your father was a captain in Battery D, then content yourself with a corporalship in the same battery. Do not attend the annual reunions. Do not drink beer or sing songs at the reunions. Begin by whispering, in front of a mirror, for thirty minutes a day. Then tie your hands behind your back for thirty minutes a day, or get someone else to do this for you. Then, choose one of your most deeply held beliefs, such as the belief that your honors and awards have something to do with you, and abjure it. Friends will help you abjure it, and can be telephoned if you begin to backslide. You see the pattern, put it into practice. *Fatherhood can be, if not conquered, at least "turned down" in this generation*—by the combined efforts of all of us together. Rejoice.

—Donald Barthelme

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## THE ATLANTIC GENERATING STATION



THE Public Service Electric & Gas Company's Atlantic Generating Station was first imagined early one morning in 1969 by a man in Westfield, New Jersey, who happened at the moment to be taking a shower before dressing and going to work. His name was Richard Eckert. He was a Public Service engineer, fairly high in the corporate tree. A large part of his job was to seek out new sites for power plants—an assignment that had once, in a less complicated era, called for a person who could look at a map and find a river. Now difficulties had thickened to a point near desperation, and plant siting required scientific and diplomatic talents undreamed of in the age of the pluming smokestack and the good five-cent cigar. Apparently needed as well, by now, was a leap of the imagination, for New Jersey was not only among the smallest of the fifty states, it was also the most densely populated, and nearly all appropriate sites for any kind of power plant, fossil or nuclear, had been chosen and used. Environmentalists and intervenors were phalanxed upon the sites that remained, and the environmentalists and intervenors seemed to be multiplying even more rapidly than the population at large. In the absence of new plants, demand for power would before long exceed supply. Then, when New Jersey went brown, New Jersey would serve as an indicator to the rest of the country that the rest of the country was going to go brown, too, because the problem was a universal one and was only somewhat more immediate in the superconcentrated, megalopolitan, residential-industrial-transportational corridor between Philadelphia and New York. If New Jersey's problem was to be solved, Public Service would have to solve it, for the company's territory included eighty per cent of the state's people. A power plant needed plenty of space and plenty of cooling water—five hundred acres of ground and a million gallons a minute. The state's interior rivers were small. The utility had nowhere to go. The compact human warren it served—containing, in some places, forty-five thousand people per square mile—was hemmed in between Pennsylvania and the open Atlantic.

Those were the terms of the dilemma constantly on Eckert's mind, and it was the last part—the Atlantic—that became arrested there for a moment that morning in 1969, opening to him a form of solution. Standing wet, naked, and soapy in his shower, he envisioned a huge nuclear-power plant, as prodigious as any yet built on land, mounted on an immense hull, floating on the sea. There was certainly enough room on the ocean, and, heaven knew, enough water. Other advantages suggested themselves as well. To construct a nuclear-power plant at a specific site on land, something like thirty-five hundred skilled workers had to be sought out, hired, and assembled. They had become nomads of the times, moving from state to state, reactor to reactor—stainless-steel welders, for the most part, of a class so high that they were hard to find. With the proliferation of the nuclear-power industry, they would become scarcer still, as would nuclear engineers and designers, of whom there might soon not be enough to go on making unique designs to fit the conditions of new sites. If all these people were to build floating power plants, however, the situation would reverse itself. The personnel would stay in one place, and the plants would travel. An assembly line could be set up somewhere, and a permanent work force could settle in around it, to manufacture plants and ship them out. With standardization, the cost of making a nuclear-power plant would decline, and the margin for errors of all kinds would narrow. Start to finish, the amount of time required to build a nuclear plant might be reduced by several years. Moreover, a floating plant would go up and down with the tides. Its water-sucking orifices would remain in a constant position with respect to the surface of the sea and not have to adjust to sudden and sometimes considerable changes in the water level—a problem inevitable at riverine sites. Eckert ate his breakfast and told his wife, Joan, that he wanted to launch nuclear-power plants as, in effect, ships on the ocean.

"There you go again," she said.

Eckert was not quite forty at the time. A lean man, amiable, slightly bald, he did not by appearance in any way suggest the fearsome, two-dimensional, fictive American businessman with reinforcing rods in his jaws, emerging from some dark, polluted labyrinth to hand out the wages of fear. Eckert was a man given to gray suits, gray socks, black shoes, white shirts, and Paisley ties. He commuted to Newark and liked to sail with his children on New Jersey estuaries and bays. He was a New Jersey native, a lifelong resident, born and raised in Plainfield, with a boyhood behind him of New Jersey saltwater vacations. In an anonymous way, he would soon be the Antichrist to several hundred thousand people along the barrier beaches of the state. Yet he was one of them. And he had not invented the electric toothpick or the electric scalpel or the aluminum beer can or central air-conditioning or the six-thousand-watt sauna, or any of the other hardware, large and small, vital or vulgar, that had helped to make a necessity of something that had not existed—not in commercial form—a century before. All those people on the beach had, in a sense, given Eckert his job, and his job was to find sites and then build nuclear-power plants, and now he was imagining one in the ocean, for the plain reason that there was nowhere else to build it.

In Newark, at the Public Service Company's principal office, Eckert's idea readily acquired buoyancy of its own. Utilities are renowned for their conservatism, but this one was not in a position to watch and wait. In Eckert's words, it had to "keep searching for any exotic idea that would improve and sustain the breed." Public Service was already giving large annual sums to support university research in the control of thermonuclear fusion. And now it unblinkingly agreed that Eckert and his staff should explore the concept of the oceanborne nuclear plant, and spend enough time and money to answer the primary question: Is there any reason, technically, that it *won't work?*

There were fragments of precedent. In 1929, when Tacoma, Washington, temporarily ran out of power, the aircraft carrier Lexington went down Puget Sound, hove to, and fed electric current to the stricken city. Ships were used as power plants during the Second World War, when they were sometimes equipped as mobile, diesel-fuelled generating stations. By 1969, of course, submarines and certain surface vessels had for some years been using nuclear reactors to make the heat to make the steam to drive them, and there was even one example of a ship that contained a nuclear reactor intended primarily for the production of electricity. Operated by the United States Army, it had been anchored since October of 1968 in Gatun Lake, there to cope with a bizarre situation in the Panama Canal. The lake supplied water both to the locks of the canal and to the hydroelectric plant that made the power that enabled the locks to operate. Every time a ship went through the locks, fifty-two million gallons of water irretrievably left the lake, and millions more fell to the hydroelectric plant. The lake,

*"Really, Karl! Can't I mention the high price of kohlrabi without getting a manifesto?"*

# TO THE ANCIENT CHINESE, LIFE WAS SYMBOL.

Genuine Bengali® tells a story. It is written in the yarns.

Look—there is the symbol of the bat above and below the center medallion. It speaks of great happiness for your home. In fact, the Chinese word for bat—fu—also means happiness.

Surrounding the center medallion, four key corner designs tell of endless good luck for the owner.

And butterflies in the border promise a happy marriage.

Every symbol has a very special meaning. And nowhere is the symbol life of ancient Ming more beautifully expressed.

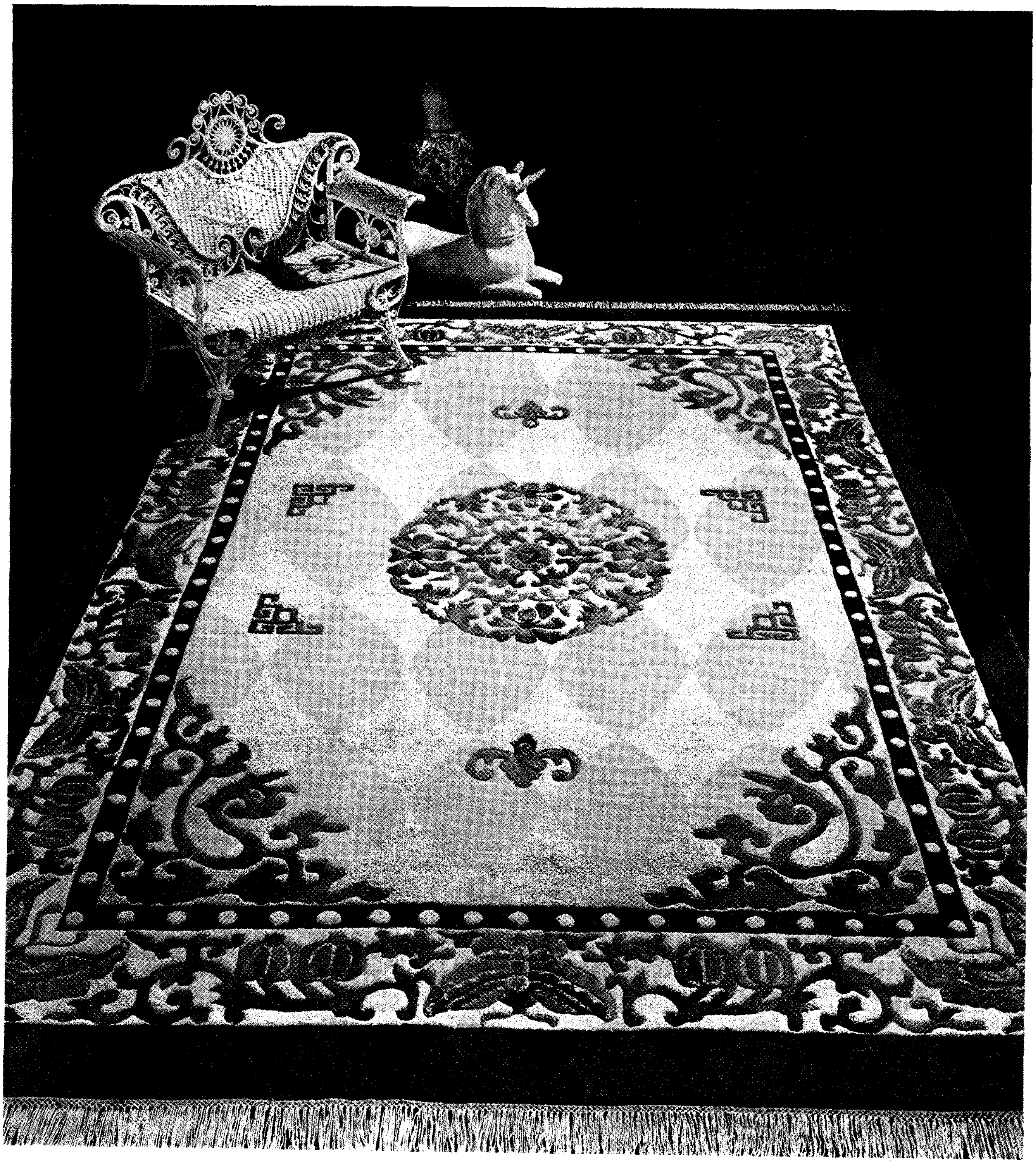
For Bengali is a masterpiece woven by hand on the looms of India...by weavers whose incredible skills go back for generations.

The most luxurious woolen yarns (moth-proofed, of course) go into its creation. And the finest true-color dyes.

It takes a lot of time to create such a masterpiece. But it's worth the wait. Because no imitation can equal it.

See Bengali at a fine store near you. You'll know it's *genuine* by the label and by the gold-and-black medallion it bears. And send now for your full-color booklet of magnificent India hand-woven carpets ...just $1 to

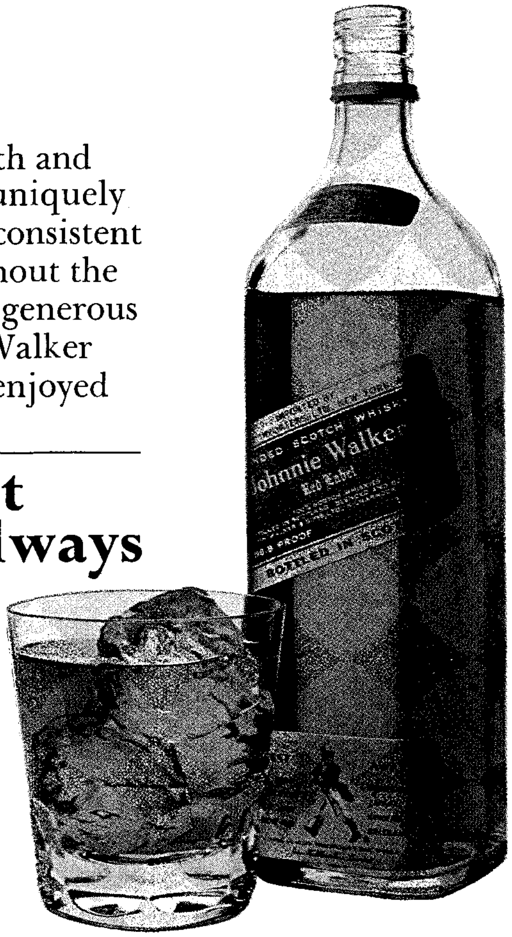
PANDE, CAMERON AND COMPANY OF NEW YORK
Dept. NY55, 295 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10016



The Generous Taste of Johnnie Walker Red.

Scotch at its smooth and satisfying best . . . uniquely rich and mellow, consistent in quality throughout the world. That's the generous taste of Johnnie Walker Red. A tradition enjoyed since 1820.

Enjoyment you can always count on.



100% Scotch Whiskies. 86.8 Proof. Imported by Somerset Importers, Ltd., N.Y. © Somerset Importers, Ltd. 1975

as an integral segment of the canal system, also had to float ships, and during the dry season the surface often went down to a critical level at which there might be water enough to bring ships in but not enough to float them once they got there. The result was a heavy curtailment of traffic in the canal—until the Sturgis, a Liberty ship with a new pressurized-water reactor in it, came into the lake and began to supplement the Panama Canal power system with enough electricity to save, for use in the locks, twenty-three billion gallons of water a month, an amount sufficient for the transit of four hundred and forty ships.

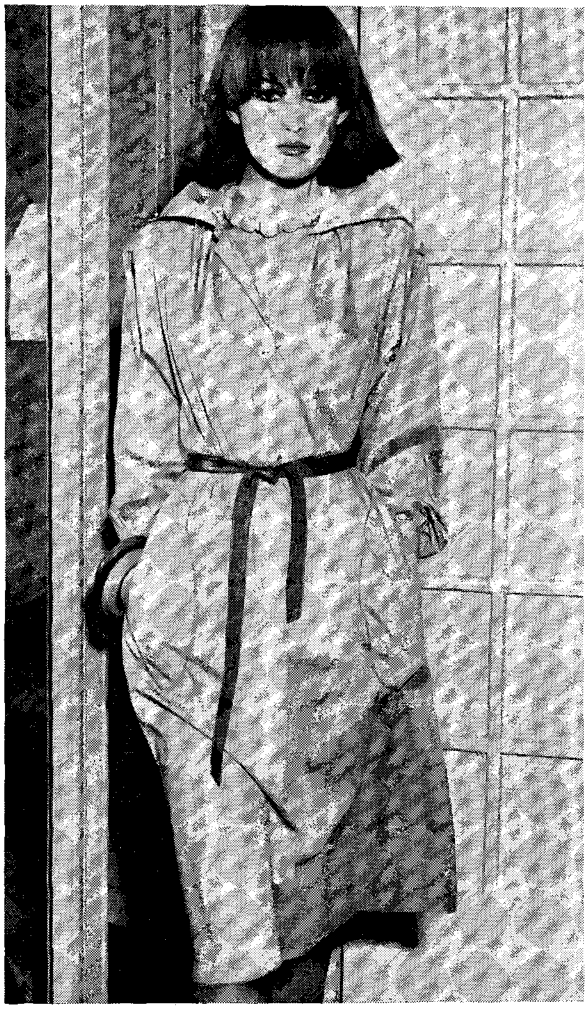
*"For the last time, Jackson, stay the hell out of my scenario."*

Compared with the watt resource that Public Service was about to develop, though, the stories of the Lexington and the Sturgis would be mere curiosities in the history of electrical power on the sea. The Sturgis's reactor was rated at ten megawatts of electricity. The Atlantic Generating Station would send ashore, through cables buried in the seabed, a net electrical output of twenty-three hundred megawatts. As discussion and research went forward, it was decided that the power would come from two plants, identical, floating side by side—so that, for refuelling and other purposes, half the generating station could go on operating while the other half was shut down.

Eckert and others—notably Muzaffer Kehnemuyi, a Turk who had received a master's degree in civil engineering from the University of Illinois in 1948 and would eventually, under Eckert, be the project manager—travelled the United States in search of answers to basic questions. They never encountered the irrefutable negative that would have ended the project for technical reasons, and meanwhile, in their gropings, they gradually discovered the dimensions and characteristics of what they planned to build. For example, they learned that no shipyard in the United States had a slipway wider than a hundred and forty feet, so a floating nuclear plant would either have to be very long, like the Cunard Queens, or have to be built in components, on several separate hulls—a reactor here, a turbine there. Public Service at first considered the component way but later decided that a new shipyard would have to be built to construct hulls that were nearly square—four hundred feet long and three hundred and seventy-eight feet wide. A breakwater would be needed to protect the hulls from the assaults of waves, which could come from any direction, so the breakwater should surround the floating plants. For its shape, a rectangle was considered first, but, as Eckert put it, "a square corner in the ocean doesn't last," and the shape that evolved was penannular—a kind of atoll, with a great curve convex to the east and the open sea, a straight wall on the landward side, and openings for the passage of boats that would bring, among other things, assemblies of fresh nuclear fuel. The curved segment alone would be from end to end three thousand feet, and it would be built in sloping form, like an earthfill dam, the whole structure rising from the seafloor like a pyramid.

WHEN Cheops undertook to build the Great Pyramid, nearly thirty centuries before Christ, he brought into being, where nothing had been but sands of the desert, a labor market, of sorts, that lasted thirty years, employing, on the average, a hundred thousand people. In 1971, within the halls of Public Service, the Atlantic Generating Station was pronounced feasible. From segments of the nuclear, industrial, consultative, and academic worlds, people in expanding numbers began to be drawn into a project still so nebulous that not even a specific site had been chosen—beyond the understanding that it would be some miles off the Jersey coast, in the undeveloped sea. Costs were underwritten on the immediate level by Public Service, of course, but eventually they were absorbed by the pharaoh himself—a collective name for people in New Jersey who pay electricity bills. Construction of the breakwater alone would take four years and four million man-hours, but numerous endeavors of far-reaching complexity had to be initiated first. Westinghouse had put several dozen people to work on the concept; General Electric had a team, too—preparing to make eventual bids for the reactor contract. Public Service had also tried to arouse the interest of Babcock & Wilcox and Combustion Engineering, the two other makers of conventional light-water reactors, but they had said, in effect, "Nothing doing. We are too small for this one. We'll have to stand by and let someone else do it first." Shipyards from Massachusetts to Texas were approached, and presentations were made in Washington to some thirty-five federal agencies, among them the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, the Federal Aviation Administration, the Federal Power Commission, the Coast Guard, the Army Corps of Engineers, the Environmental Protection Agency, and, of course, the Atomic Energy Commission—any of which, having licensing power over one or another aspect of the project, could kill it. Reaction in Washington was favorable. The agencies, in their turn, and a whole list of analogous units of the state government set people to work preparing to contribute their part when the time came for hearings.

Most remarkable, though, was the kind of money that came spilling out of the pharaoh as a result of the environmental movement. Where once someone might have sized up the wind drift and then sited the plant, it was now necessary for scientists of multiple and overlapping disciplines to describe the New Jersey coast and adjacent seas probably in more detail than had ever been contemplated by anyone. It was a bonanza for the scientific community. Research grants that had once been copious from the federal government had dwindled considerably, causing panics in universities, and now, thanks to the friends of the earth, money was flowing from the corporate world for everything from core-borings in the bed of the ocean to exhaustive studies of pelagic life. Ichthyological Associates, a group formed at Cornell, was engaged by Public Service, and set up a branch laboratory in Absecon, near Atlantic City, to study all species of regional marine life, to establish a baseline description of the ecological environment, and to keep on gathering data for many years—all through construction and into the era of electrical production—in order to record the effects of such things as the breakwater, the cooling system, and the thermal-discharge plume on every form of life from phytoplankton to the biggest of fish, and to suggest to the plant's designers modifications that might reduce detrimental effects. Similarly, a group of physical oceanographers was brought to New Jersey to establish a baseline on tides, waves, currents, wind. A group of seismologists and geologists was commissioned to study, among oth-



What wonderful shape you're in

The smock: loose, free, lazy. Collar, opening wide over gathered shoulders, an artist's sleeves. Stitch-trimmed pockets, to scale. Leather sash to tie it all up. In blue polyester and cotton, 6 to 16 sizes, $36. Sportsdress Collections, Third Floor. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

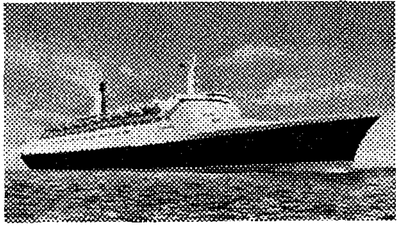
Saks Fifth Avenue

EUROPE 50% OFF

Find out how you can save as much as 50% on hotel rooms, meals, cocktails or tours—and the equivalent of 50% on return air fare when you sail to Europe on Queen Elizabeth 2.

Fly from London back to New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Miami, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, Toronto or Montreal.

Send for a free "Europe 50% Off" vacation kit. See your travel agent or Cunard.



Mail to: CUNARD, 155 Allen Boulevard, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735

Name________ Phone________

Address________

City________ State________ Zip________

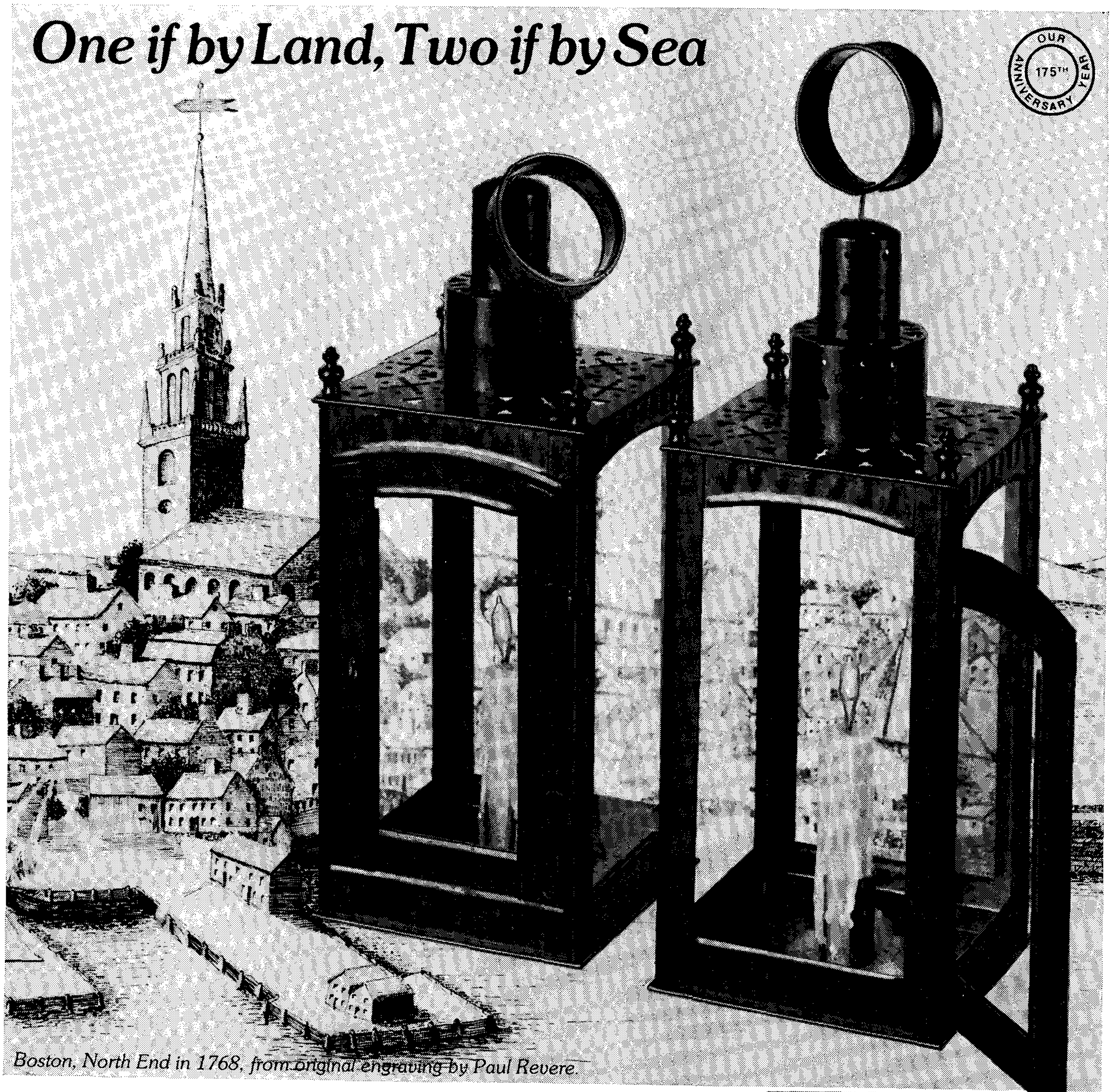
My travel agent is________

*Great Ships of British Registry since 1840*

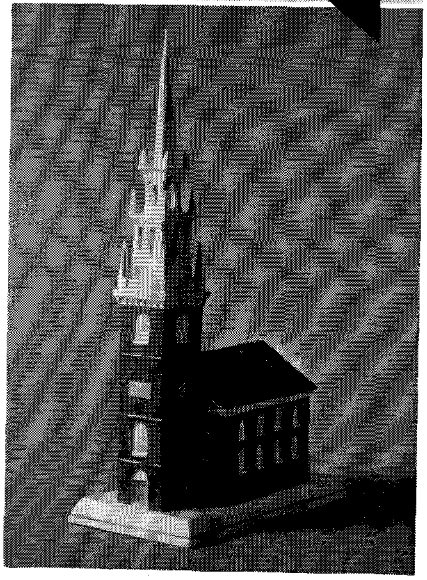
CUNARD

QE 2's vintage year, 1975

E011325Q25



Boston, North End in 1768, from original engraving by Paul Revere.



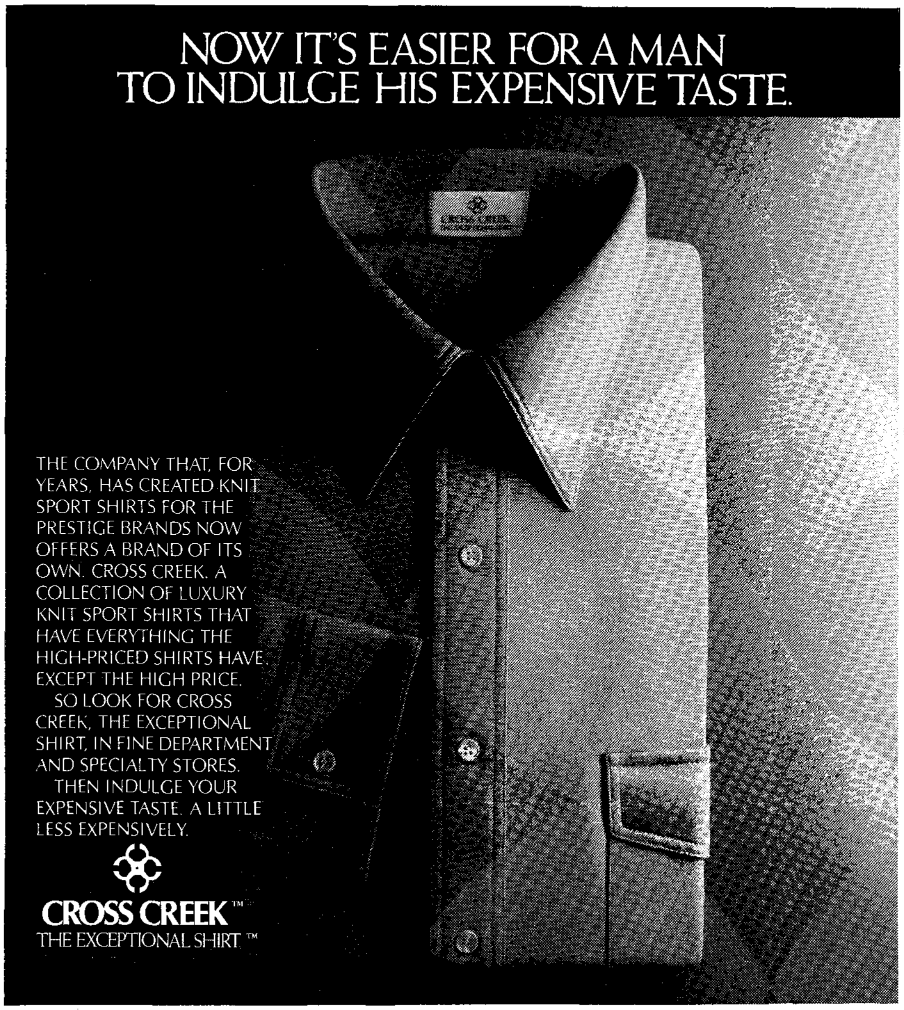
**The Lantern that sparked a Revolution and Signaled the Midnight Ride**

The originals were hung in the belfry tower of the Old North Church the fateful night of April 18, 1775 to alert Paul Revere. *"The troops were sailing from Boston!"* These lanterns, faithful reproductions of the original, are antique copperplated steel, 16 inches tall, 5½ inches square, and are available in two versions. The newer 1975 version has an electrified beeswax candle, an improvement after 200 years, $230. the pair; $120. each. The original candleholder version, unelectrified, $150. the pair; $76. each. Mahogany base, 6½ in. square by 1¾ in. high, with descriptive brass plaque, $15 each.

*Mass. residents add 3% tax (or if delivered in Mass.)*
*Please add $3 each to cover shipping, handling, and insurance.*

Colorful Coalport replica of Old North Church commemorating its 250th anniversary. Limited edition of 50, $250. Add $5 for shipping. ➤

SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW CO.
ESTABLISHED 1800
330 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS. 02116 (617) 267-9100 AND THE MALL AT CHESTNUT HILL 02167 (617) 965-2700


NOW IT'S EASIER FOR A MAN
TO INDULGE HIS EXPENSIVE TASTE.

THE COMPANY THAT, FOR YEARS, HAS CREATED KNIT SPORT SHIRTS FOR THE PRESTIGE BRANDS NOW OFFERS A BRAND OF ITS OWN. CROSS CREEK. A COLLECTION OF LUXURY KNIT SPORT SHIRTS THAT HAVE EVERYTHING THE HIGH-PRICED SHIRTS HAVE. EXCEPT THE HIGH PRICE.

SO LOOK FOR CROSS CREEK, THE EXCEPTIONAL SHIRT, IN FINE DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES.

THEN INDULGE YOUR EXPENSIVE TASTE. A LITTLE LESS EXPENSIVELY.

CROSS CREEK™
THE EXCEPTIONAL SHIRT™

© ROOSTER, INC. 1975

**Rooster lets you make your own point.**

With Roosters displaying the exotic artistry of India.

Brighten your outlook with our authentic, hand woven cotton Madras plaids, stripes or solids. $5.00.

Hand printed Choppa Silks, from our Ruffler Collection, explode with a splendid array of vibrant colors. $10.00.

At very good stores.

rooster®

ROOSTER, INC., 17 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK

er things, foundation conditions of the ocean floor, geological structures, regional earthquake history. An earthquake broke windows in Asbury Park on June 1, 1927. The earthquake of October 9, 1871, whose epicenter was near Wilmington, Delaware, delivered what for this area was the most intense earth shock in historical times. The New York City earthquakes of 1884 and 1737 were less intense but on the same order of magnitude. With a proton magnetometer, the geologists began aeromagnetic surveys to develop a general view of the region's geological structure. To profile the seabed, they cruised around in boats using seismic instruments—high-resolution boomers, high-resolution sparkers. Deep borings into the bottom showed almost a mile of miscellaneous clays and sands resting on basement rock that had been where it was for hundreds of millions of years. Earthquake risk, small as it was, would affect only the breakwater anyway, because the generating station, being afloat, would be decoupled from the earth. The only seismic effect that could reach the floating hulls would be a tsunami. The largest tsunami ever recorded locally had been originated by an earthquake off the Iberian coast and had been less than a foot high when it reached New Jersey.

Analyses of seventy-nine constituents of New Jersey ocean water were done by chemists from Rutgers. Meteorologists were commissioned to make detailed portraits of New Jersey's coastal temperatures, humidity, precipitation, fogs, thunderstorms, tornado potentialities, and "probable maximum hurricanes." Hydrologists were brought in to make thermal studies to establish isotherms for varying tide and current conditions. Because cables would someday have to come out of the water and traverse land in order to bring power from the ocean to the people, general ecologists were commissioned to begin field studies that would eventually consider every tree, every bird, every animal—literally, every mouse—that might in any way be disturbed: white-footed mouse, meadow jumping mouse, house mouse, pine vole, Norway rat, short-tailed shrew, least shrew, semipalmated sandpiper, American widgeon, horned grebe, Atlantic white cedar, pitch pine, rabbit-foot clover, many hundreds of other species.

As more and more people became involved and information grew like dunes, the prime movers back in the Electric Engineering Department, in Newark, were increasingly encour-

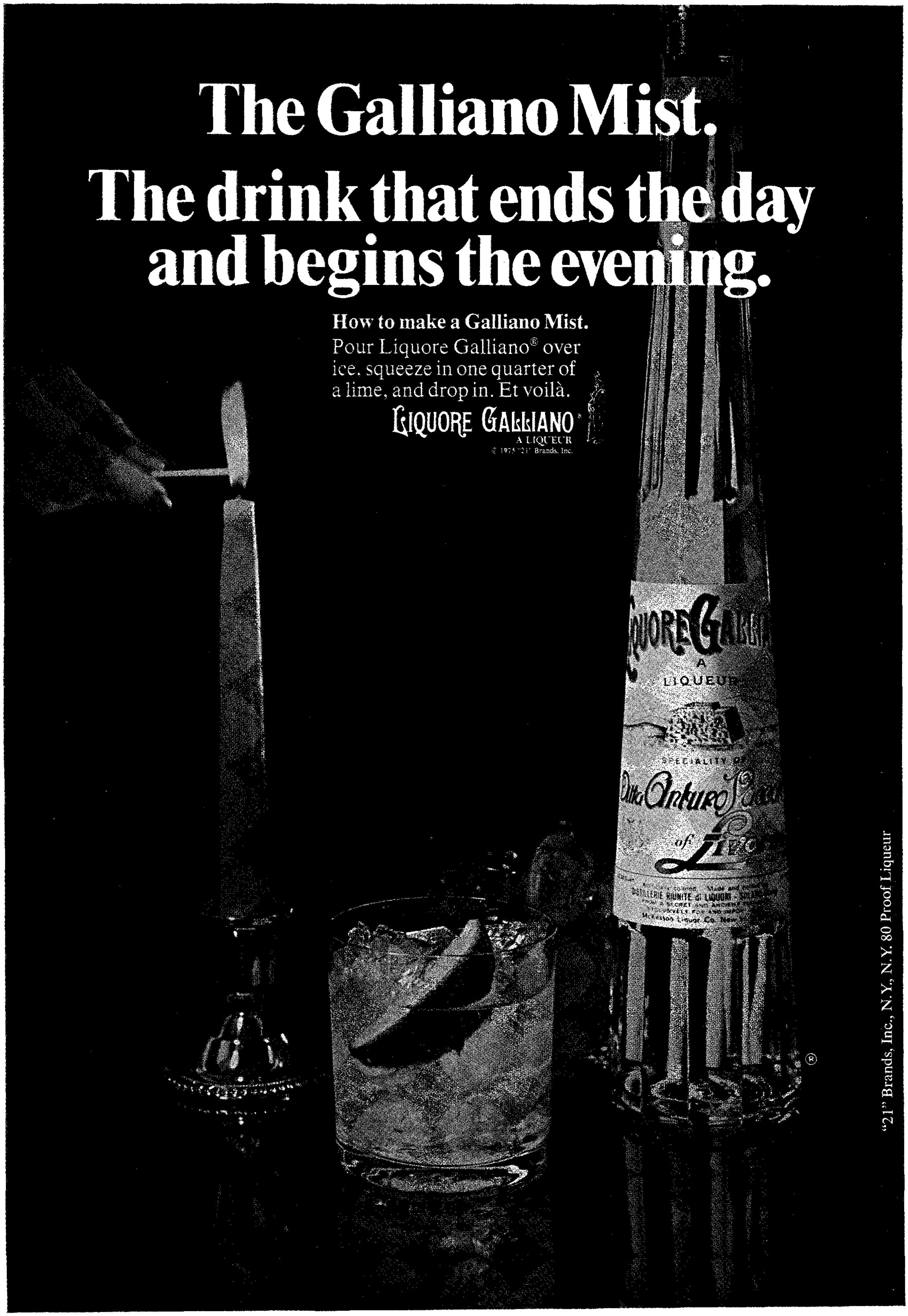
the ultimate gift for the man of regal taste

# ROYAL COPENHAGEN™
## SPRAY COLOGNE

ROYAL
COPENHAGEN
SPRAY COLOGNE
FOR MEN
NET WT. 4 OZ.
ROYAL
COPENHAGEN
SPRAY COLOGNE
NET WT. 4 OZ.

Presenting the aristocratic Royal Copenhagen cologne, evolved into a cool, blue, soft spray-mist, in an elegant atomizer and luxurious gift box of striking Royal Copenhagen Blue, [illegible]. With permission from Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Manufactory Ltd., Copenhagen, Denmark.

With Permission from Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Manufactory, Ltd., Copenhagen, Denmark. SWANK, INC.-Sole Distributor


The Galliano Mist.
The drink that ends the day and begins the evening.
How to make a Galliano Mist.
Pour Liquore Galliano® over ice, squeeze in one quarter of a lime, and drop in. Et voilà.
LIQUORE GALLIANO®
A LIQUEUR
© 1975 "21" Brands, Inc.
"21" Brands, Inc., N.Y., N.Y. 80 Proof Liqueur

aged. The ocean now seemed to be not just the only remaining place to go but in some respects the best place to be. To dissipate the plant's waste heat, the ocean, technically, was the world's best heat sink. Floating nuclear plants could be moved from place to place, if desired, to meet immediate needs. Engineering uniformity would bring such rewards that one day it would make sense to float plants even to riverine sites. This, of course, could be done with any sort of power station—nuclear or fossil—but one advantage in choosing fission reactors as the heat source was that each one of them would eliminate the need to burn twelve million barrels of oil a year. "Others are waiting and watching," Kehnemuyi said. "Once everyone is assured that we are going to get licensed, they are all going to come and jump into the water with us."

Two or three miles from land, rising and falling with the swells, the Atlantic Generating Station could be the first tentative step toward the submarine countries imagined by Glenn Seaborg, who, when he was chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, published a book called "Man and Atom," in which were described whole colonies of people, utterly disjunct from the rest of the race, living under vast plastic domes on the floor of the deep ocean. Each colony was built around a reactor doing the work of the sun.

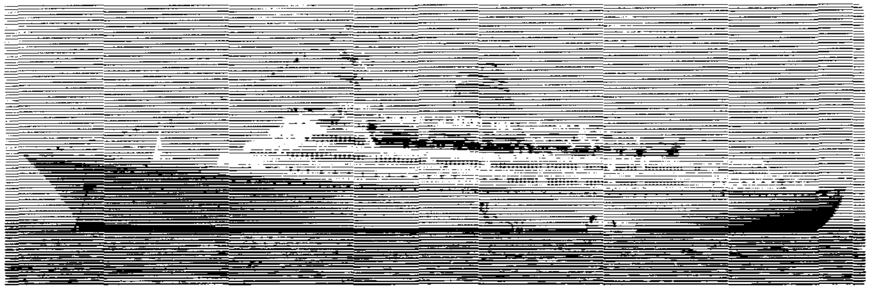
A schedule was eventually framed whereby the first nuclear unit of the Atlantic Generating Station would be floated into place in the spring of 1985, the second in 1987. Construction of the breakwater would begin at least four years earlier. As seen even from conflicting points of view, the floating nuclear plant could make a considerable contribution to the developing fate of mankind. The Great Pyramid, for its part, had been built in order to contain through the ages nothing more important than Cheops the Builder.

ECKERT, Kehnemuyi, and the others would have liked to choose a site as far away from shore as possible in order to use the horizon as an aesthetic screen between the floating power plant and the people of the beach communities. There would be value in the precedent, for when substantial parts of continents were necklaced with nuclear plants, it would clearly be preferable that the plants be as inconspicuous as possible. "Out of sight, out of mind," Eckert said. There were difficulties, though, in going out of

**For the very first time, Norwegian America Line presents:**

9 Extraordinary European Air-Sea Vacations

**All-inclusive from New York, round-trip**



Easy-going cruises to spectacular places

on the luxurious cruise ship **Vistafjord**

Luxury cruising at its ultimate best, a life of ease aboard the elegant new Vistafjord: this is the ideal way to visit some of the world's most breathtaking places. Wondrous natural formations, fascinating people and places from the Arctic Circle to the blue Mediterranean are all yours to enjoy along with the renowned pleasures of the great ship. You board the ship in Europe, with round trip flights via KLM Royal Dutch Airlines or British Airways between Europe and New York. (Special add-on fares available in other cities to and from New York.) Land tours are included *with Deluxe hotel accommodations ashore.* Choose your favorite of these nine superb vacations:

**1. Fjordfarer: June 10-24**
14 days. Norwegian fjords plus 2 days in London.
a. $1,425. b. $1,700. c. $1,890.

**2. North Caper: June 21-July 8**
17 days. Fjords, including the North Cape, plus Oslo; Copenhagen; London.
a. NA b. $1,845. c. $2,000.

**3. Midnight Sun: July 1-20**
19 days. Fjords; Spitzbergen; North Cape plus Oslo and Amsterdam.
a. $1,935. b. $2,345. c. $2,625.

**4. Northern Lights July 17-August 9**
23 days. Fjords; Iceland; Spitzbergen; North Cape plus Oslo; Hamburg; Edinburgh; Amsterdam.
a. $2,375. b. $2,855. c. $3,200.

**5. Fjordscaper: August 5-19**
14 days. Fjords plus Oslo; Hamburg; Edinburgh; scenic drive to Glasgow.
a. $1,395. b. $1,650. c. $1,845.

**6. Eastward Ho!: August 15-29**
14 days. Baltic sea; Kiel Canal; Leningrad; Helsinki; Stockholm; Gdynia; Bornholm; Copenhagen.
a. NA b. $1,715. c. $1,915.

**7. Atlantic Isles I: August 29-September 14**
16 days. Canary and Madeira islands plus London; Lisbon; Casablanca; Amsterdam.
a. $1,635. b. $1,965. c. $2,190.

**8. Mediterranean Classic: September 15-October 6**
21 days. Nice, Beaulieu, Villefranche, Genoa, Malta; Rhodes; Istanbul; Delos; Mykonos; Piraeus. Plus Naples; Rome/Vatican (4 days); Paris and Amsterdam.
a. $1,970. b. $2,245. c. $2,600.

**9. Atlantic Isles II: October 6-24**
18 days. Canary and Madeira islands plus Casablanca; Lisbon; Amsterdam.
a. $1,630. b. $1,995. c. $2,250.

Vacation prices above are per person, based on the following cruise accommodations, subject to availability:
a. Inside twin with shower and toilet.
b. Outside twin with bath, shower, toilet.
c. Outside single with bath, shower, toilet.
Reservations are limited. For full details, contact your travel agent or mail coupon at right.
*The Vistafjord is of Norwegian registry.*

Norwegian America Line
c/o Exprinter, Dept. NY-5/12
*"World's Foremost Vacation Programmers"*
500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036
Tel: (212) 244-7856

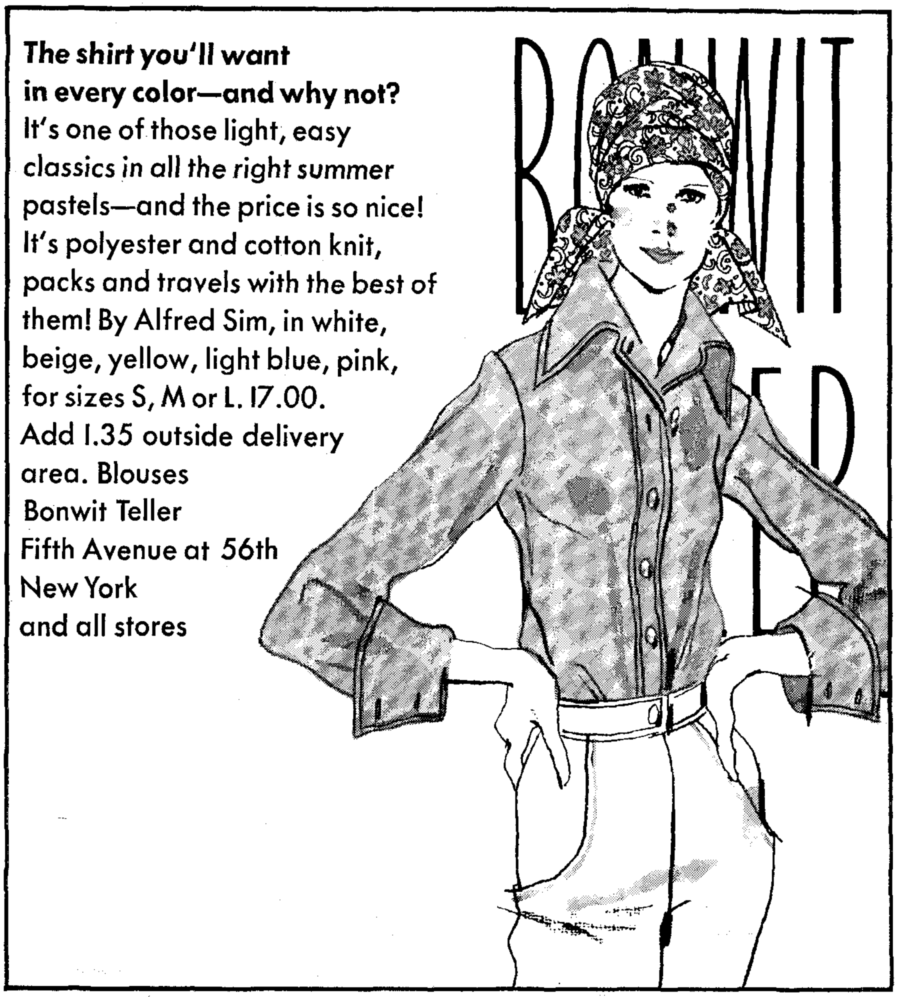
Norwegian America Line

Name ____________ Telephone ____________
Address ____________
City ____________ State ____________ Zip ____________
My Travel Agent is ____________

sight. For one thing, the highest parts of the Atlantic Generating Station's two plants—the summits of the containment domes over the reactors—would be a hundred and ninety feet above the water. The rough formula for the relationship between sight lines and the curve of the earth is that the square root of the observer's altitude in feet will equal the number of miles over flat land or water between the observer and the horizon. A person lying on a beach nine feet above sea level can see three miles across the water before hulls begin to be lost to view. The Atlantic Generating Station, to be out of sight from the beach, would have to be some fourteen miles at sea.

The calculated maximum practical depth for normal seas around a floating nuclear plant proved to be about seventy feet—a purely economic limitation, imposed by the great size and cost of the necessary breakwater. Off the East Coast of the United States, the continental shelf is broad, reaching out seventy or eighty miles, sloping gently. And off much of New Jersey it is possible to go out fourteen miles and still be in seventy feet of water or less. The water is international, though, and murky with maritime law. The mere suggestion of such a site was enough to make tremors under the State Department. Governments were trying to reach new understandings in this field, but for the time being no distance would be secure that was greater than the traditional and conservative three miles. The minimum depth required was forty feet, because the big hulls would draw thirty-two. The site also had to be reasonably near an inlet, so that vessels ferrying people and supplies from a shore facility could dock in calm water. The site had to be away from established shipping lanes. The breakwater, of course, had to have something geologically firm to rest on. And there had to be a right-of-way on shore where the transmission line, after emerging from the seabed, could continue inland.

Nine possible sites were chosen. The northernmost was off Long Branch—less than twenty miles from New York. The southernmost was off the Cape May peninsula. All were suitable, and nine generating stations might one day float at them, but now the utility had much room in which to be particularly selective. Cape May—a hundred and forty miles from Newark—seemed a little too far away. On the other hand, waters three miles offshore gradually deepen toward the New


**The shirt you'll want in every color—and why not?** It's one of those light, easy classics in all the right summer pastels—and the price is so nice! It's polyester and cotton knit, packs and travels with the best of them! By Alfred Sim, in white, beige, yellow, light blue, pink, for sizes S, M or L. 17.00. Add 1.35 outside delivery area. Blouses
Bonwit Teller
Fifth Avenue at 56th
New York
and all stores

Questions and Answers on Central Park South

***Find Yourself in New York City***

Is New York all steel and stone; glass and granite? Definitely not. The Essex House rises handsomely here on Central Park South and for that very reason we offer you a different point of view. Our front doors open to 59th—and the Park borders it all beautifully. So, in addition to all our comfort and convenience, we offer you the best address in the city.

***Information Please***

Nobody knows everything there is to know about New York, but we do our best. Just ask. Like what's the quickest way across town at 5:15? Or where's the nearest place to buy tux shirt studs? We offer the sort of service you won't find anywhere else on Central Park South, because we want to make you happy.

***You've Got Our Number***

Our toll-free reservation number. Just dial 800-228-9290 and in a matter of moments you'll have a confirmed guest room waiting for your arrival.

Marriott's ESSEX HOUSE

*All you need to know about hotels in New York.*
*160 Central Park South, New York 10019.*
*Telephone toll-free for your reservations:*
*800-228-9290.*
*Write for our new brochure.*

Personal banking officers in Morgan's Madison Avenue office include, from left, John Halpin, William Miller, Flora Benas, Allan Moulton, James Conron, James Rattery, Stephen Chipman, John Whaley.

# If your idea of personal banking includes "old-fashioned" personal service, consider Morgan Guaranty

Individuals with substantial incomes and assets, and uncommon banking needs, deserve a high level of informed, thoughtful attention from an experienced banker. In short, "old-fashioned" personal service.

There is a bank that has always provided this kind of service. Morgan Guaranty. If you normally keep upward of $2,000 in your checking account, perhaps you should consider the advantages of banking with Morgan.

When you have an account with us, you deal with a professional banker who knows you personally. He or she is available when you need help, whether it's on your basic banking needs—checking, saving, loans tailored to your individual requirements—or on matters such as buying tax-exempt bonds, putting your excess funds to work in short-term investments, setting up financial arrangements to make it easier when you're traveling.

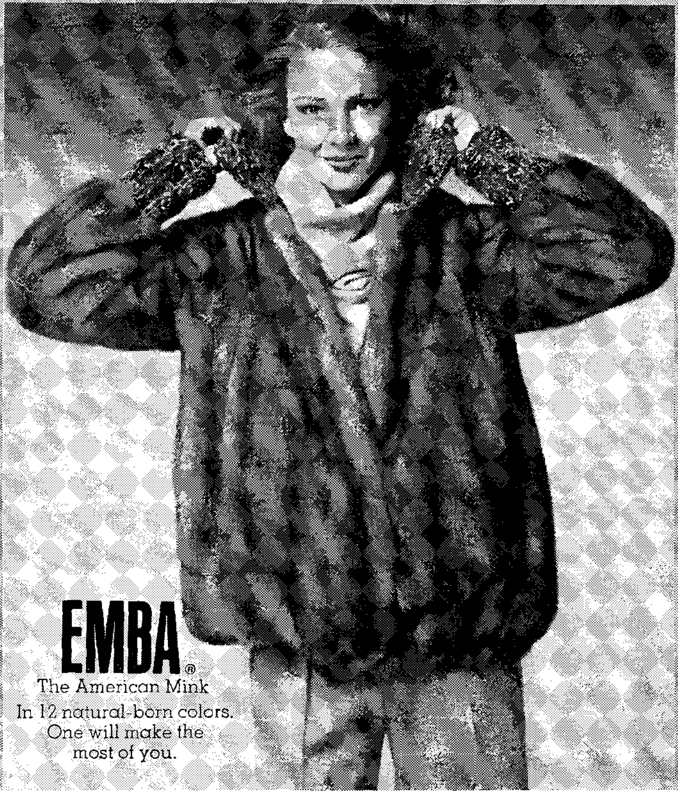
We can promise you this kind of personal attention because at Morgan we purposely limit the number of individual clients we serve.

If you're not satisfied with the banking service you're getting now, we suggest you consider having your account with Morgan Guaranty. Talk with a personal banker at any of our New York offices, or send for our booklet describing all our personal banking services. Write to John K. Wetzel, Vice President, Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, Box 42, 299 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

**Morgan Guaranty Trust Company**

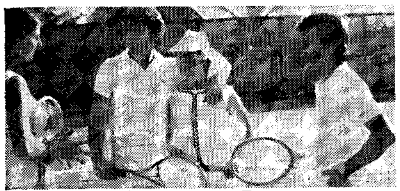
Member FDIC

If you don't want to look like everyone else in mink, buy a mink that doesn't look like everyone else's.



EMBA®
The American Mink
In 12 natural-born colors.
One will make the most of you.

Autumn Haze®, Emba®, natural brown mink bubble jacket. A Bonnie Cashin design for HBA Fur Corp. ® Registered trademarks Emba Mink Breeders Association.



The sporting life at Dorado Beach

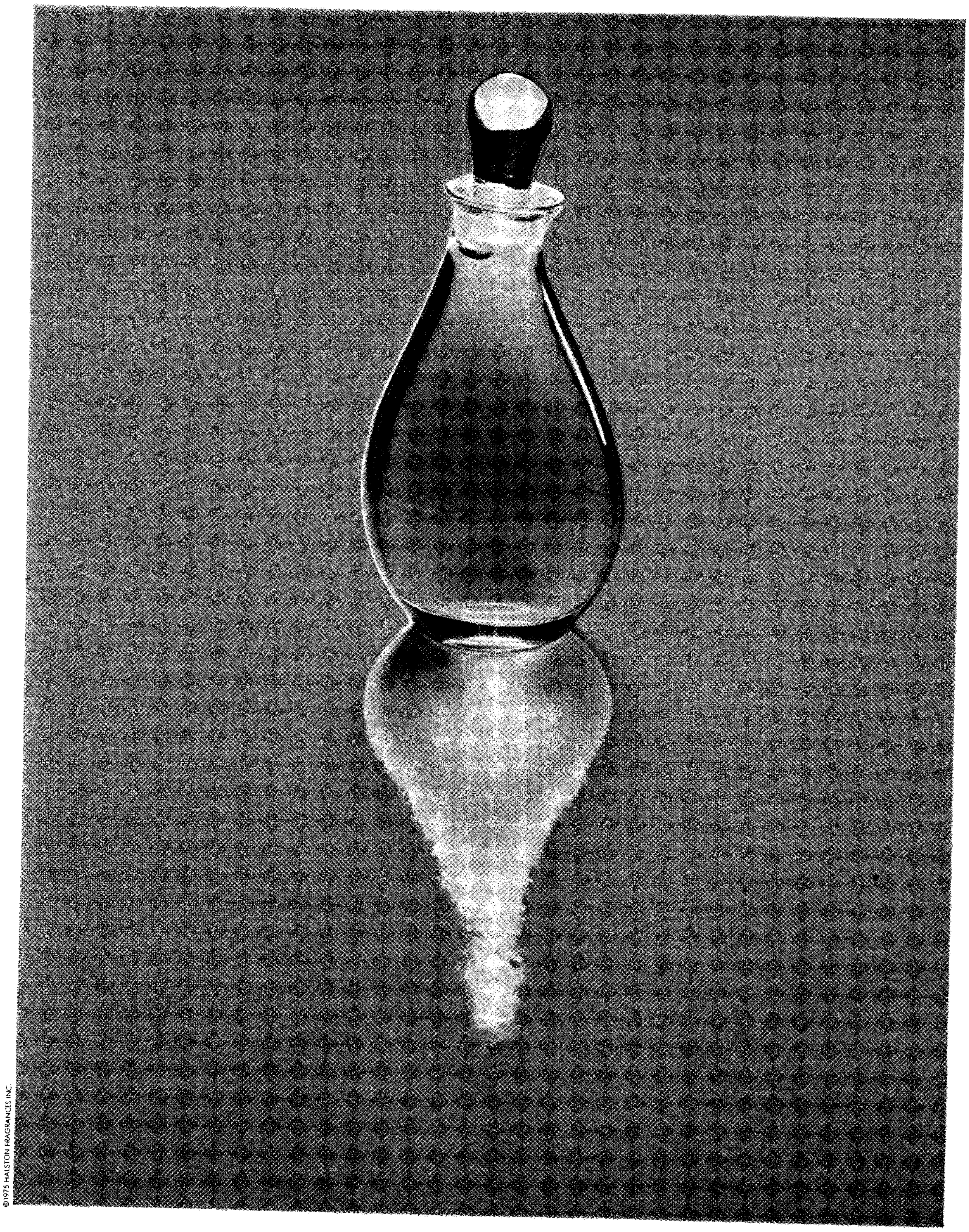
Our four sporting offers for your vacation (May 1-Oct. 20) include an attractive **Family Plan, Golf Plan, Tennis Plan** and **Honeymoon Plan.** All based on summer rates about 40% lower than winter (just $36 per person double including breakfasts and dinners). All let you enjoy our two Robert Trent Jones golf courses, great tennis, bike trails, two pools, and two miles of beaches on highly advantageous terms. And with a free Children's Day Camp from June 15 through Labor Day. For information, reservations, see your travel agent, or call any Loews Reservations Office.

DORADO BEACH HOTEL
Dorado Beach, Puerto Rico
*Operated by Rockresorts for Eastern Airlines*

York Bight, not prohibitively but enough to add to the cost of the breakwater. A very good site off Forked River was somewhat incommoded by a nuclear-power plant that already happened to be in operation on the mainland there. Choices soon diminished to two. One was off Harvey Cedars, on Long Beach Island, a resort that attracts, among other people, basketball coaches with loud voices, and they may have got up from the bench and shouted the utility away. Public Service, in any case, decided that it preferred not to choose a site directly in the view of summer homes, so Harvey Cedars was crossed off, and what remained as the final choice was a position eleven miles northeast of Atlantic City and two and eight-tenths miles from Little Egg Inlet and Great Bay—thirty-nine degrees, twenty-eight minutes north latitude; seventy-four degrees, fifteen minutes west longitude. Seven fathoms was the depth of the ocean there. Just seaward of the site was an extensive underground sand hill whose summit was less than thirty feet below the ocean's surface. Geologists quickly acupunctured the hill with stakes to see if, over time, it was moving. A couple of miles away, toward shore, there had once been an island that had supported houses, stores, streets, and picket fences, and was now visible only at low tide. The submarine sand ridge appeared to be stable, however, for it had been recorded on charts a century old. The ridge would serve in big storms as a kind of breakwater for the breakwater—redundant engineering through the coöperative efforts of man and God.

In time, there would appear on a table in Eckert's office a triptych photograph of broad white sands and blue sea—a panorama that had been shot from the shore, looking toward the site. The foreground was patterned with wind ripples, bird tracks, and waving grass. In the middle distance was a thin white line of breaking waves. Beyond them was the sea. Given one glance, that was about all the picture included, but close observation would reveal on the horizon what appeared to be a pair of distant buttes, nearly lost under the sky. The work of an artist, of an architect, of an airbrush, this was the Atlantic Generating Station, *in situ*, veiled in summer haze.

PUBLIC SERVICE felt that it was doing quite enough pioneering in the marine aspects of the project and



©1975 HALSTON FRAGRANCES INC.

HALSTON

PERFUME SPRAY PERFUME COLOGNE SPRAY COLOGNE

# What? Sip Bacardi before you mix it?

LIGHT-DRY
SILVER LABEL
Ron
BACARDI
Superior
DISTILLED & PREPARED BY
BACARDI CORP.
SAN JUAN, P.R.
80 PROOF
PUERTO RICAN RUM
AWARDED TO BACARDI

Sure. And what a pleasant surprise you're in for.

You'll see what Bacardi rum tastes like all by itself—very mild flavor, dry (which means not sweet), and delightfully smooth.

That's why a lot of people prefer their Bacardi *un*-mixed—right out of the bottle over ice cubes.

It makes sense.

If Bacardi didn't taste good *un*-mixed, how could it taste good mixed?

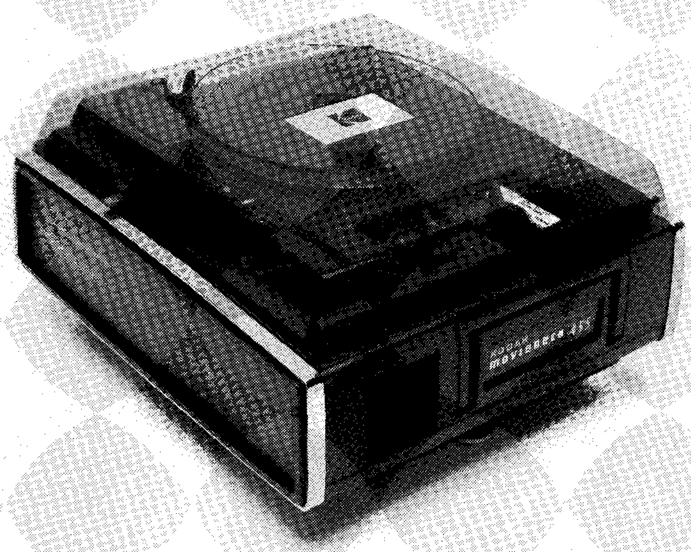
Try it.

**Get to know the light taste of BACARDI, rum. The mixable one.**

SEND FOR YOUR FREE BACARDI PARTY BOOKLET. ©1974 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., BACARDI BLDG., MIAMI, FLA. 33137. RUM 80 PROOF.
"BACARDI" AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED

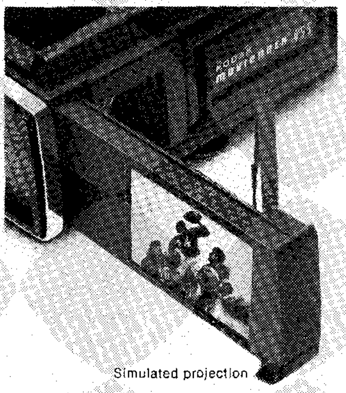
did not wish to be in any sense experimental with the nuclear components. The company wanted "state-of-the-art" reactors. Westinghouse was chosen to supply them, and Westinghouse, which had never been asked to build a ship before, sought help from Tenneco, an industrial conglomerate that owned the Newport News Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Company, the largest shipyard in the United States. Westinghouse and Tenneco (which has since dropped out of the partnership) formed a third company, naming it Offshore Power Systems, and bought an estuarine island near Jacksonville, there to manufacture floating nuclear plants at the eventual rate of—it was hoped—four a year. The Florida Audubon Society tried to go to court in defense of the island but was rebuffed. Offshore Power Systems then began to dig an assembly line—a broad canal, about four hundred and fifty feet wide, penetrating the center of the island and ending in a slipway that would release new hulls to the water. In shops on the surrounding acreage, the nuclear and turbine-generator components would be built in very large segments, then crane-lifted to the assembly line and set in place. The crane alone would cost thirteen million dollars. A whole nuclear plant—to go—would cost about three hundred and seventy-five million. It would displace a hundred and fifty thousand deadweight tons. Richard Eckert and Muzaffer Kehnemuyi vowed that when Atlantic Generating Station Unit 1 finally travelled up the coast they would be aboard. The trip will take about ten days, passing Georgia's Golden Isles and the island Kuwait has bought off South Carolina, rounding Cape Hatteras, traversing the wrecks of a thousand ships. An insurance syndicate would underwrite the trip. Setting a premium for such a voyage calls for, if nothing else, wit. The premium will be somewhere between five and ten million dollars. "When that first unit leaves Jacksonville, I'm going to be on it," Eckert said. "Because if it goes down at sea I'm going down with it."

A HARBOR breakwater at East London, on the Wild Coast of South Africa, was rendered ineffective by a storm in 1963. The armor, as the outer layer of a breakwater's material is called, consisted of blocks of solid concrete, each weighing forty tons. East London's breakwater had been weakened by rough seas some years earlier, and now the storm of



Kodak shapes up the movie projector.

You'll wonder where the reels have gone when you first look at the Kodak Moviedeck projector. They're there, of course. But Kodak's found a way to keep them inside, out of the way.



Simulated projection

That's what helps make the Moviedeck projector so handsome. So convenient, too. Because you don't have to put it away between shows.

The three top models of the Moviedeck projector have a special pull-out viewing screen. So you can preview your movies without ever having to set up a big screen or dim the room lights.

Kodak Moviedeck projectors—all handsome, all self-threading, all easy to use, all for 8 mm or super 8 movies—start at less than $110. Some have automatic rewind and multiple projection speeds. Model 455 shown is less than $200. See your photo dealer. Prices are subject to change without notice.

The Kodak Moviedeck™ projector

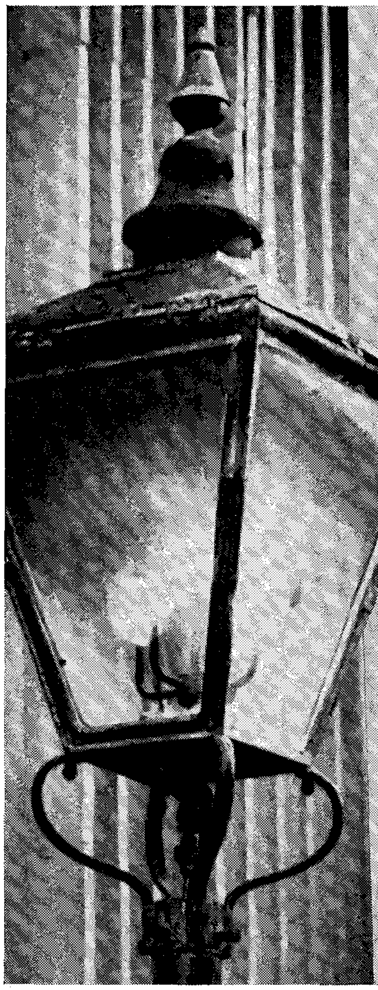
Kodak

1963 tore off sixty per cent of the armor. Eric M. Merrifield, East London's harbor engineer, wondered whether that would have happened if the armor had not been solid—had not been designed to accept on one plane in one moment the great force of the ocean. He decided to reconstruct the breakwater with porous armor, and in doing so he invented a momentous novelty in harbor engineering.

The idea was to cover the breakwater with objects of branching shape—like children's jacks—that would engage with one another, clinging together while absorbing and dissipating the power of waves. There had been similar attempts. The French had tried a four-legged concrete form, a tetrapod, and it had worked well enough but had required an expensive preciseness in construction, because each one had to be carefully set in place in relation to others. Merrifield wanted something that could almost literally be sprinkled on the breakwater core. Eventually, he thought of *dolosse*.

*Dolosse*—the singular is *dolos*—were crude toys that had been used by South African white children since the eighteen-thirties, when they acquired them from tribal children in the course of the eponymous trek, the overland march of the *voortrekkers* from the Cape Colony to the Transvaal. A *dolos* was the knucklebone of a goat or a sheep, and might be described as a corruption of the letter "H" with one leg turned ninety degrees. The game that had been played with *dolosse* by *voortrekker* children, and by South African children ever since, was called knucklebone. As crude toys, *dolosse* were also thought of as imaginary oxen. Witch doctors had used them as instruments of magic power. Merrifield replicated them on a grand scale in concrete, making *dolosse* that weighed twenty tons apiece, and with these he armored his breakwater. When high seas hit them, the water all but disappeared—no slaps like thunder, no geysers in the air. The revised breakwater seemed to blot up the waves after breaking them into thousands of pieces.

According to plan, the ocean floor at the site of the Atlantic Generating Station would be dredged—graded, more or less—and then huge concrete caissons would be floated to the site, lined up like boxcars going around a curve, and sunk to the bottom. The caissons would be filled with sand and gravel, and then, both above the caissons and seaward of them, a hill of



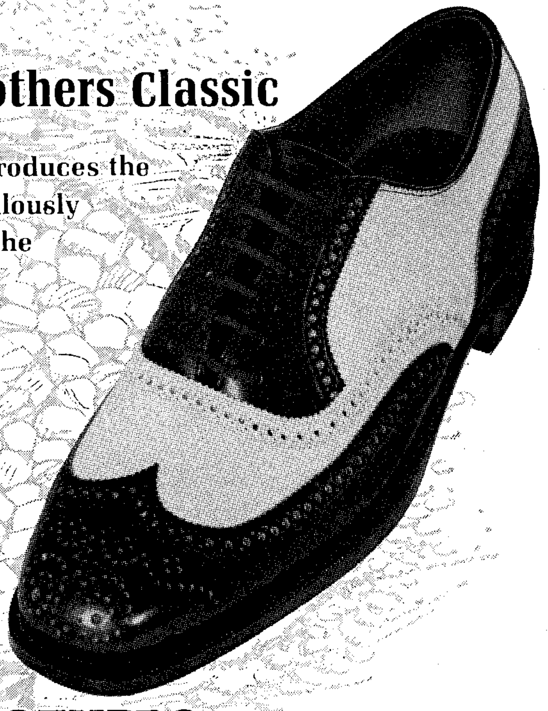
a Return to Elegance

The discriminating traveler will find at the cosmopolitan Beverly Wilshire Hotel all the concepts of gracious hospitality in a setting of impeccable, personalized service and cuisine par excellence. ❦ Make your next visit to Los Angeles a return to elegance at the Beverly Wilshire—within easy strolling distance to almost everything in fashionable Beverly Hills.

Hernando Courtright
Beverly Wilshire Hotel

9500 Wilshire Boulevard
Beverly Hills, California 90212 • (213) 275-4282
Preferred Hotels Association Reservations:
(800) 558-9898
Grand Luxe Hotels Reservations:
(800) 223-5550

**All Hotels Are Not Created Equal.**



**A Frank Brothers Classic**

Frank Brothers introduces the "Colony", a meticulously crafted update of the classic two-tone wing-tip oxford. In brown or black with white grain calf.
**$65.00.**

**FRANK BROTHERS**
AMERICA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED SHOES

Johnston & Murphy, A Division of Genesco The Apparel Company, Nashville, Tennessee

# ENDANGERED SPECIES

TR6
SPITFIRE

The cars you see here are the Triumph TR6 and Triumph Spitfire 1500. Two representatives of what may well be a vanishing breed.

You remember what happened to convertibles, don't you? How they got big, clumsy, and expensive? And how some auto makers reacted when they heard rumors about impending government regulations?

One by one, the convertibles disappeared. In view of this history, there's never been a better time to invest in a TR6 or Spitfire.

No matter where you drive them, these British open sports cars get you close to nature. Because they give you the sun in the morning, the moon in the evening, and the wind-in-the-hair feeling of freedom all the time.

They also give you the feel of the road. Because unlike the clumsy convertibles, the performance and handling of the open TR6 and Spitfire make them truly worthy of the name sports car.

They have high-torque, high-revving engines. Four-speed, fully-synchronized transmissions. Four-wheel independent suspensions. Responsive rack-and-pinion steering. And sure-stopping front disc brakes.

In fact, the TR6 and Spitfire give you everything you need to make driving even more fun than it was in one of those good old convertibles.

Keep the species alive. Buy one.

**TRIUMPH** BRITISH LEYLAND

For the name of your nearest Triumph dealer call: 800-447-4700. In Illinois call 800-322-4400. British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605.

**Summer frosting: the white-iced shirtdress**

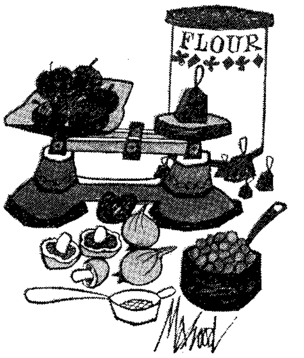
A little something to slip into on a summer evening, light as a breath of air. Blue voile, for you to think cool, and look cool. Open collar, shirt sleeves, a bowed waist. And the frosting on the cake: a little apron-like panel patterned in embroidery. In polyester and cotton, 10 to 16 sizes, $98. Fifth Avenue Shop. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery area.

Saks Fifth Avenue

rock would be built that would emerge sixty-four feet into the air above mean low water and slope on down into the sea to toe the bottom three hundred feet from the inner perimeter. Many thousands of *dolosse*—in varying sizes, but typically weighing forty tons apiece—would be used as armor. On the landward side and parallel to the coast, the straight breakwater would consist of filled caissons, armored with *dolosse* only at the ends. The straight section would complete the atoll. Caissons could be removed in order to float nuclear plants in or out.

Like the plants themselves, the breakwater was truly, as the Atomic Energy Commission described it, a "unique and first-of-its-kind" undertaking. A list was made of all hard-rock quarries from western Pennsylvania to northern Maine. Big pieces of hills would be cracked apart. Some of the rocks of the inner armor would be so large that each would ride alone, under chains, on a big flatbed truck from quarry to seaport. Then—Egyptian journey—it would ride in a barge down the coast. Meanwhile, in southern New Jersey, on Delaware Bay, a concrete yard would cast *dolosse* with armspreads of twenty feet and place them a few at a time on barges, to be tugged slowly around the Cape May peninsula and up the long fetch to the site—eighteen thousand *dolosse*. In all, more than five million tons of material would be compiled over an area of a hundred acres. The Dravo Corporation, of Pittsburgh, bid two hundred million dollars and got the job.

ON the sand plains of the continental shelf, a foreign object that comes to rest, even if it is as small as an automobile tire, will tend to concentrate fish. Automobiles themselves have been dumped into the sea by commercial and charter fishermen as points to return to for future good days. First attracted to such objects are the organisms on which fish feed. Then come the fish. In the ocean off Murrells Inlet, South Carolina, a great mass of rock was piled up some years ago, and it attracted various fish species in concentrations ranging from three hundred times to eighteen hundred times their frequency in nearby waters. The spot was named Paradise Artificial Reef. If an entrepreneur building such a place were to contrive to warm some of the adjacent water, many more fish would be attracted. Some would stay longer in the autumn before heading south. Some would not bother to migrate at all. Bluefishing and bass fishing might become winter sports. Small boats by the hundred would converge the year round.



The Public Service Electric & Gas Company's breakwater atoll off New Jersey would become a stupendous artificial fishing reef—its armoring *dolosse* an ichthyological magnet, with warmth guaranteed to the adjacent water by two nuclear reactors creating a thermal plume. The *dolosse* would grow lush with algae, invertebrates, barnacles, mussels. Sea bass would establish residence, and so would sculpin, skates, porgies, flukes, whitings, hakes, rock crabs, starfish, blackfish, lobsters. Lobsters are numerous in New Jersey but have to hunt around for places to hide, and for that purpose the labyrinthine hollows among the *dolosse* would outdo the granites of Maine. Lobsters would come to live there by the tens of thousands. In the words of David Thomas, the project director of Ichthyological Associates' New Jersey Marine Ecological Study, "There would be more fish and shellfish in that area than in any other square mile in the Atlantic Ocean."

Certain questions had to be considered, though. While cooling themselves, the floating nuclear plants would suck in more than two million gallons of seawater per minute. Screens would cover the ingress. What would happen to fish drawn toward the screens? What kinds of fish would they be? At what speed should the water be sucked in? What should be the size of the mesh? Phytoplankton, zooplankton, larval fish, and other small creatures would go through the screens and through the plant. What percentage would die? The water would increase in temperature seventeen degrees. Biocides would be injected into it to keep the plumbing clean. After four minutes, the water would be returned to the ocean. At discharge, how fast should it come out, and at what level? Would fish die in the thermal plume?

In 1972, when the final site selection was made, the marine biologists

# The drier liqueur

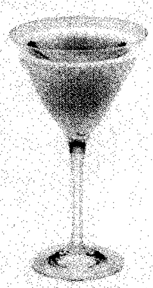
B AND B LIQUEUR
B AND B Made by BENEDICTINE S.A. FECAMP FRANCE
Le Directeur

B&B is the drier liqueur...made with exquisite Benedictine, blended with superb cognac in the Abbey at Fecamp, France.

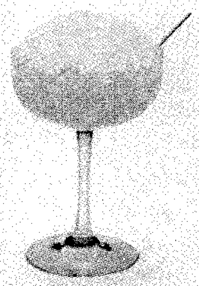
86 Proof

After coffee enjoy

B DOM AND B®
BENEDICTINE BRANDY



**B&B Stinger**
3 parts B&B Liqueur, 1 part White Creme de Menthe. Shake with ice, strain, serve in cocktail glass or on the rocks.



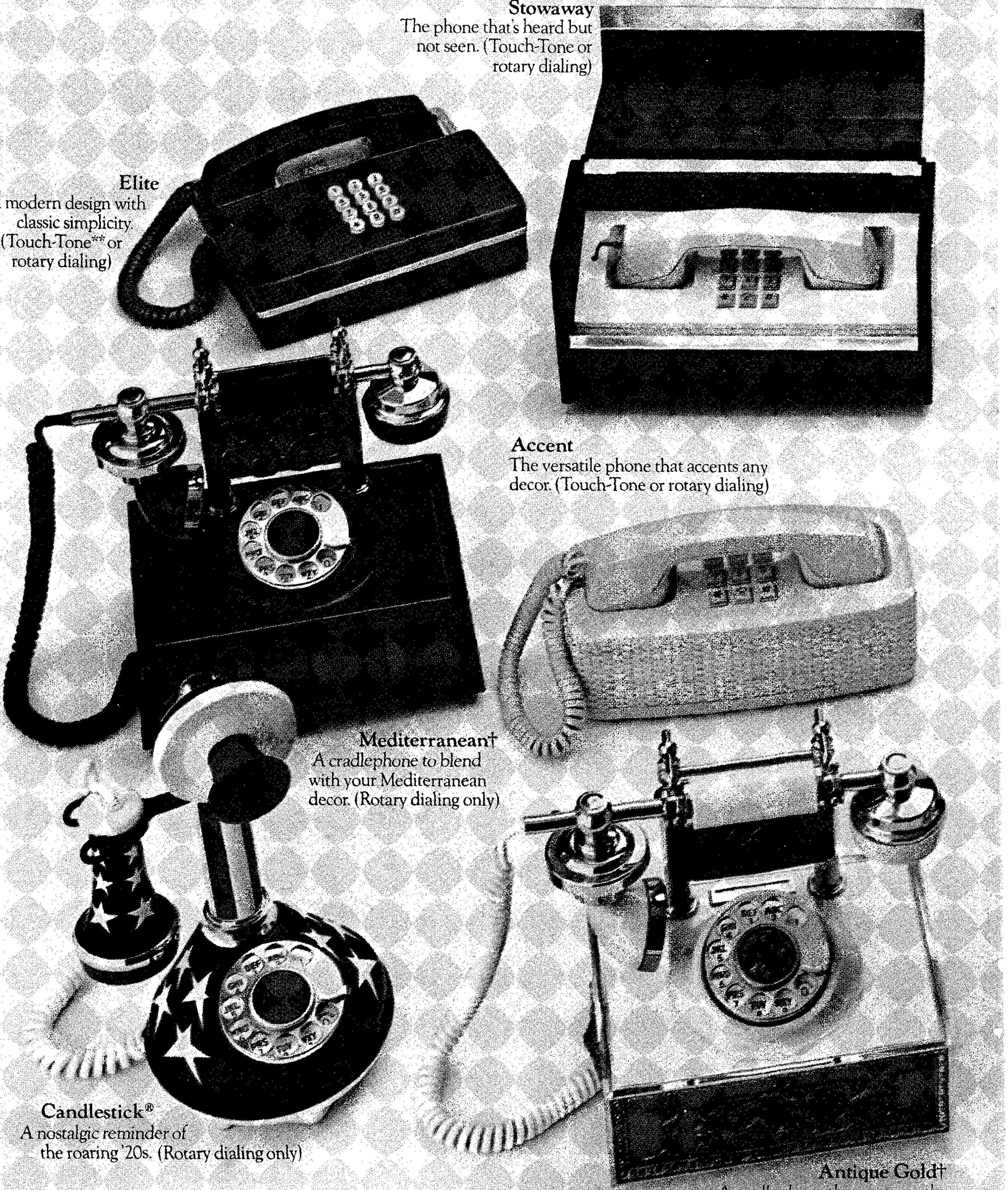
**B&B Frappe**
Fill cocktail glass with crushed ice and B&B Liqueur, serve with short straws.

**B&B Tea**
Pour 1½ oz. B&B Liqueur into brewed tea in 8 oz. glass. Top with whipped cream.

**B&B Straight**

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC.
NEW YORK

# Every home should have at



**Stowaway**
The phone that's heard but not seen. (Touch-Tone or rotary dialing)

**Elite**
A modern design with classic simplicity. (Touch-Tone** or rotary dialing)

**Accent**
The versatile phone that accents any decor. (Touch-Tone or rotary dialing)

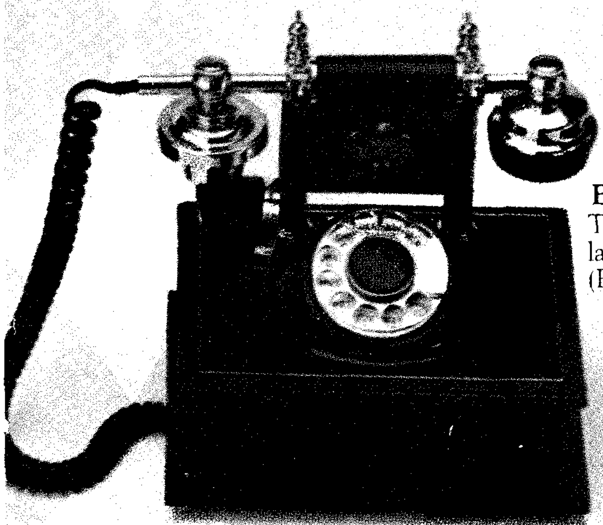
**Mediterranean†**
A cradlephone to blend with your Mediterranean decor. (Rotary dialing only)

**Candlestick®**
A nostalgic reminder of the roaring '20s. (Rotary dialing only)

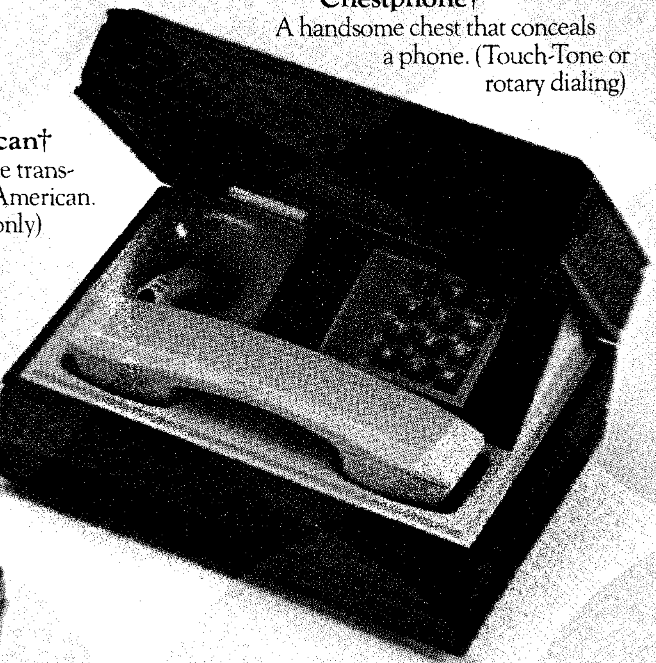
**Antique Gold†**
A cradlephone that captures the elegance of a bygone era. (Rotary dialing only)

# Design Line phones

# least one conversation piece.



**Early American†**
The cradlephone translated into Early American. (Rotary dialing only)



**Chestphone†**
A handsome chest that conceals a phone. (Touch-Tone or rotary dialing)

**Exeter**
A functionally modern phone with a richly textured finish. (Touch-Tone or rotary dialing)

**Celebrity**
The Hollywood classic brought up to date. (Rotary dialing only)

Now, Design Line* phones from the Bell System are here. Phones that match your decor. Your life-style. Your personality.

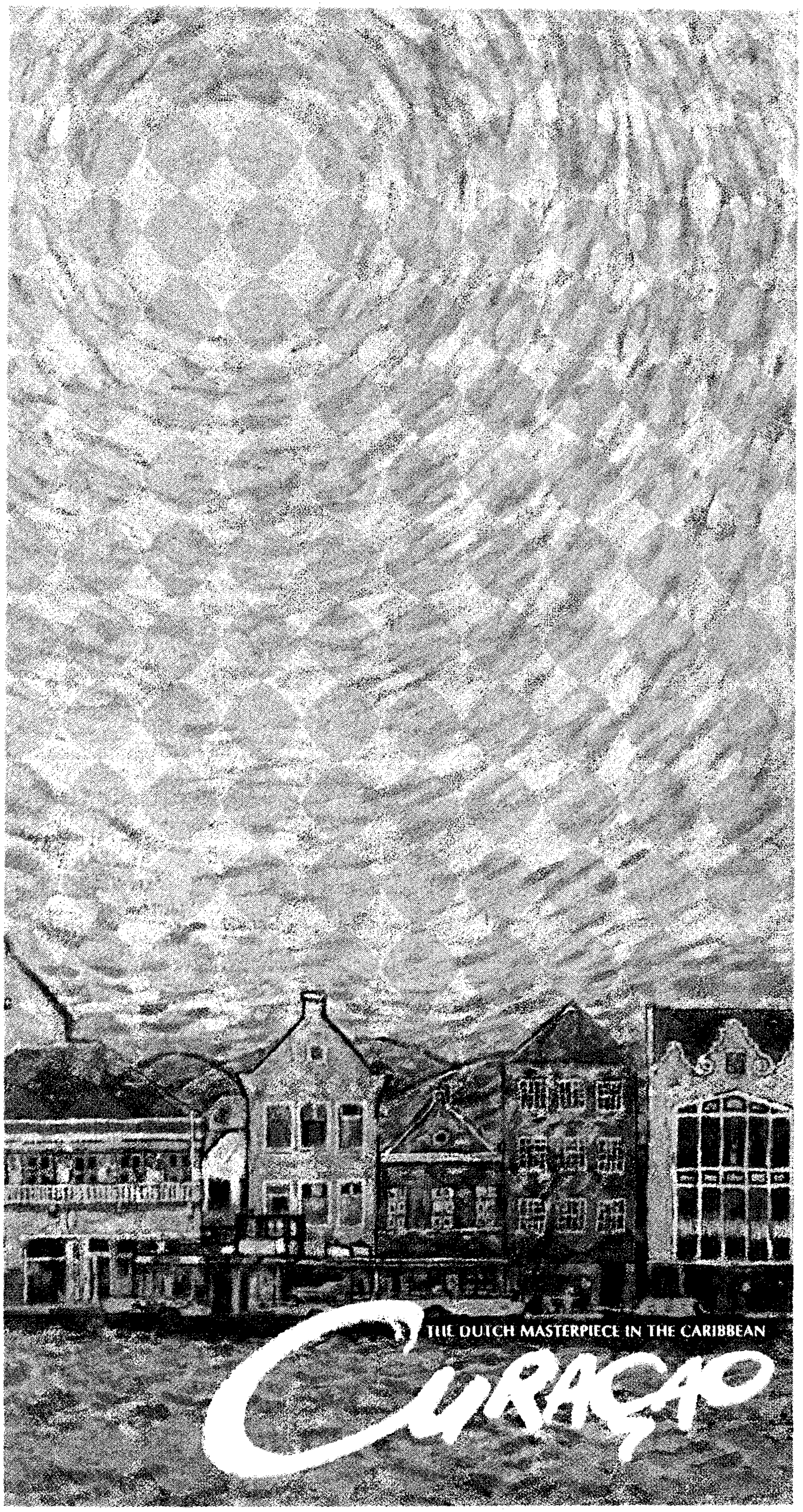
Each phone comes with a plug-ended cord for use with a telephone jack. (If you don't have a jack, we'll install one for an additional charge.) You own the Design Line phone housing, which carries a six-month warranty. The working parts belong to us. So if there's ever a problem with them, we'll fix it.

And remember, Design Line phones are as great to give as they are to get. So, call your local Bell Telephone business office and ask about prices and availability of Design Line and other decorator phones in your area.

Design Line phones from the Bell System. They really are conversation pieces.

# from the Bell System.

* Trademark of American Telephone and Telegraph Company
† Trademark of American Telecommunications Corporation
** Registered mark of American Telephone and Telegraph Company
® Registered mark of American Telecommunications Corporation


THE DUTCH MASTERPIECE IN THE CARIBBEAN
CURAÇAO

In the Caribbean, where the sky is as blue as the water, there's an island that can be described as a living painting. Curaçao. It possesses all the vibrance of a Van Gogh masterpiece. And all the beautiful subtleties of a Rembrandt. Willemstad, its capital, is a faithful copy of Amsterdam, with this exception: its colorful buildings suggest that a Dutch artist used the rainbow as his palette. Our people come in all different hues, too. For they come from around the world. So feasting on exotic dishes from exotic lands is not unusual. And neither is finding the world's goods at prices almost too good to be true. When you're not shopping or dining, you could be sunning, swimming and sailing. Or trying your luck in our casinos. And letting our night life become a part of your life. Come. Be a part of this Dutch Masterpiece in the Caribbean. For more information, and a free color brochure. Write or call: Curaçao Tourist Board, 604 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10020. (212) 265-0230.

of Ichthyological Associates, who had long since become part of the project in a more general way, marked off a grid of sixty square miles and began what their founder, Edward Raney, described as "the best-financed, the most intense study that's ever been done of a limited area in the ocean." Raney, emeritus professor of zoology at Cornell and an authority on the striped bass, the bluefish, and the American shad, had previously set up other studies attempting to counsel the designers of nuclear plants and to save the lives of fish. Very few fish have actually been killed by the heated water emerging from power plants. They die instead from the lack of it—as they did recently in Forked River, in New Jersey, when, in winter, the nuclear plant there temporarily shut down. Many thousands of fish that would have been farther south but had been attracted to the warm effluent of the power plant died in the suddenly cold water. Such an event would be most unlikely at the Atlantic Generating Station, since one reactor would always be kept running. The tons of fish that died a few years ago at the nuclear station at Indian Point, New York, were attracted into channels that had been built to conduct water from the edge of the Hudson River to the Consolidated Edison Company's intake screens. The fish went into the channels, apparently, because they liked the shelter and they liked the feel of the flow of the indrawn water. They would turn and face it, and swim against it, and keep on swimming in place until they were so tired they could not swim out. They then went up against the screens and died. Consolidated Edison moved the screens out to the river. The fish kill would not have happened if the behavior of fish had been taken into account in the initial design.

Raney and his ichthyologists significantly influenced certain basic design choices for the Atlantic Generating Station, and refinements would no doubt come along with the continuing study. In tanks, they tested the swimming speed and swimming strength of various species. They recommended that the water-intake velocity be kept below a foot per second. This would require six screens per plant, each fourteen feet wide and twenty-seven feet deep. The ichthyologists also recommended that the heated water be discharged rapidly, since a jet of water would repel fish. Such a jet—sent out through pipes in the breakwater—would create a mixing

Old Atlanta

## Introducing Old Atlanta.
## A new Wallace sterling pattern worthy to be considered with these four classics.

Grande Baroque
Grand Victorian
Golden Aegean Weave
Rose Point

Timeless in the appeal of its quiet elegance and end-of-the-century styling, **Old Atlanta** is a beautifully understated new sterling pattern which captures for all time the grace and ambience of the Old South. And Old Atlanta is but one of many finely detailed patterns uncompromisingly executed in sterling by Wallace craftsmen. Four of the most popular are featured here:

**Grande Baroque**—America's best-selling pattern. Dramatic and sophisticated, this great ornate pierced pattern fully embodies the Baroque spirit.

**Grand Victorian**—an ornate, richly carved pierced pattern recreates another age, with a different flower featured on knives, forks and spoons.

**Golden Aegean Weave**—a unique pattern which combines the warmth of four gold electroplated bands with the beauty of sterling silver. A perfect complement for gold-trimmed china or crystal.

**Rose Point**—Perhaps the most romantic of all Wallace patterns, inspired by the traditional Venetian lace bridal veil, with open piercing dramatizing a central, full-blown rose.

Wallace Sterling

Wallace Silversmiths, Wallingford, Conn. 06492.
Subsidiary of HMW Industries.

CHANTOUNG

LIMOGES PORCELAIN DINNERWARE
BY ROBERT HAVILAND & C. PARLON

Add the classical beauty and the traditional French elegance to your dining with Limoges dinnerware by Robert Haviland & C. Parlon. 5-piece place setting, $62.50. Write for brochure and name of nearest dealer. Jacques Jugeat, Inc., 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10010.

john Widdicomb

makers of fine furniture for more than a century

Something there is about good modern that enlivens a room—modern or traditional. This 10 ft. extension table and chairs for instance. Olive cluster ash swirl. Moon-stone or custom finishes. At John Widdicomb furniture galleries. Thru your Interior Designer, Architect or Dealer.

NEW YORK, 205 E. 58TH ST. • BOSTON, 90 BERKELEY ST. • PHILADELPHIA, 2301 CHESTNUT ST. • GRAND RAPIDS, EXHIBITORS BUILDING
Atlanta • Chicago • Cincinnati • Cleveland • Dallas • Denver • Indianapolis • Miami • Minneapolis • Pittsburgh • St. Louis • Los Angeles • San Francisco

area of about two acres, in which temperatures would range from seventeen to five degrees above the temperature of the surrounding seas before the water spread out as a thermal plume. Experiments with fish of varying species had shown that a rise of five degrees, in any season, would be well below "the thermal point at which the locomotory activity becomes disorganized and the animals lose their ability to escape from conditions that will cause their deaths." Because currents of the littoral drift, whether they were moving northeast or southwest, almost always ran parallel to the coast, Ichthyological Associates suggested that there be two openings in the breakwater atoll, that they be lined up with the currents, and that no obstructions float between. It was this suggestion that resulted in the penannular shape of the breakwater. Fish having a difficult time at one opening could slide back with the current and go out the other. On the rare occasions when no current was moving and the sea was calm, water would be sucked in toward the plants from both openings in the atoll, but at less than a foot per second—not enough to trap a fish. Gossip went around the nuclear-safety circuit that in the design of the Atlantic Generating Station fish were getting even more consideration than human beings.

Meanwhile, the two or three dozen people in the employ of Ichthyological Associates who were conducting the New Jersey Marine Ecological Study continued to scrape the bottom for benthic samples, to trawl systematically for demersal fishes, and to compile intricate records of species by age, by season caught, by temperature, by weather, and by hour of the day. Early one morning, Valiant II, a chartered fishing boat out of Leeds Point, traversed the plant site dragging a twenty-five-foot semi-balloon trawl. Four miles or so to the northwest, on the lower stretches of Long Beach Island, stood the water towers of Holgate and Beach Haven. The one tower was green, the other orange, and from the perspective of the site they looked like loaded golf tees. Eleven miles to the southwest was the skyline of Atlantic City, rising tall, suggesting Manhattan to an eye that moved no closer. On a summer day at the site, many dozens of small fishing boats would have crowded the foreground, but now, in winter, three clam dredges were the only neighbors the ichthyologists had. Scooping tons of big surf clams—some for Snow's, some for

# A new way to cook.

The Turbo-Oven* By Farberware®

You spend the better part of your cooking life roasting, baking and broiling. Why not spend it with Farberware's Turbo-Oven, a totally new concept in ovens.

It's Not A Microwave. The Turbo-Oven is fast. It will roast about one-third faster than any conventional oven. But, we wanted an oven that would cook *well*, as well as fast. We also wanted it to be safe, economical and compact. And it's just that, a portable electric counter-top oven only 20"x13"x14½" with the capacity of a large oven. (It will roast up to a 20 lb. turkey.)

Cooks Evenly, As A Matter of Principle. Turbo-Cooking is based on this entirely new principle. The cooking air is kept in continuous circulation, moving around all sides of the food. You're never cooking one side, you're cooking all over, at the same time and temperature. So you don't have to turn anything, whether you're broiling, roasting, or baking.

You'll Save Time and Energy. It roasts in ⅔ the time a conventional oven takes and at lower temperatures. You can even roast frozen meat in the same time a regular oven will do a thawed roast. Turbo-Broiling uses about 50% less power than the broiler in an electric oven. You can also bake most food at lower temperatures, too. And it works on standard current, no special wiring.

"Stay Clean" Action. The inside walls of this Turbo-Oven are treated for "Stay Clean" action, vaporizing most food splatters while the oven is working. There's a removable filter that traps solids and fats. The drip tray and glass door are also removable and easily washed.

It Won't Heat Up Your Kitchen. Since the cooking air in Turbo-Cooking is constantly being recirculated inside the oven, it can't escape to heat up your kitchen.

What's Better About Turbo-Cooking. To begin at the end, the results are better. The food you roast, bake and broil will look like the magazine pictures. And the natural meat juices will stay where they belong—inside the meat.

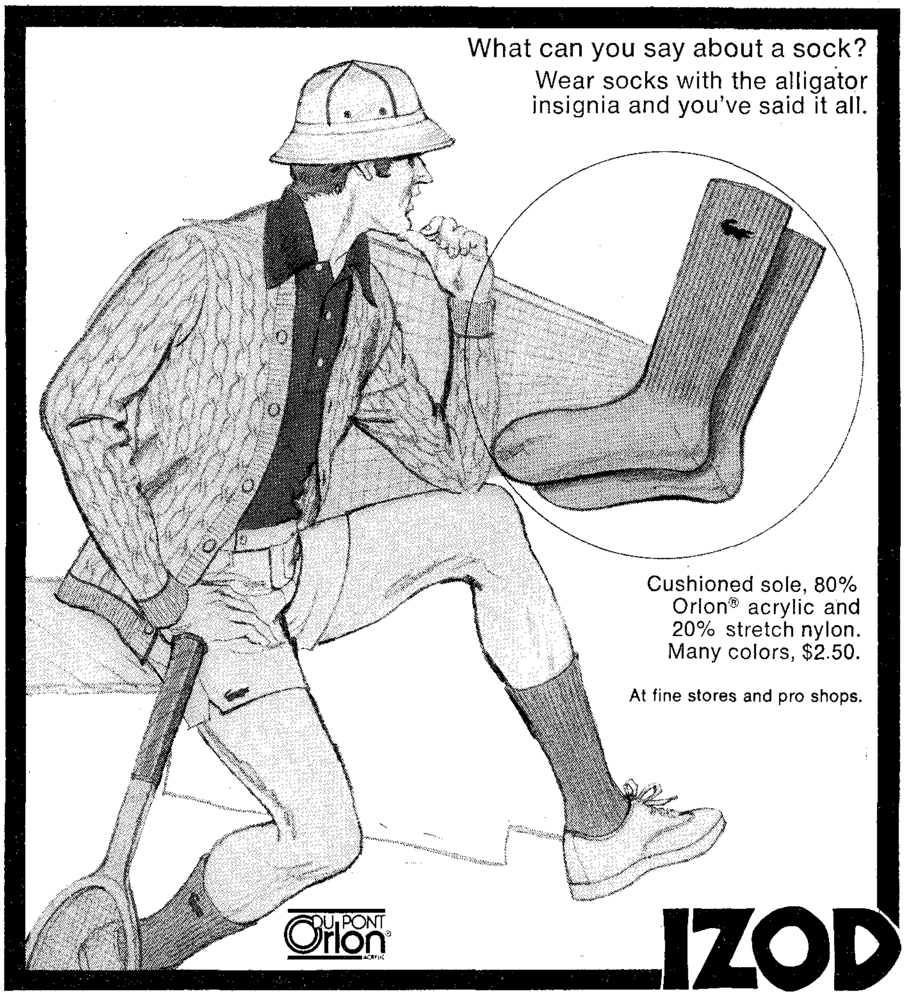
Organize Demonstrations. Either singly, or in groups, go to a store that has the Turbo-Oven. Demand a demonstration and see for yourself a totally new way to cook. Look at it this way. You either need it, or you deserve it.

Or both.

FARBERWARE
TURBO OVEN

**FARBERWARE®**
**AN LCA DIVISION**

*Patents pending for the oven sold under this Farberware trademark.


What can you say about a sock?
Wear socks with the alligator insignia and you've said it all.

Cushioned sole, 80% Orlon® acrylic and 20% stretch nylon. Many colors, $2.50.

At fine stores and pro shops.

**Perhaps the most exotic travel experience in the world. Cruises to Bali, Java, and other secret Indonesian Islands.**
**m.s. Prinsendam, 7 to 14 days, 6 to 9 ports, $580 to $1550. Every other Monday, November 1975 through April 1976.**

Cultures and customs unchanged for centuries. Scenic splendors beyond belief. Undiscovered mystery and enchantment. All on a luxurious ship specially designed to slip through misty island waterways.

**All-inclusive tours, with a 14-day cruise, from $2295.** 25 days from Los Angeles via Tokyo, Singapore, and Hong Kong on Northwest Orient Airlines. 23 days from New York via KLM. Stopovers at Amsterdam, Singapore, and Bangkok. Other tours include 7 and 14-day Indonesia cruises. See your travel agent or mail the coupon.

**You may never want to get off**
**Holland America Cruises**

Holland America Cruises
Two Penn Plaza, N.Y., N.Y. 10001
Tel: (212) 760-3880
or Toll-free at (800) 221-6657
Please send me the brochures on:
☐ Indonesia Adventure Cruises
☐ Tours from Los Angeles
☐ Tours from New York
Name________________
Address________________
City________State________Zip______
My travel agent is________________

The m.s. Prinsendam is registered in the Netherlands Antilles.
All fares per person, double occupancy, subject to availability. Minimum rates may not be available on all the above listed sailings.
64-PSB-5-12

Howard Johnson's—the clammers moved slowly. Thick smoke from their exhausts braided above them and formed a black plume that reached from the three-mile limit to the Holgate tower. For fifteen minutes, Valiant II, moving at two knots, had been collecting a benthic sample, beginning the trawl just to landward of the submarine sand hill. (On Valiant II's Simrad depth recorder, graphite tracings showed the position of the ridge, rising from minus forty feet to minus twenty-eight and descending again to minus forty-three at the site.) A winch turned, and long ropes that trailed behind the ship were hauled in. Trawl doors came aboard first—their purpose was to keep the mouth of the net seventeen feet wide—and then the net itself. It had a fine-mesh inner liner for stopping larvae and post-larval fishes. Young men wearing rubber gloves, rubber boots, and rubber overalls lifted the net and spilled hundreds of creatures into a galvanized tub and onto the deck around it. A surf clam. Moon snails. Pipefish. Little skates. Sand shrimp. Winter flounder. Longhorn sculpin. Eelpout. Atlantic herring. Spotted hake. Red hake. A five-pound cod. In a couple of years of such hauls, this was the first cod. New Jersey cod are usually associated with wrecks. They prefer, in any case, to stay a good many miles offshore. This one was dropped into a large jar that contained ten per cent formalin and ninety per cent seawater, slits having been made in its skin so the formalin could get into the flesh beneath.

Kneeling on the deck, griping, the young men began a meticulous count of specimens and species—and now and again offered comments.

"Jesus, what a big haul."

" 'Jesus' is right."

"Yeah."

"Look at all that hake."

Red hake, when small, live inside scallop shells with scallops, they said. The scallops somehow know that their shellmates are red hake. If fish of another species try to get in, the scallops kick them out.

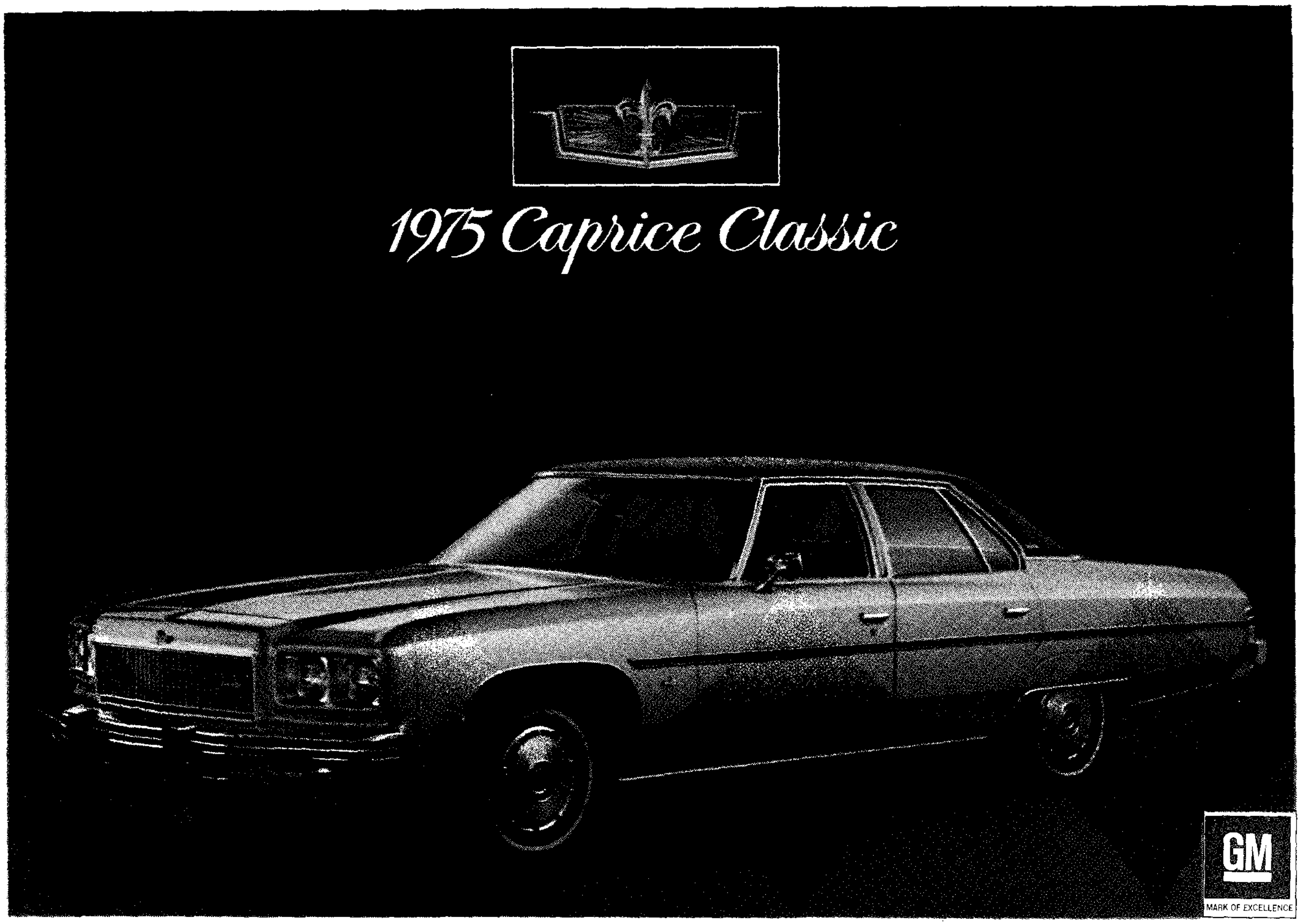
The teeth of the eelpout were green.

"From eating sand dollars, which are covered with algae."

Codium, a grasslike material, was copious on the deck.

"It's only been around here ten or fifteen years. It has air pockets in it. It grows on clams, rocks them loose, and floats them to the surface."

The bodies of conger-eel larvae were transparent, with eyes—black dots—bulging at one end. Through



# LOWEST PRICE AT THE TOP.

Based on a comparison of Manufacturers' Suggested Retail Prices, Caprice Classic Coupes nd Sedans are priced ower than any comparable op-of-the-line full-size ar. For a good reason.

We wanted you to be ble to enjoy the elegance nd comfort typical of our uppermost Chevrolet at a comfortable price.

But we didn't stop there.

## New savings on gas and maintenance.

We wanted you to be able to enjoy your Caprice without undue concern for overall operating costs. So we made our 350-2 V8 standard on Caprice this year. The result: good gas mileage. Based on figures published in the EPA Buyer's Guide, Caprice achieved 18 mpg in the highway test and 12 mpg in the city test. That's significantly better gas mileage than Chevy's nearest sales competitor's full-size cars scored on the EPA test.

And we wanted you to enjoy an easier maintenance schedule on your new Caprice. So this year Caprice requires less recommended maintenance that could save you a lot over the next 50,000 miles.

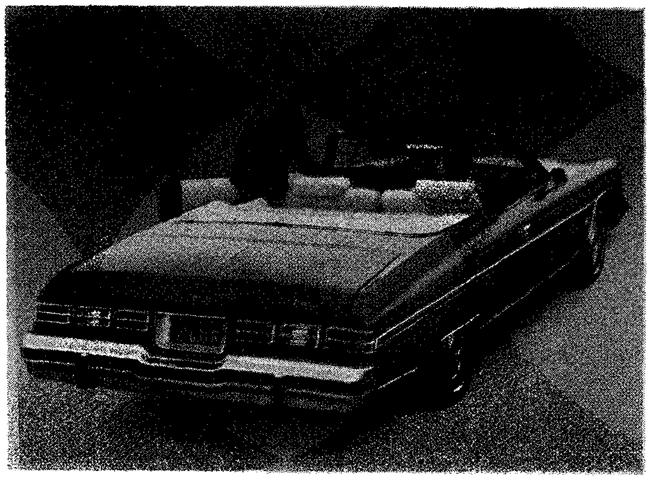
But, of course, we wouldn't stop with just new efficiencies on Caprice.

## Traditional elegance and comfort.

We wanted you to enjoy a version of America's roomiest car. (And according to *Automotive Industries* magazine, full-size Chevrolet 4-Door Sedans top the domestic car industry in roominess.)

We wanted you to enjoy molded full foam seats in front and back to accommodate six adults comfortably.

When you can cater to your desire for elegance and comfort, while still being sensible—why wait any longer?



aprice Classic Convertible. This year is your last chance to njoy America's lowest priced convertible, the last of a breed.

**Now that makes sense**

CHEVROLET
MAKES SENSE FOR AMERICA

Chevrolet

Ballantine's Scotch
Good taste is why you buy it
Ballantine's
Very Fine Scotch Whisky
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Ballantine's
ESTABLISHED 1827
BY APPOINTMENT TO
THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA
THE LATE KING EDWARD VII
4/5 QUART
86 PROOF
FINEST BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
George Ballantine & Son, Limited
Distillers—Dumbarton, Scotland
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.
"21" BRANDS, INC NEW YORK, N.Y.
12
SCOTCH
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Ballantine's
TWELVE 12 YEARS OLD
FINEST BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
George Ballantine & Son Limited
DISTILLERS
NEW YORK, N.Y.
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND

©"21" Blended Scotch Whisky, bottled in Scotland. 86 proof. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc., N.Y.C.

the young windowpane flounders one could see the grain of the wood of the deck.

"Windowpane flounders eat a lot of mysid shrimp."

"Summer flounders are left-eyed. Winter flounders are right-eyed."

"We look at their scales—see how fast they're growing. Look at their stomachs—see what they've been eating."

"Look. A God-damned anchovy."

"They're important in the diets of weakfish and bluefish."

"Herring time. Four. Eight. Twelve . . ."

"My grandfather smokes them."

There were forty-two herring, each about fourteen inches long.

"Butterfish. Silversides. Sand lances."

The sand lances had both the length and the diameter of standard pencils.

"We once brought in a twenty-two-pound striped bass and found a quart of sand lances in its stomach."

Don Danila was working on a master's degree there on the deck with Rich Smith and Gerry Miller. As they sorted and counted, they spoke data to Chuck Milstein, the assistant project leader. A trim and light-figured man with a blue knitted cap, blue-tinted glasses, rubber overalls, and a clipboard, Milstein recorded numbers of specimens, numbers of species, the total weight of each species, along with the depth, temperature, salinity, and dissolved-oxygen content of the water the fish had come from. The day was calm, partly cloudy, under a cool sun. The air temperature was forty-seven degrees. The sea's temperature was forty, and it varied only half a degree throughout the water column, from the surface to the bottom.

Seven stations were a day's trawling. Between counts, while the net was in the water, the ichthyologists sat in the Valiant II's cabin and read the newspaper—the *National Fisherman*. Or they checked instruments. Or they threw a secchi disc into the ocean to measure turbidity. White, heavy, attached to a line knotted at one-foot intervals, it sank, and when it disappeared from view its depth in feet was recorded.

"Ten feet."

"Not very clear."

"It's getting ready for a plankton bloom, that's why."

"When phytoplankton is blooming you can smell it. The ocean smells dank."

"When plankton is concentrated in

the net, it smells sweet, like cucumbers."

"A thousand pounds of phytoplankton can support a hundred pounds of zooplankton. A hundred pounds of zooplankton can support ten pounds of small predators. Ten pounds of small predators can support one pound of large predator—in other words, a striped bass."

On other trips, on other days, they would tend their lobster pots; they would tag striped bass; they would make gillnetting runs and pelagic trawls. They once caught so many lion's-mane jellyfish they could not haul the net in. Jellyfish might be something of a problem going up against the screens, for jellyfish cannot fight a foot-per-second current.

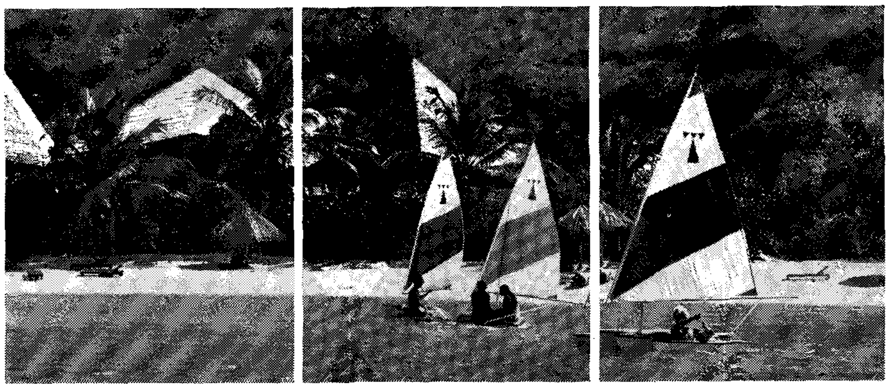
Summer trawls had yielded, typically, sea robins, dogfish and other sharks, scup, perch, menhaden. Menhaden were the most numerous fish of the region. A school of them might weigh sixteen tons. Sixteen tons of menhaden could be a problem against the screens. A massive impingement of menhaden could shut the plant down.

Over the years, about a hundred and fifty fish species had been collected. Sturgeon. Goosefish. Fluke. Squid. Rays—including a twenty-five-pound spiny butterfly ray, out of its place, which is the deep ocean. Sea snails—a rare fish in this area. All were kept in jars on the shelves of a fish library behind the group's lab, which had once been a private home, in Absecon. When a count was finished on the deck of Valiant II, only a certain number of fish were kept for the library. The others were thrown back over the side.

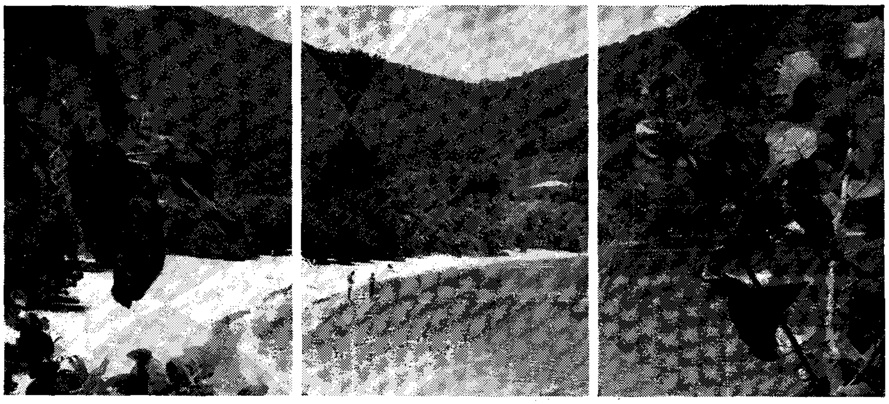
Northern fish and tropical fish were migrants to the area—for example, barracuda. The summer of 1973 had brought warm seas and the highest temperature ever recorded in the surf at Atlantic City—eighty-three degrees. Tropical fish rarely seen in New Jersey waters came into the trawling nets: bigeyes, lookdowns, goatfish, pompano.

Jay Chamblin, a medical parasitologist who was now doing zooplankton studies for Ichthyological Associates, was aboard. "In one haul of the net, eighty thousand gallons are filtered," he observed. "More than two million gallons per minute are supposed to go through the cooling system of each reactor. You can begin to see the problem." Through the cooling system would go the eggs and larvae of many fish, and the phytoplankton they feed on. The plant might kill millions of organisms, but it was hard to say what

We give you three days at Little Dix,



and three at Caneel for an encore.



A total, in fact, of 7 days, 6 nights, including a delightful mini-cruise boat trip or short flight between them. Or a total of 9 days, or 11 days. And the longer you stay, the more you save, on our Combination Vacation at Caneel Bay and Little Dix Bay. (Available April 15-November 1.)

All meals are included. So are water skiing, and use of snorkeling equipment, sailboats, and water taxis at Little Dix and many extras at Caneel. Tennis is included at both resorts. And the cost? Just $525 for two people, double, for the 7 day, 6 night vacation, $660 for the 9-day, $795 for the 11-day one.

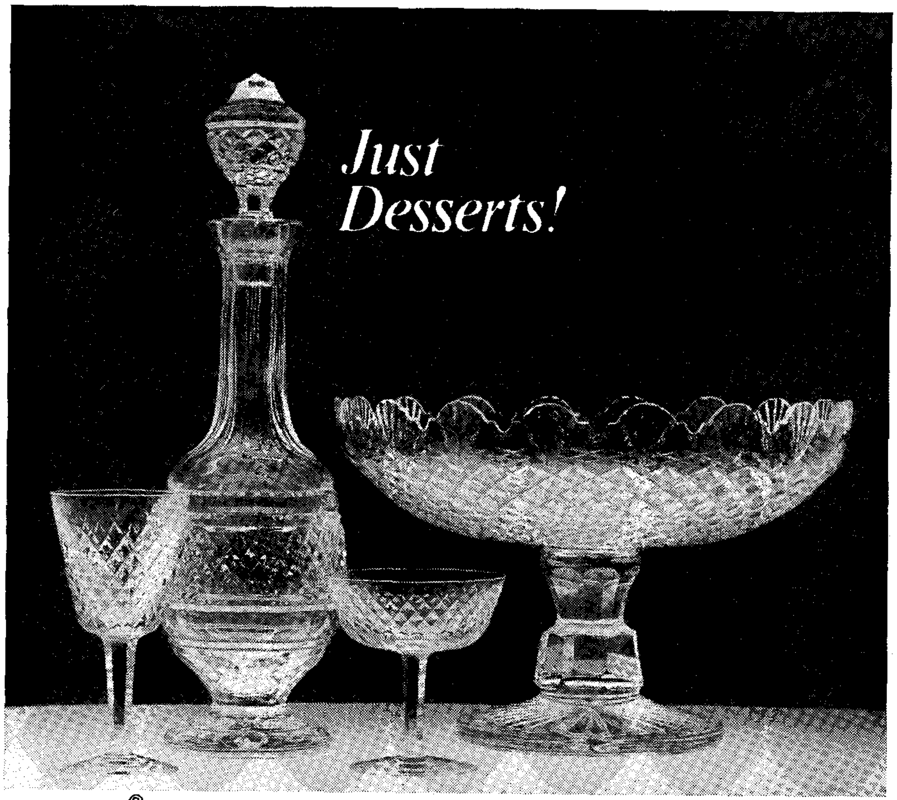
Both resorts are gems. Caneel on the U.S. Virgin Island of St. John with its beautiful peninsula and seven famous beaches, spacious, secluded and serene. Little Dix with its gorgeous blue reef-protected bay, on Virgin Gorda, in the British Virgin Islands.

Details? Reservations? See your travel agent, or call the Loews Reservations Office in your city. In New York call (212) 586-4459.

LITTLE DIX BAY
VIRGIN GORDA • BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

CANEEL BAY PLANTATION
VIRGIN ISLANDS NATIONAL PARK, ST. JOHN, U. S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

*Operated by Rockresorts, Inc.*

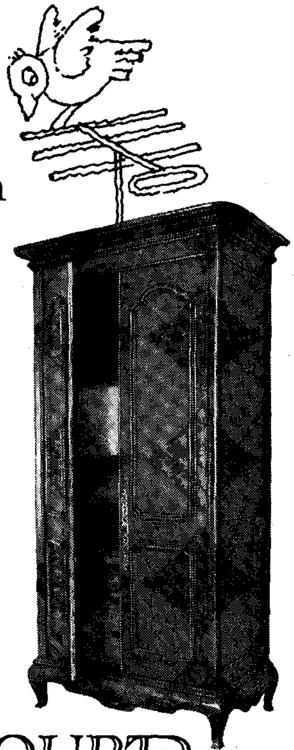


*Waterford® crystal. Just one exquisite choice from Little Switzerland, where you'll find jewelry, watches, clocks, china, binoculars, hi-fi, and camera equipment.*

**Little Switzerland**

ST. THOMAS ST CROIX ST MARTIN

*We accept American Express Credit Cards.*



**We've hidden the television set in your room so it won't watch you when you're not watching it.**

**But is that any reason for you to stay with us?**

We think so. Because your stay in any hotel is made up of a thousand small details—and they all have to be right.

That's why we pay such extravagant attention. With real antiques. Fresh flowers. Personal, comfortable surroundings. And most important, a staff that knows how to wait on you hand and foot without invading an inch of your privacy.

The Italian provincial armoire that hides your TV is a symbol of that kind of attention to detail.

It's furniture you'd like in your own home.

And it gets dandy color reception.

The
STANFORD COURT
A Hotel on San Francisco's Nob Hill

**For people who understand the subtle differences.**

For reservations dial toll free in the U.S. (800) 227-4248, in California (800) 622-0812, or call Quick Reservations or *Hotel Representatives Inc. (212) 838-3110. *H.R.I.—the leading hotels of Europe and World Wide Associates.

the impact would be on the total population, because populations explode.

Chamblin, pleasant and subtle, had a lean and ecological look. He lived in Beach Haven, the nearest community to the site. He saw a fly, caught it in one hand, and stared at it in fascination. "I *think* this *may* be the *first* fly of the spring," he said. Mischievously, he added, "Look at its small abdomen. At first, I thought it was one of those radioactive flies with abnormally small abdomens they find around nuclear plants and don't talk about very much."

As a group, Ichthyological Associates prefer to stay out of discussions about radiation. All nuclear plants emit certain radioactive isotopes—such as iodine 131 and tritium—both in gases that go into the air and in discharged cooling water. In the Atomic Energy Commission's "Survey of Unique Technical Features of the Floating Nuclear Power Plant Concept," it had been noted that "individuals who fish near the plant and its breakwater may be exposed both to the radiation from the liquid effluent and to the accumulated radioactivity in the fish that they catch." The survey continued, "The potentially significant radiation dose from fish ingestion and from fishing and boating near the plant will have to be evaluated at each proposed site. The problem could be similar to that at a lakeside nuclear power plant, although it may be more severe if the breakwater becomes a site for accumulation of radionuclides that can be taken up by edible marine organisms." The amount of radiation, in any case, would be small, the A.E.C. said. As around any land-based plant, it would be "a small fraction of the population dose attributable to the natural radiation background." Or, as one Public Service consultant later put it, "the radiation content of the plant's discharge water will actually be less per unit volume than that present in an ordinary can of beer." Ichthyological Associates' director, Edward Raney, testifying before the New Jersey State Assembly's Committee on Air, Water Pollution, and Public Health, had forthrightly said, "Radioactivity has nothing to do with fish. This is not in my field of expertise, but . . . I can assure you that the fish you eat from out there will be no different than the fish you get anywhere else."

Now, on Valiant II, Chamblin said, "No one in the lab is a proponent of nuclear energy. The staff is wary of fission."

It was marine biology, in the con-

# America the beautiful.

The America of Venezuela where gas still goes for 12¢ a gallon. (Without free glassware and matching dollar games.)

Of Costa Rica where a peace and quiet vacation is guaranteed by the fact there is no army.

Of El Salvador and Guatemala where luxury hotels spoil you and not the countryside.

Of Rio where, like the rest of the continent, devaluation is a word only found in economics textbooks.

Of Argentina where the food is as American as meat pie and a steak dinner goes for about 3 bucks.

Underdeveloped countries? Just walk along Copacabana Beach and see the women in their string bikinis.

Summer is approaching now in Latin America. So it wouldn't be a bad idea to call your travel agent and arrange a Pan Am vacation. Why specifically Pan Am?

Well, no other airline has as convenient a schedule and as many ways to save you money on tours and the like than Pan Am. And no other airline has as far-flung a system of offices and people to help Americans get accustomed to the customs of a foreign land. Even if that foreign land happens to be America.

See your travel agent.

**PAN AM**

The Spirit of '75.

In shape for sunning

A body needs to be fit when preparing for sun exposure. The approach here is separate fit for bra and hip. In a series of flowering curves, a sheer skirt for the matching adjustable bikini over which appears a shapely wire bra. Accessory to the fact—a sheer matching scarf. All in two-tone yellow and pale rose nylon. Bra, 32 to 36 B to D/D, $16, bikini, small to large, 11.50, one-size skirt with elasticized waist, $26, triangle scarf, $6. Foundations Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Saks Fifth Avenue

text of what Milstein called a "wide-scale ecological project," that had attracted them to the job—a chance to advance their knowledge and their degrees with what amounted to a grant from Public Service.

"We have no constraints on what we do," Milstein said.

Chamblin said, "We know more and more about what we are destroying."

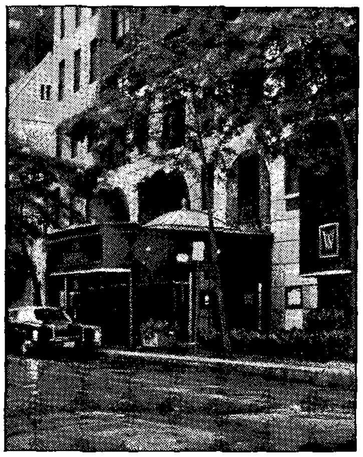
Milstein said, "Some companies would insist that all findings be kept in-house. Public Service actually disseminates the information. And our reports are not sanitized before they are published. To do the job adequately, we try to avoid getting into the nuclear-safety discussion generally. Let me say this, though: if this were an oil rig going in, we wouldn't want to work here."

Another haul came aboard and was spilled into the tub. Bob Dianjoell, a charter-fishing sailor, who was more or less the mate of Valiant II, looked over the catch. He wore a bemused look. He said, "Those nets are not rigged to catch anything. Just that trash."

ON a day more raw and windy, a research vessel called Sea Quest went out through the inlet and on into confused and choppy water to tend what the Atlantic Generating Station's full-time oceanographers refer to as "the farm." In the immediate acreage of the site they had planted some hundreds of instruments at varying depths. Wave riders rested on the sea. Spherical, tied to long lines, they could ride any wave from trough to crest. They knew where they were in feet from the bottom, and they broadcast their movements to recorders ashore, which, in turn, provided numbers to computers. Wind instruments were bolted to a toroidal buoy. Dominating the farm was a tower that rose sixteen to twenty feet above the ocean surface and stood on a tripod of heavy steel pipes. It stood in thirty-eight feet of water, and its pilings went down fifty-five feet into the seabed. A few months before, a once-in-forty-years wave had completely overtopped the tower, causing damage but not destruction. Instruments excluded, the tower had cost more than a hundred thousand dollars. It had been put there by the Environmental Equipment Division of E.G.&G. International, Public Service's oceanographic consultants. Instruments clung to it like mollusks—an anemometer, a bubbler tide gauge, a barnacle collector, an orthogonal

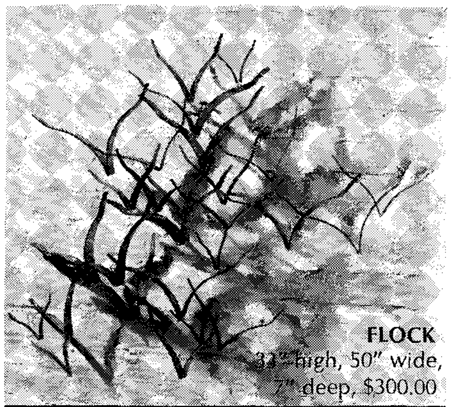
*Fortune* has named the eight great, little-known hotels of the world.

Two of them are in the United States.



One of them is The Whitehall, Chicago.

THE WHITEHALL
105 East Delaware Place • Chicago 60611
(312) WHitehall 4-6300
For information and reservations see
your travel agent or call toll free
(800) 223-5757. In New York State,
call collect (212) 371-4111.



FLOCK
32" high, 50" wide,
7" deep, $300.00

WILLIAM Bowie THE SCULPTURE STUDIO
Write for color catalog
202 E. 77th ST.
NEW YORK 10021

current meter, a tank for red dye.

The purpose was to construct a hydrographic profile through many seasons over a broad ocean grid—to predict the effect that the sea would have on the generating station and to predict the effect that the generating station would have on the sea, most notably in the outspreading thermal plume. Many of the instruments were powered with batteries. Some contained 16-mm. cameras. All needed regular attention on a rotating schedule. Divers in wet suits stood prepared on Sea Quest's deck, their legs braced against pitch and roll—bare flesh showing between their rubber pants and rubber shirts.

"Is it cold in those things?"

"You're damned right it's cold."

Green spray came across the cockpit coaming. The divers jumped into the ocean. Treading water, they inspected wave riders. Going below, they brought up a nine-hundred-pound railroad wheel with current meters and temperature recorders strung along a chain behind it. Remaining on deck were John Cooper, the chief oceanographer on the project, and his boss, Ralph Eldridge, the program manager for E. G. & G. Eldridge—partly bald, middle-aged, quick with words—was by training a meteorologist. He described Cooper as a wet oceanographer, explaining that a wet oceanographer works in literal touch with the sea, while a dry one sits at a desk and uses data. Cooper was a heavyset man, still youthful, with tortoiseshell glasses, which were now flaky with salt. His hair was stringy, brine-soaked. He had a warm, disarming smile. He said he had been at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, on Cape Cod, for nine years before signing on for this project. At Woods Hole, when he was there, no one had been doing shallow-water oceanography. "After the Second World War, they all went into deep water," he said. "It was easier. Now, with the environmental movement, they have been coming inshore. It's good. People are very much interested in what we are doing here, just from the oceanographic point of view."

They were finding out where the water came from, he said. Water from the New York Bight, for example, apparently moved south in gyres—great vortices ten miles in diameter, rolling down the coast. They mixed, gradually, with waters of the continental shelf. One could tell where water had come from by its temperature and salinity. Mediterranean water, for instance, is thirteen degrees centigrade, and its salinity is thirty-seven parts per thou-

AMARETTO
DI SARONNO

The potion of love.
(and how it all began 450 years ago)

We know she was beautiful, young and widowed.

But did she create the original Amaretto di Saronno as a thank you for her portrait? Or was it to stir romantic fires in Bernardino Luini, the artist who painted her in 1525?

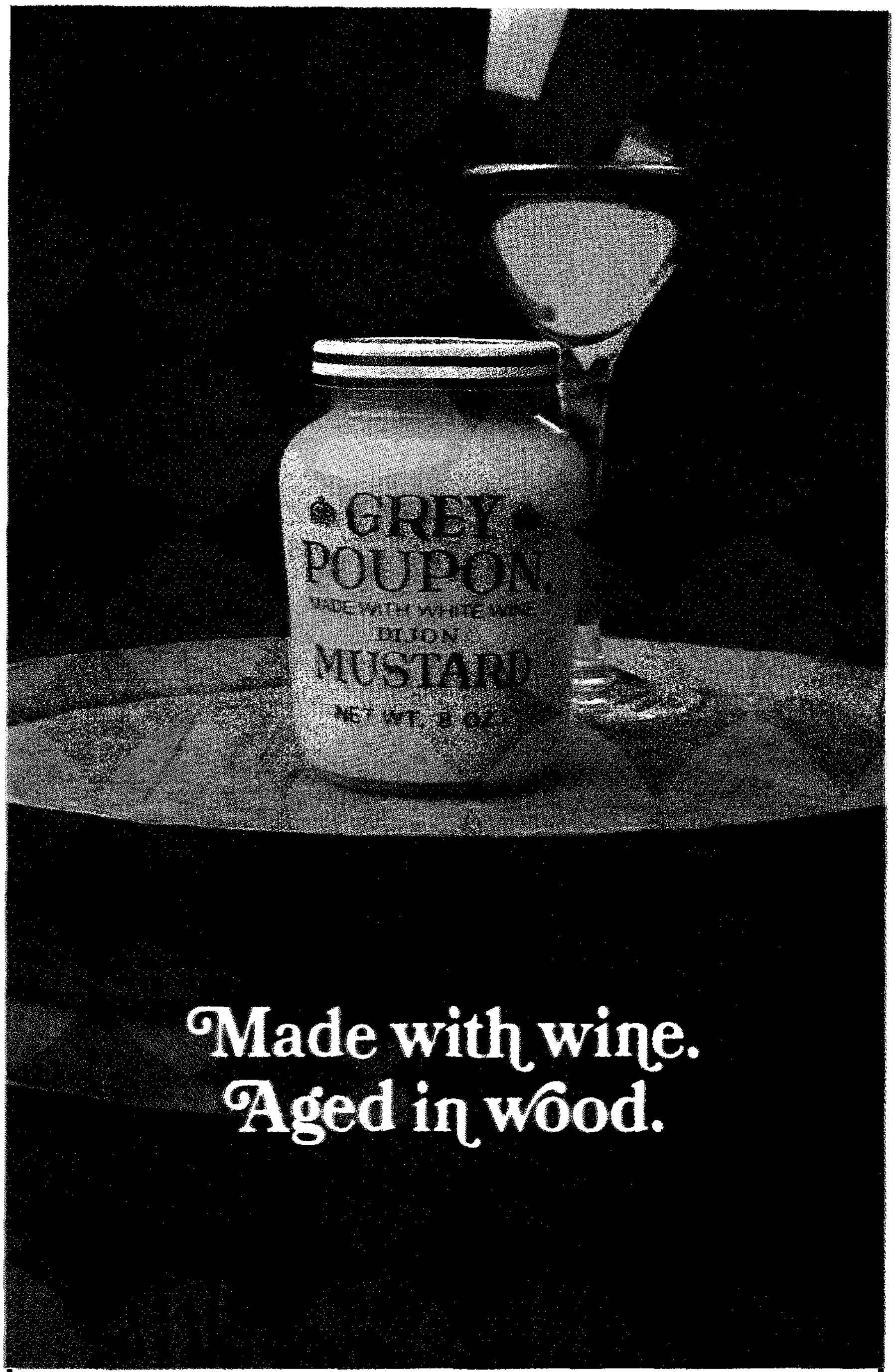
History has lost the answers—even her name—leaving only Luini's stunning fresco in the Sanctuary of Santa Maria delle Grazie in Saronno, Italy. And her romantic, intriguing liqueur.

We still like to think Amaretto di Saronno is a potion that inspired a great love. It's something to wonder about tonight as you sip its intriguing, provocative bouquet.

Discover the many other ways to use Italy's rare liqueur of love. Write for a free recipe booklet: Foreign Vintages, Inc. 98 Cutter Mill Road, Great Neck, New York 11021, Dept. NYO.

The original:
Amaretto di Saronno.®

56 Proof. Imported by Foreign Vintages, Inc., Great Neck, N.Y. © 1974



# Easy and Elegant Chicken Salad Supreme

¾ cup mayonnaise
3 tablespoons Grey Poupon Dijon Mustard
2 tablespoons chopped pimientos
2 tablespoons pickle relish
1 tablespoon minced onion
3 cups cubed cooked chicken
¾ cup chopped cooked chicken
2 hard-cooked eggs, diced
2 tablespoons toasted slivered almonds

Combine mayonnaise, mustard, pimientos, relish and onion. Add to remaining ingredients and toss together lightly to mix well.

*To Serve Cold:* Refrigerate until ready to serve (at least 3 hours).

*To Serve Hot:* Top with mixture of ½ cup grated cheese and ½ cup bread crumbs. Sprinkle with paprika. Bake in preheated 350° oven for 30 minutes. Serves 6–8.

sand. Moving into the Atlantic, it sinks. Wherever it goes, it keeps its Mediterranean characteristics for years. Look deep enough and you can find it in the Caribbean. Typical ocean salinity is thirty-five parts per thousand. The water from the New York Bight can be as low as twenty-nine. On this part of the continental shelf, Cooper said, the characteristic salinity was thirty-two. Using such facts, one could determine where water had come from and pretty much where it was going. Oceanographers used to think that when water had settled somewhere it would stay down and old for centuries. That was not necessarily true. The Atomic Energy Commission, making such an assumption, had once dumped radioactive wastes in the Gulf of Mexico, only to discover that the water was much younger than people had thought.

These were boundary conditions here—two and eight-tenths miles offshore, near an inlet, near the surface, near the bottom. It was neither deep nor estuarine water. It was "a never-never region," Cooper said, where some waves were feeling the bottom and others were not. Winds, predominantly, were what created the local currents. Years ago, Vagn Walfrid Ekman, the great Swedish oceanographer, had written a book on wind-drift currents, and that was about all that E.G.&G. had to refer to beyond its own accumulating data. The prevailing current here ran southwest. About a fifth of the time, it turned around and flowed northeast. When it did, considerable upwelling occurred just seaward of the site, and that, said Cooper, contradicted everything he had previously learned. ("Classically, you learn that upwelling takes place in deep water and is then advected in.") Taking all things together—wind stresses, shallow-water waves, upwelling, the variability of current systems, interreaction of air and sea—the oceanographers had as their goal to reach an understanding of mixing processes in near-coastal areas, this one in particular. Water masses were being created here which would then flow somewhere else. In a decade or so, they would begin to carry the effluent of a Westinghouse reactor.

When the oceanographers were not checking fixed instruments, Eldridge put in, they sometimes chased drogues for as much as ten hours, simulating a tracking of the thermal plume. Drogues were floats that consisted of intersecting planes designed to be equally affected from any direction by the push of current. Often, here, it was a two-layer ocean. While the littoral drift moved southwest in the lower fathoms, wind-drift currents made tangents above. So E.G.&G. had developed two kinds of drogue—surface and subsurface—and the oceanographers often chased sixteen at a time.

Or they might drop five hundred cc.s of rhodomine-B into the sea at the site and watch as a plume the color of Mercurochrome began to drift. As the plume matured, it would turn into what Cooper described as a "rotating swastika"—spinning along the coast, or toward land, or toward the open sea. As the dye diffused, the eye could continue to see it until the solution was as weak as two parts per billion. A fluorometer on Sea Quest could see four times as well as that.

To an extent much greater than had been true with the ichthyologists, the oceanographic people seemed dedicated to the success of the utility's project. They said that indeed they were. "We try to keep our thinking reasonably germane to what we're trying to do out here," Eldridge said. "We feel no conflict with the interests of Public Service Electric & Gas." Cooper, for his part, said he felt that his commitment was fifty per cent to oceanographic study and fifty per cent to the utility. Cooper and Eldridge both said they thought the concept of ocean-floating nuclear plants was sound and sensible. Eldridge said, "My first reactions were 'What a hell of a place to put a plant! Can't they think of a better place than the ocean? Why put a nuclear plant in such a hostile environment?' But after I got into it I changed my mind. We all did. And everyone in my group here is a professional environmentalist—not a cocktail environmentalist, self-appointed. Regulations are nebulous for this site and this concept. The work we do will help establish regulations for future floating plants."

More spray had dried on Cooper's glasses, but he did not seem to notice. "Seventy million cubic metres per second goes by in the Gulf Stream," he said. "To me, the real brass ring is trying to figure out how to grab it. Take one per cent of the energy of the Gulf Stream and you've done it. That's it. All you'll ever need. The problem is solved. Of course, I don't know how you'd do it."

THE design life of the floating nuclear plants would be forty years. What if a storm so great that it would happen only once in a million years should come along during that time?

BROWNSTONE STUDIO®

**THE GADABOUT**
Our ribbed summer knit pantsuit cooled with white piqué. Easy tunic overblouse shaped by its sash. Long back zipper. Full, hip-hiding, pull-on pants. Washable, packable, a carefree travelling companion. Washable polyester. Navy or kelly. 6-18. $60.00.

**"UPSTAIRS"**
the Brownstone Boutique
on the 22nd floor at
342 Madison Ave. Dept.Y512
New York, New York 10017
**(212) 687-0190**

If you prefer shopping from home, write or call for our **FREE SUMMER BROCHURE**

Add $1.50 for handling; New York State residents add sales tax. Check, M.O., American Express, BankAmericard or Master Charge.

**4 weeks in Spain $459**

per person double occupancy
(Add $100 Supplement for June, July and August)

**6 weeks $499**

**Includes round trip jet fare**
Departing weekly from Boston, New York and other cities to the Costa del Sol.

**First class hotel**
Luxurious modern accommodations in Torremolinos with kitchenette, private bath and balcony and daily maid service.

**Two overnight sightseeing trips**

**Entertainment**
Parties, dances, Spanish lessons and more.

**Social staff**

**Other tour options available**
No other trip offers so much for so little! Get all the exciting details about Holiday in Spain... and see why it's a vacation value you can't afford to miss. Send the coupon today.

**HOLIDAIR LTD.**
1505 Commonwealth Avenue
Boston, Massachusetts 02135
617-783-5500

Please send free literature about 4-week HOLIDAY IN SPAIN.

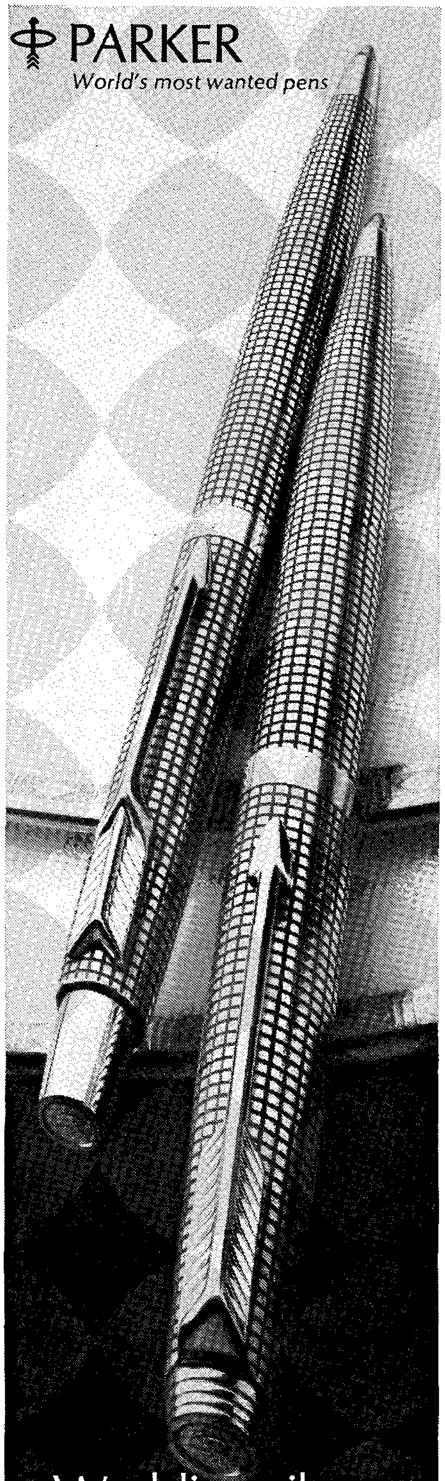
TNY 51275-4

NAME__________
STREET__________
CITY__________
STATE__________ ZIP__________
TELEPHONE__________
(Please Print)

The million-year storm would be a hurricane about eighty miles in diameter, moving with an advance speed of fifty knots, with sustained winds blowing at something like a hundred and fifty miles an hour, and with gusts far higher than that. Such a hurricane coming into the vicinity of the plant site would surge the surface of the ocean to a point beyond which it could be surged no more. The level of the sea would be lifted there about nineteen feet—a figure governed by the bathymetry, or depth and configuration, of the bottom. And what if the million-year storm should happen to come at a time of highest astronomical tide, which would be six feet—twice the normal daily variation? Now the water depth—forty plus nineteen plus six—would be up to sixty-five feet, the most prodigious water column that could ever stand at the selected site, two and eight-tenths miles off Little Egg Inlet. Never mind that a large percentage of southern New Jersey would now be under water. Atlantic City would be drowned outright. Vineland would be Venice. The hills of the Pine Barrens would be islands in the flood. What would happen to the floating nuclear plants? And what would happen if at the height of such a storm a three-hundred-thousand-ton supertanker—the largest that could float in these waters with its tanks discharged—were to stray off course and at sixteen knots crash head on into the breakwater? What if the supertanker rammed its prow into one of the gaps left open for the benefit of fish?

The Atomic Energy Commission wished to know the answers to these questions. For that matter, the A.E.C. wished to know what would happen if a supertanker hit the breakwater on a dead-calm day. Intentions were that the floating nuclear plants would be in "safe shut-down condition" during the "probable maximum hurricane" (the once-in-a-million-years storm), but what about the once-in-a-hundred-years storm, when the ocean surface was up sixteen feet and forty-foot waves were breaking? Could the plants continue to make fissions, steam, and electricity safely under such conditions? Could the hundred-year storm be the maximum "operating-basis storm"? The A.E.C. required that information, too.

At the Stevens Institute of Technology, in Hoboken, in 1972, a crude model breakwater made of wood, chicken wire, and pebbles was put in a tank and hit with the scaled equivalent of fifty-foot waves. The idea was

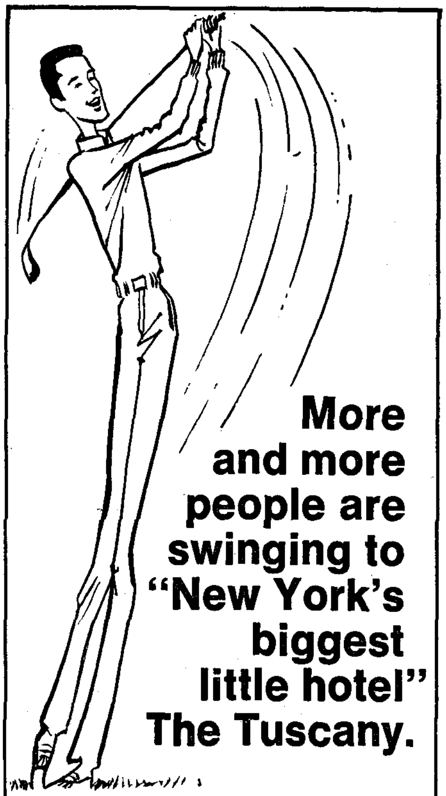


Wedding silver that writes.

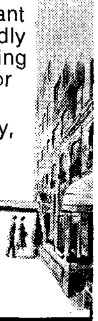
For her: The slender Parker Classic.
For him: The elegant Parker 75
ball pen in solid sterling silver.
Or, vice versa. Great gift ideas
for ushers or bridesmaids.
Parker gift pens and sets
from $5 to $500.

PARKER 75
A gift of immediate and lasting value

©1975 The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

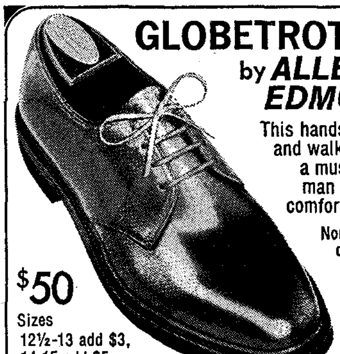

More and more people are swinging to "New York's biggest little hotel" The Tuscany.

**And here are some of the reasons.**
Every room comes with a butler's pantry, adjustable bed with vibrator, lounger chair, FM radio, electric shoe polisher, Irish linen towels, electric wall clock, bathroom extension phone, color TV and, most important of all, a staff of exceptional, friendly people, who truly believe in treating every guest at the hotel, as if he or she were the only guest.
Our restaurants are extraordinary, too. So is our new bar.
And we're just around the corner from Grand Central, the air terminal, most shops and theatres.
*May we send you a brochure?*



THE
Tuscany
A DORAL HOTEL
39th Street, just east of Park Avenue
New York 10016
Telephone: (212) 686-1600

GLOBETROTTER
by *ALLEN EDMONDS*



This handsome travel and walking shoe is a must for every man who enjoys comfort and style.
Non slip micro-cellular crepe bottom, in sizes 6 to 16 AAA to EEE.
Brown and black custom calf skin.

$50
Sizes
12½-13 add $3,
14-15 add $5,
16 add $7
*Write for Free Brochure*
Major credit cards honored

Tom Austin SHOES
339 Madison Ave., New York City 10017
In New York's Famous Biltmore Hotel

You can tell a lot about an individual by what he pours into his glass.

IMPORTED
FROM THE WORLD'S OLDEST DISTILLERY
OLD BUSHMILLS
IRISH WHISKEY
A BLEND
100% IRISH WHISKIES
ORIGINAL GRANT TO DISTIL
1608
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
The Old Bushmills Distillery Co.
LIMITED
BUSHMILLS
IRELAND
PRODUCT OF IRELAND.
4/5 QUART · 86° PROOF
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
THE JOS. GARNEAU CO. NEW YORK N.Y.

Bushmills.
The world's oldest whiskey.
What individuals have poured
into their glass since 1608.

The "Musician" glass & coaster created for the Bushmills Collection by Henry Halem

A blend of 100% Irish Whiskies. 86 Proof. Bottled in Ireland. The Jos. Garneau Co., New York, N.Y. ©1974

Knitting with a bright outlook on you

Suit your sunny self with a trio that really gives you something *to be happy about. Pantsuiting with* a nautical point of view, sure to be going your way this summer.

Blue blazer with flap patch pockets over white pants and a sleeveless blue and white striped tank. Washable polyester for 6 to 14 sizes, $66. Young Dimensions in Dresses. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Saks Fifth Avenue

that green water should never overtop the breakwater, and thus, for twenty-five thousand dollars or so, Public Service learned how high to build it. More advanced tests of model nuclear plants and a model breakwater were made at the Army Corps of Engineers Waterways Experiment Station, in Vicksburg, Mississippi. Certain basics about the configuration of the breakwater were determined there—the angles of its slopes, the appropriate weight for the armoring *dolosse.* (In an early test, the million-year storm knocked a few *dolosse* off the breakwater.) Such tests gave answers only for components, though, and ultimately nothing less than a total model would do—a model of the bathymetry of the entire region of the chosen site, with a model ocean upon it, and a model nuclear generating station floating there, surrounded by a breakwater made of stone and sand and *dolosse.* A suitable scale would be one to sixty-four. Within two thousand miles of Newark, there was only one test basin large enough to contain such a design. Europeans were far ahead of Americans in such coastal-engineering facilities. The Dutch, for example, could have placed a suitable piece of New Jersey's ocean in a corner of their laboratory at Delft. The one sufficiently ample facility in the United States was at the University of Florida, in Gainesville, where a coastal-and-oceanographic-engineering laboratory had been built to house extensive working models of Florida bays, inlets, estuaries, and beaches—whose erosion was worth preventing, because it could produce concomitant erosion in the treasuries of the state.

Kehnemuyi took me there one day. As we approached the building, on the edge of the university campus, he commented that the European, particularly Dutch, laboratories of this type were more numerous because "in this world we do what we need to do, and they live with water." And now, he said, New Jersey was in a predicament analogous to Holland's. The structure we entered was steel-walled and might have been a gymnasium. Its "model slab" was close to twelve thousand square feet in size (roughly four basketball courts), and had been molded to the bathymetry of the New Jersey seabed. Almost a foot of water covered the entire basin—a level scaled to the water column as it would be during a once-in-a-hundred-years storm. Floating in the center of the room were two squarish hulls supporting scaled nuclear-power plants, and these

GUESTS FILL ME
WITH SORROW—
HERE TODAY—
HERE TOMORROW

SAY WELCOME WITH WHIMSY: Charming crewel-work pillow with a cover that zips off. The saying is tongue-in-cheek, and will brighten a guest room and greet your guests with humor. A Horchow Collection exclusive, it measures 16" x 18". #3848A. 17.50 (2.50 postage and handling).

Send for our current catalogue or call toll-free, 800-527-4535.

HORCHOW COLLECTION®

P. O. Box 34257 Dept. 01562
Dallas, Texas 75234

A fine location for the finer things in life.

Including the art of fine living. Stay in one of our handsome rooms or suites which are available by the day, month or year. Dine in our Polo Bar & Lounge or Mayfair Room. And agree.

The Westbury
Madison Avenue at 69th St.
New York, New York 10021
(212) 535-2000

People who go places know where to stay.

Blue Cat
by Harriet Lustig

Collectors edition limited to 250

Signed and numbered by the Artist. Hand cast in blue hydrastone. Base included. 8" high $90.00 ppd.

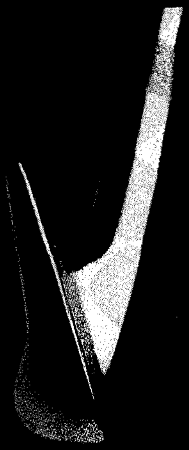
*For more about the artist and her work:*
The Artist's Illustrated Portfolio 50¢

Please forward check or money order to Turnstone Gallery
ARDSLEY-ON-HUDSON, N.Y. 10503

# ELITE CENTURION.

## MORE THAN CLUBS, AN APPROACH TO THE GAME.

Elite Centurion clubs are for the player who believes the most important aspect of his game is his own ability. They epitomize attention to the pure playability of a golf club. Performance-proven design, engineering and manufacturing principles, plus craftsmanship at its best. Elite Centurion is confidence in play, pride in ownership.



Elite
CENTURION
Spalding
STAINLESS

Medium-deep faced driver with precise bulge ratios produces more accurate drives. Shallow-faced fairway woods for greater playability from all lies. Unique brass back-weight concentrates mass behind the ball at impact.

Slightly offset blade encourages hands-ahead action at impact. And with the thin, clean top line and high toe gives the long irons a middle iron appearance – a visual but very real benefit to confidence and control.

Investment cast irons for precision feel, consistent in every club. Short hosel lowers the center of gravity by allowing more weight along the sole.

SPALDING®

Available only through golf professional shops

A DIVISION OF QUESTOR

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*"What you wear when you pretend you weren't expecting him."*

**"THAT'S TANNER."**

*"Makes the most of sizes 6-16. It's a polyester/cotton knit. $58."*

*"That's one bill I won't mind paying."*

*"Knock-out!"*

*"... and you can buy it at*

*Bloomingdale's, New York*
*Nordstrom, Portland*
*Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, Rochester*
*Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago*
*B. Siegel, Detroit*
*Woodward & Lothrop, Wash., D.C.*
*Or for the store nearest you write:*
*Tanner of North Carolina*
*530 Seventh Ave., NY 10018."*

*"You know it feels good before you put it on."*

*Priced slightly higher in the West.*

were surrounded by an atoll breakwater complete from caissons to *dolosse*. Eighteen thousand *dolosse* would be required for the breakwater in the sea, so eighteen thousand *dolosse*—precisely configured, made to scale—covered the breakwater here. Electrical wires from the model power plants went up to a central ganglion suspended from the ceiling and then ran over to a control room, where electronic equipment could absorb the findings of a hundred and twenty instruments that profiled, among other things, hull pressures, mooring forces, and six degrees of freedom of motion: pitch, yaw, roll, heave, surge, and sway. Afloat in a sheltered corner of the basin was a supertanker about eighteen feet long. "All that is missing are fish," Kehnemuyi said. "We don't know how to one-sixty-fourth a fish." Across one end of the basin was a wave generator—a set of a hundred paddles on a cam—repetitively shoving toward the breakwater waves of the once-in-a-hundred-years storm. The waves were seven or eight inches high. Scaled up, they would have been forty-footers—great, booming rollers—and they simply went into the *dolosse* like ripples licking the edge of a pond, while the nuclear plants themselves, steady in the atoll, pitched and rolled to a degree imperceptible to the eye. The degree was less than one. The generating station could operate with impunity in the midst of tremendous seas, Kehnemuyi observed. "I'm sure you could design a floating nuclear plant that would take ten or fifteen degrees of roll and pitch, but you would have to change systems inside them. Our design maximum is three degrees, and at three degrees everything that would be in a land-based plant would operate O.K. on the sea."

Stone beaches absorbed the waves at the far end. There was no apparent backwash, or "reflection." A desk and a chair stood surreally in the ocean, landward of the plant, the better for the test director to make notes in proximity to the model. His name was Robert Dean, and he was a University of Florida professor, physical oceanographer, civil engineer—a tall, slender man with dark-rimmed glasses, a black mustache, and an extraordinary affection for water. On his days off, he liked nothing more than to dive into one or another of Florida's limestone sinks, scuba gear on his back, and swim upstream into the total darkness of an underground river, carrying a light and seeing albino crayfish that had no functioning eyes. He had found stone

1973
FOLLE BLANCHE
LOUIS M. MARTINI
1973
JOHANNISBERG RIESLING
LOUIS M. MARTINI
1971
PINOT NOIR
LOUIS M. MARTINI
CLARET
LOUIS M. MARTINI
CHIANTI
LOUIS M. MARTINI
CALIFORNIA
DRY SHERRY
Louis M. Martini

TRY THESE MARTINIS FOR A CHANGE.

*wine connoisseurs do*

SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTOR • PARROTT & CO. • SAN FRANCISCO

CAVE RIPENED
NET WT 4 LBS OZS
Maytag
BLUE CHEESE

We'd ship it to France if we had enough of it...

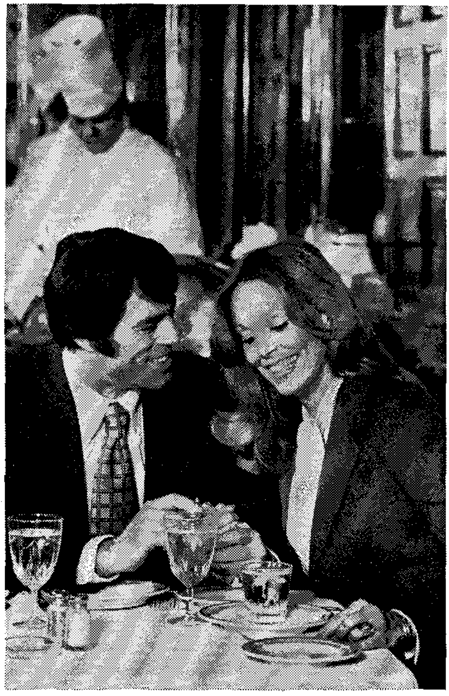
**Once** you've tried Maytag Blue Cheese you'll agree with gourmets and cheese connoisseurs that it's superior to any domestic and finest imported "blue" or similar cheeses. We have one of country's outstanding Holstein-Friesian dairy herds here in Newton, Iowa, and make delicious, tangy Maytag Blue by painstaking hand process in small batches. We cave-ripen Maytag Blue carefully and don't release single wheel until our cheesemaster, incorruptible hawkeye of old school, gives his ok. This being off-season, we are able to sell small quantity of this incomparable delicacy to new customers. If you want to treat yourself or friends to exciting taste experience, discover Maytag Blue. Our faithful Holstein-Friesians are generous with their bounty, but there's only so much to go around. So, please, don't be left out and order right away!

Mail to: MAYTAG Dairy Farms
Rural Route 1, Newton, IA 50208

NY0312

YES, my friends and I deserve the best.
Please send
_____ 2 lbs. wheels of Maytag Blue Cheese @ $6.10
_____ 4lbs. wheels of Maytag Blue Cheese @ $10.30
☐ to myself, ☐ to attached gift list (enclose cards if you wish)

☐ My check for full amount, plus $1 per shipment (to cover partial postage, handling and insurance expense) is enclosed.
☐ Please charge my BA, MC acct.
#_____ exp_____
**NOTE: BA, MC accounts may call (515) 792-1133 for super-fast service.**
My name is_____
I live at_____
in_____State_____Zip_____



A day in the life of a woman in love.

In love with fashionable shops along Fifth Avenue, the theaters, the museums, the special magic that is New York. And lucky in love. She and her husband enjoy a St. Regis Honeymoon Weekend. Frequently. $75 per couple per night* includes an elegant suite and a sumptuous breakfast or brunch. They meet friends for lunch in the Oak Room, rendezvous at cocktail hour and enjoy dinner in the King Cole Grill. They wine, dine, dance and see an exciting entertainer perform in the popular Maisonette. They become reacquainted with the sparkling city life. And themselves. Which is why so many women in love adore the St. Regis. For reservations call (212) PL 3-4500.

*Available for one, two or three nights.

The St. Regis in New York. For people who are here to stay.

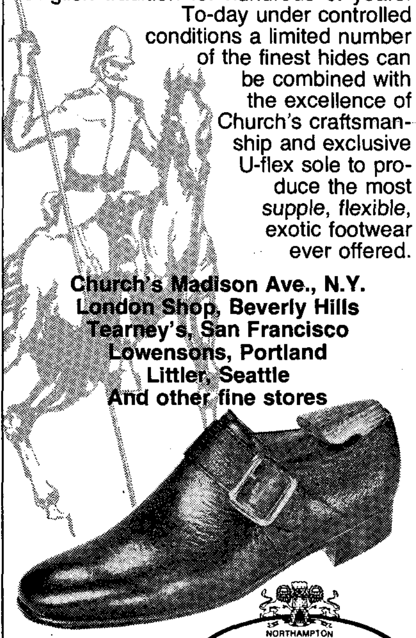
St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS, WORLDWIDE
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10022

knives from the Ice Age, when the water table was lower and such caverns were dry. He had to watch his oxygen supply closely, and turn back when it was not quite half gone. And now he strode through the ocean in long rubber boots, and pointed to other boots for us to put on, but said to be careful, because not long ago a visitor from the Atomic Energy Commission had pulled on one of those boots and there had been a snake in it.

We walked through the ocean to the plants and the breakwater. They were built on a turntable, so that waves could approach from any angle. In a typical winter storm, Dean said, when eighteen-foot waves would be hitting the breakwater, they would merely ripple around its base and look like swells. So the tests had indicated. In a two- or three-year storm—the biggest storm to come along in such a period—the plants would pitch and roll about a quarter of one degree.

The model ocean was fresh water, but the density difference—salt water is two and a half per cent denser than fresh water—had been calculated into every part of the model. The plants themselves were just platforms of wood and steel covered with calibrated weights and plumbed to deliver thermal discharge. A large boiler on one side of the room provided the "nuclear" heat. Also off to one side were two glistening white Styrofoam shells that had been sculptured in the shape of the ultimate power plants. Purely cosmetic, they could be placed over the weighted platforms to impress a camera.

Certain harbors sometimes have problems with a phenomenon known as resonance, wherein waves that might be, say, two feet high on the outside build up energy within the harbor until waves in there stand ten feet high or higher. The harbor at Marina del Rey, in California, has this problem, and so does Los Angeles-Long Beach. Such harbors are energy traps. The most notable one in the world is Capetown. Under certain conditions of incoming wind and wave, resonance builds up there to such an extent that ships snap their hawsers. Resonance seems to be a function of, more than anything else, the periods of the waves. Various A.E.C. consultants, including one from Capetown, had worried about resonance within the New Jersey atoll, so the Gainesville lab had created waves of widely differing size and periodicity in an attempt to get a real chop going within the breakwater. The biggest stir they could create was one-quarter the



Tradition of excellence

The Great Wild Boar hunt has been an English tradition for hundreds of years. To-day under controlled conditions a limited number of the finest hides can be combined with the excellence of Church's craftsmanship and exclusive U-flex sole to produce the most supple, flexible, exotic footwear ever offered.

Church's Madison Ave., N.Y.
London Shop, Beverly Hills
Tearney's, San Francisco
Lowensons, Portland
Littler, Seattle
And other fine stores

The Bedford
Black or Brown
Boarskin
$99.50

NORTHAMPTON ENGLAND
Church's
famous English shoes

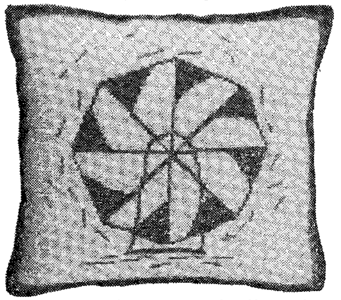
For Free Catalogue Write
Church's British Shoes
428 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

EMILY SHAW'S INN

POUND RIDGE, N.Y. 914-764-5779

Superb Food
Finest Wines and Spirits
Merrit Parkway, Exit 35, North on 137
JOHN F. SHAW, PRES.

CLOSED MONDAYS



Greek Cushion

Our jaunty-Mykonos windmill trademark, hand-needlepointed for us in Greece. Beige wool with design in choice of gold, blue, maroon or brown. Stuffed with feather-and-down inner cushion. About 13 in. sq. $35.00 plus 1.50 post. Catalogue of other Greek-only things available.

Greek Island Ltd. 215 E. 49th St, NY 10017

"It pains me to announce this low Qantas fare. Australia and back for $935."

The fare that's giving our koala a mild case of dyspepsia is APEX, our advance purchase excursion fare.

At $935*, it saves you almost half the regular economy round-trip fare.

As you'd expect, there are a few requirements. You can stay as long as 45 days, but not less than 21 days. You must make reservations and buy your ticket at least 60 days in advance. And if you cancel or change those reservations within 60 days of departure, 25% of the fare is non-refundable.

But look at it this way: if you're going as far as Australia, you've probably planned the trip a few months in advance, anyway.

All told, it's a pretty good deal.

And while it may make that koala take umbrage, we hope it'll make you take Qantas.

Take it from here with your travel agent.

QANTAS
The Australian Airline.

Free South Pacific brochures. Write: Qantas, 360 Post Street, San Francisco, CA 94108. For information and reservations, call: (800) 227-4500. In California: (800) 622-0850. *From West Coast to Sydney. Subject to Govt. approval.

LLADRÓ®
THE COLLECTORS CHOICE

"Lady with Umbrella" 19¼" tall
glaze finish.
Superbly executed by world famous
Porcelanas Lladro of Spain

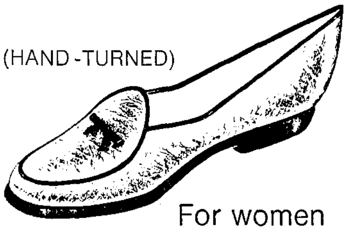
*Available at fine stores.*

*Exclusive Importers*
**WEIL CERAMICS & GLASS, INC.**
225 Fifth Avenue New York, N.Y. 10010

**Barefoot comfort**

A unique quality product from our own Belgian work rooms

(HAND-TURNED)



For women
MIDINETTE in CALF
$50

☐ Beige/white trim
☐ Brown/black trim
☐ Navy/red trim
☐ Yellow/white trim
☐ Navy/white trim
☐ Navy/green trim
☐ Red/black trim

FULL COLOR BROCHURES
ON REQUEST

I wear __________ in these Casuals.
Regular shoe size is __________
Add $2.00 per order handling charges.

**BELGIAN SHOES**
Henri Bendel, Owner-President
60 EAST 56th STREET, NEW YORK 10022
(212) 755-7372

MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

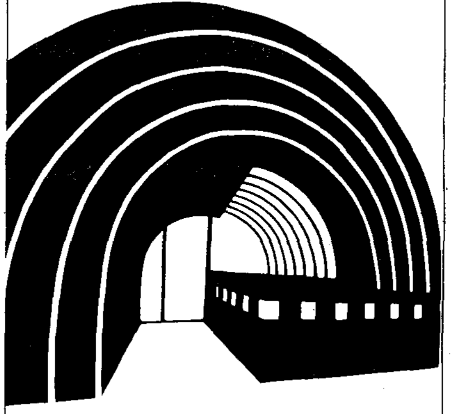
size of the waves outside, and they concluded that the Atlantic Generating Station would have no difficulty with resonance.

The formula for the tallest wave that can stand in a given swatch of relatively shallow sea is seventy-eight hundredths of the depth of the water it moves through. If the ocean is sixty-five feet deep, as it would be during a superhurricane at the site off New Jersey, the largest wave that could stand there would be a forty-eight-footer. Anything larger would have broken before it got there. "So we are not interested in the hundred-foot wave," Kehnemuyi said. "It would never get to us. A wave feels the bottom, feels any object. The bathymetry is not an absolute ramp. When the wave feels that there is an object in front of it, it breaks. A forty-eight-foot wave would be almost impossible, but we test for it. We also feel that the storm that would produce it is not credible, but we make the storm."

The most punishing of waves come at fifteen-second intervals. To imitate such waves on a one-to-sixty-four scale, it is necessary—according to the laws of hydraulic modelling—to divide the desired interval between the waves by the square root of the scale, which in this case is eight. So the waves in Gainesville generally pound the breakwater eight times as fast as they would in the ocean. Cameras film them at eight times normal film speed. When the pictures are projected on a screen at normal speed, the waves fragment and shoot spray in the air exactly as they would in the ocean. Public Service's films are something to see, with probable-maximum-hurricane waves, in Ektachrome, sending white water over the top of the breakwater, but never a sheet of green. The supertanker has been filmed, too, hitting the breakwater from every angle at sixteen knots, with the ocean surface up to the big-hurricane levels. A supertanker crash is anticlimactic. After a minor crunch, the ship stops dead. The bows do not buckle. Instead, they form a nest in the *dolosse*. When the ship is removed, the breakwater heals itself, as *dolosse* fall into the nest.

Peter C. H. Pritchard, vice-president of the Florida Audubon Society, appeared unexpectedly in the model basin, waded out from shore, and began to beard Kehnemuyi about the safety of nuclear-power plants, floating or otherwise. He said he wanted to make clear, first, that he had no patience with people who deplore power plants while freehandedly consuming the

Slip through our
tunnel of brick and glass
and enter a
spiralling world
of extraordinary clothes.
Sensitive. Savvy.
San Francisco.
In the celebrated shop
designed by
Frank Lloyd Wright.



helga howie

Helga Howie
140 Maiden Lane
San Francisco
956-5450

**EDDIE WANTS YOU.**

As a Mills Hyatt guest you'll receive every ounce of attentive, personalized service our bartender Eddie and the rest of our experienced staff can provide. Because Eddie wants you comfortable, relaxed, and satisfied in every way. At the Mills Hyatt, every guest is our most important. Come experience the Antebellum elegance that's the heart of the Mills Hyatt House...in the heart of historic Charleston.

800-228-9000 gets you Hyatt worldwide.

**The MILLS HYATT HOUSE**
Meeting & Queen Sts., Charleston, S.C. 29401

**VICTORY CHIMES**
*No smoke, no dust, no noise, nothing but the music of wind and sea.*
New England's outstanding windjammer vacation. Largest passenger schooner under U.S. flag. Excellent food — comfortable staterooms. U.S Coast Guard inspected. Free color folder
Call 207-596-6060, in N.Y.C. 265-2460.
Capt. Frederick B. Guild
**Box 368L, Rockland, Maine 04841**

# What you need to know to make good coffee.

Making good coffee is simple. All you need is a good brand of coffee and a good coffee maker.

But most people don't have a really good coffee maker. Instead, they've got a percolator.

With a percolator you're taking pot luck. You may make good coffee but you can't count on it.

### The trouble with percolators

Many percolators brew coffee at too low a temperature. When this happens the coffee doesn't release its full flavor and aroma. You can't get a good cup of coffee from such a coffee maker, even if you buy the most expensive coffee.

Other percolators go to the other extreme. They brew coffee at too high a temperature, and some even boil it. Boiling releases undesirable flavors that should remain in the grind.

Here's a simple test. If your coffee smells good as it's perking, you're missing something.

The flavor is wafting through your house, and it won't be in your cup.

Good coffee, like good wine, smells good when you're close to it. If it smells good from a distance, it isn't.

### The right way to brew coffee

Coffee experts say the best way to brew coffee is the drip filter method, a way of getting the best flavor out of coffee, and leaving poor flavor behind.

The first automatic drip filter was introduced by Norelco five years ago. It became an immediate success because it's an automatic method of making better coffee every time, without margin for error.

All you do is measure the correct amount of water and the correct amount of coffee. Once this is done, you're guaranteed good coffee.

The automatic drip filter coffee maker is the only type that makes better coffee quickly, easily, consistently, and it operates on the principle that is recommended by the Coffee Brewing Center of the Pan American Coffee Bureau.

### Not all drip filter coffee makers are the same

The Norelco Automatic Drip Filter Coffee Maker is a marvel of engineering. It was designed with the help of independent coffee experts to make perfect coffee every time.

It's programmed to heat water to the precise temperature that will get the best flavor out of your coffee and leave undesirable flavors behind.

An automatic control assures that the heated water and the coffee come in contact for just the right amount of time.

All this is done *automatically*. The Norelco Drip Filter can't make a mistake. It doesn't know how to make a bad cup of coffee.

By all means, compare the other drip coffee makers that have come into the market after Norelco. Compare prices, design, and the sturdiness of the coffee maker. This last point is important because a coffeemaker is used every day.

If you make a thorough comparison you'll choose the Norelco Drip Filter, as the Coffee Brewing Center did.

It's the coffee maker they use in demonstrations to show people how to make a better cup of coffee.

### Hints for better coffee

**1.** Coffee makers work best when used to at least ¾ of their capacity.

**2.** Stir coffee after it has finished dripping into the carafe. This distributes flavor evenly.

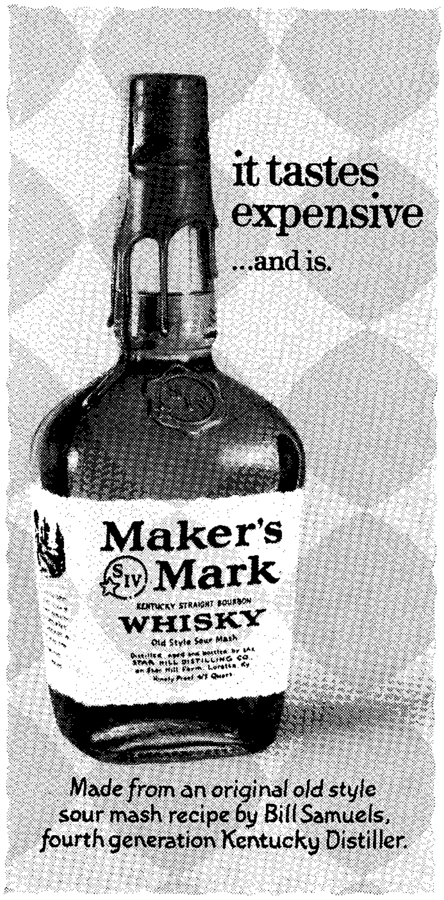
**3.** Don't buy coffee in larger containers than you can use in a reasonable period of time. Coffee deteriorates after it's opened.

Norelco
A Better Cup
Of Coffee

## The Norelco Automatic Drip Filter Coffee Maker

It doesn't know how to make a bad cup of coffee.

© 1975 North American Philips Corporation, Consumer Products Division, 100 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

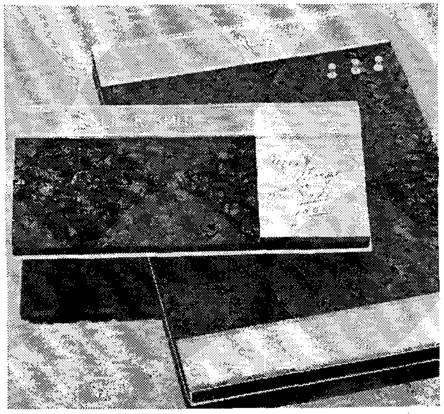

it tastes expensive ...and is.
Maker's Mark
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
Made from an original old style sour mash recipe by Bill Samuels, fourth generation Kentucky Distiller.

**Maker's Mark Distillery, Loretto, Ky., Ninety Proof-Fully Matured.**

## The latest bulletin signed and sealed in lucite

Clearly two smart ways to organize a desk top or work space: cork wrapped in lucite, monogrammed for a particular person. The larger bulletin board measures 12x18 inches, an S.F.A. exclusive size, 18.50. The desk-top bulletin carries a memo pad, $20. Refill pads available at $1 each. Both bulletins have space for a maximum of 19 letters in block style. Please allow 3 to 4 weeks delivery, and add 1.50 for special handling. Stationery Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Saks Fifth Avenue



power they produce. He said he recognized the complexity of the utilities' problem. But still he was worried about loss-of-coolant accidents, core meltdowns, and breaches of containment walls—accidents that could release to the air and the sea much more radioactivity than there was in the bombs of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Kehnemuyi said that the company was doing tests for core meltdowns—seeing, by computer more than by tank testing, what might happen if a core got into the water. "But we categorically and very emphatically feel that this is a paper exercise," he said. "Such a thing will never happen. Studies are showing that the chances of a reactor's having a major accident are one in a billion years—reactors are that carefully and that redundantly designed. Let me assure you, our company would not put a penny into this sort of project if we thought such a thing could happen."

Pritchard—young, handsome, tall—stood there towering above the floating nuclear plants and looking doubtful. As it happened, he had been born in Belfast and educated at Oxford. He was the author of a book called "Turtles of the World." Kehnemuyi—stocky, with short-cropped graying hair and shining brown eyes—had grown up in Istanbul, where his father was an importer of fine stationery. And now here they were, paths crossed, a Turk educated in Illinois and an Irishman from Oxford, standing in an artificial ocean in Florida and joining the issue of a floating nuclear plant off the coast of New Jersey and aspects of it that conceivably could concern the world.

The power station floating beside them was still the only thing of its kind, of any size, anywhere—and would be for some time to come. Years had passed since it had been conceived. Not so much as a pail of gravel had yet been placed in the authentic ocean.

Public Service and Offshore Power Systems would first have to obtain construction and operating permits. From the A.E.C.—now split into two government agencies—they had received only "generic approval." Opposition had formed among the beach communities ("S.O.S., Save Our Seas"), and the Atlantic County Citizens' Council on the Environment had petitioned to intervene. Hearings would be held at every level, and the fate of the project depended on the outcome of each hearing. Public Service had already put tens of millions of dollars into the project. Opponents complained that so much committed money might serve unfairly

WASHINGTON, D.C.

*A Renaissance of Graciousness*

A luxury hotel in the
great European tradition.
Elegant, quiet, unruffled—
never a convention.

Member, *Leading Hotels of the World*

THE MADISON

*Washington's Correct Address*

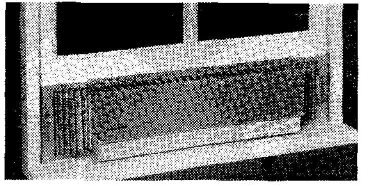
15th & M Streets, Northwest
Washington, D.C. 20005
Phone (Toll-free) 800-424-8577
or HRI 212-838-3110 (Call Collect)
or see your travel agent

*Marshall B. Coyne, Proprietor*

**BREATHE CLEAN AIR!**

VANED-AIR POLLUTION EXTRACTOR

Water-cleaned system WASHES OUT DIRT, DUST, INSECTS • Outside air is forced to circulate in cleaning chambers before entering room • USES NO ELECTRICITY – NO MECHANICAL INSTALLATION REQUIRED • Year-round use, compatible with air-conditioners and window fans • Looks like an air-conditioner (but weighs less than four pounds) • Fits right into windows; adjustable with wings • Air flow can be regulated to any degree; fully open to fully closed.



*Vaned-Air Pollution Extractor*

| | |
|---|---|
| *(28 to 36 inches)* | *$24.75* |
| *(28 to 44 inches)* | *$27.75* |

Available at Hammacher Schlemmer or send check or money order to Dept. A.

**KEULS PRODUCTS, Inc.** 205 Lex. Ave., N.Y. 10016

**DOVER SCIENTIFIC**
32-58 30th Street
Long Island City, N.Y. 11106
*Send 50¢ for Illustrated Catalog*
**MINERALS**
**FOSSILS**
**SHELLS**
**INDIAN**
**ARTIFACTS**

as leverage toward the granting of permits. The company, for its part, complained that the United States was "approaching an unworkable system" when so much had to be spent on a concept merely to prepare it for the hearing stage.

The company people were, if nothing else, prepared. They knew how many planes flew over the site—two hundred and fifty a day. They had mapped the location of every major well within a twenty-mile radius. They knew how many people were likely to be living within fifty miles of the site in the year 2020. They knew the exact distance—eleven and two-tenths miles—from the site to the nearest dairy cow. They had published an "Environmental Report—Construction Permit Stage," which weighed twenty-two pounds and contained fifteen hundred pages. And now—roughly halfway toward their goal—they had come to the isthmus of the hourglass, where everything could, quite conceivably, stop.

Like bulbs around a mirror, floating nuclear plants might one day edge the seas. People who thought the concept was madness still had much time in which to say so. People who thought the concept was among the best of possible alternatives could present their case as well. More than fifty construction and operating permits were absolutely required. So far, not one had been issued.

—John McPhee

•

The doctor went on: "Hell, the world ain't such a fine, attractive place. What do the Chinese say? 'Each man lives a life of quiet desperation.' "—*"Tender Victory," by Taylor Caldwell.*

That was old Hop Sing Thoreau, Doc.

•

Williams, during a brief ceremony at the County Administration Center, said the national celebration provides a "tremendous opportunity for each individual citizen to get his hands dirty in this business we call democracy."—*San Diego Union.*

It doesn't even take a national celebration, alas.

•

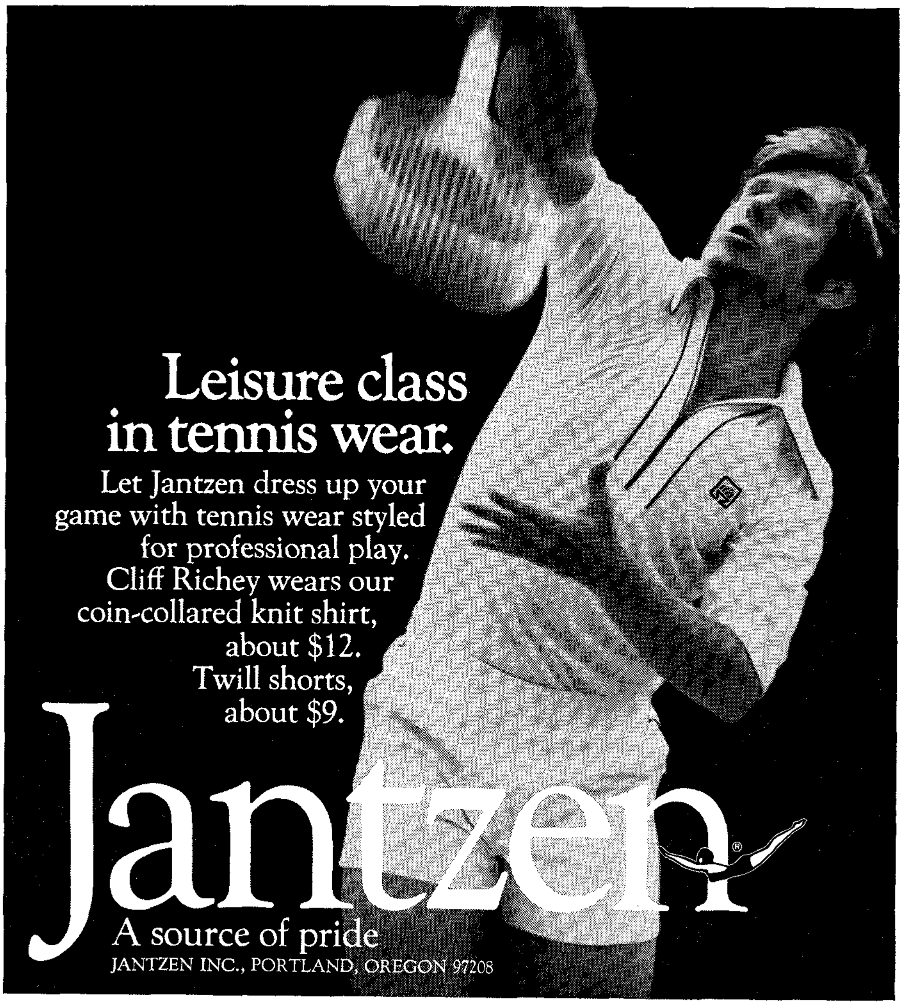
**OUR OWN BUSINESS DIRECTORY**

Cunning Interiors, 52 Main Street, East Hampton.
The Illeagle Auto Sales, Black Eagle, Montana.
Nitey-Nite Motel, South Windsor, Conn.
The Mad Butcher (meat market), San Antonio, Texas.
Angel's Flight Liquor Store, Los Angeles.
Merry X-Ray Corp., Phoenix, Ariz.

(*Advertisement*)

Penn
Penn
Centre Court
USLTA
GENERAL TIRE
ATHLETIC PRODUCTS DIVISION

*Penn......if you're serious about tennis.*


Leisure class in tennis wear.

Let Jantzen dress up your game with tennis wear styled for professional play. Cliff Richey wears our coin-collared knit shirt, about $12. Twill shorts, about $9.

Jantzen®

A source of pride

JANTZEN INC., PORTLAND, OREGON 97208

Standard equipment on every 1975 MGB:
50 years of thundering legends.

MGB
GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY
MG

Nuvolari at LeMans. Goldie Gardner on the salt-flats. Ken Miles at Torrey Pines. For 50 years, more than any other car maker, MG has devoted its full resources to building cars that are quick enough and strong enough and so precisely balanced that they can and do win races, year after year, all over the world. The reason for this is strong and simple, like MG itself. Racing improves the breed. In short . . . MGs perform, and so will you in a new MGB. Because you'll have the help of sporting equipment like direct rack-and-pinion steering, front caliper disc brakes and a spirited 1798 cc overhead-valve 4-cylinder engine with a full synchromesh short-throw 4-speed stick. All that and economy car gas mileage, too. Call these numbers toll-free for the name of the dealer nearest you. (800) 447-4700. Or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400. Who knows? You might start a few legends of your own!

British Leyland Motors Inc. BRITISH LEYLAND Leonia, New Jersey 07605

# U.S. JOURNAL: CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

## THE BLACKS, THE JEWS, AND THE BIRD-LOVERS

A LAWYER whose clients are environmentalists trying to stop real-estate development may seek a coalition with non-environmentalists on the practical theory that the number of people who can maintain a passionate commitment purely to ecosystems will always be limited. But where does he look for allies? Especially in dismal economic times, both local labor leaders and local business leaders tend to be in favor of practically any sort of development, since it can be seen as having a beneficial effect on what amount to their vital signs—the number of jobs and the volume of gross retail sales. The people usually known as community leaders are often business leaders who, having talked during lunch at a private club about how to increase gross retail sales, talk after dinner at a public meeting about how to broaden the tax base. People who are personally inconvenienced by development—the people who live downstream from a proposed factory or who are about to have their magnificent view of the ocean desecrated by a new subdivision—often become one-shot environmentalists. But they tend to be effective allies for ideological environmentalists only if they are particularly numerous or particularly well organized or particularly rich—like the businessmen with second homes on Hilton Head Island, South Carolina, who successfully fought the construction of a German chemical plant on the mainland nearby and then, presumably, returned to their first homes and continued to extoll the importance of broadening the tax base and increasing the volume of gross retail sales in places other than Hilton Head Island, South Carolina.

A couple of months ago, Frank Epstein, a young lawyer in Charleston who represents environmentalists trying to stop the development of a nearby barrier island called Kiawah, found himself seriously in need of allies. Unless he could put together some sort of coalition, his case looked hopeless. To most people in Charleston, in fact, it looked hopeless anyway. The developers already owned the property. Kiawah was virtually deserted—having been privately owned for years, it had only an old plantation house and about twenty summer homes on ten thousand acres—so its development could not inconvenience a significant number of people with any influence. The company presiding over the development, the Kiawah Beach Company, was an outgrowth of the Sea Pines Company, the developer of Hilton Head—a firm with a nationwide reputation and, more important, statewide clout. Against an array of local business leaders and ex-governors and platoons of four-color-chart makers, Epstein had a few stalwarts from the local Sierra Club and Audubon Society. Charleston, which is known for the relentless preservation of its historic neighborhoods, seems to be the sort of place that would be teeming with coveys of citizens committed to preserving a magnificent and nearly untouched barrier island fifteen miles away. But, as it turns out, the interest of Charleston's traditional preservationists in keeping things as they are does not extend much beyond the city limits; there are those who would argue that it does not extend beyond an area bounded by South Battery and Broad Street. Apparently, many of the people who have been involved over the years in preserving historic Charleston were not even aware of exactly where Kiawah was and were not terribly interested in finding out until its golf course was completed and its restaurant open.

Epstein was aware that the Kiawah development would bring the residents of Johns Island, which lies between Charleston and Kiawah, not only some jobs but what planners like to call "negative impact"—an increase in property taxes, for instance, that might force a number of black people off land that their families had worked as subsistence farmers for generations. If

*"The 'Times' printed Owen's letter to the editor, so we're having some friends in."*

"...smiling, extra-friendly Dominicans who work here make it something special"
FIELDING'S GUIDE TO THE CARIBBEAN

"It's fantastic. The most beautiful tennis resort anywhere in the world."
CHICAGO TRIBUNE

"The food and service are superb."
SATURDAY REVIEW

"The finest golf resort in the world."
GOLF MAGAZINE

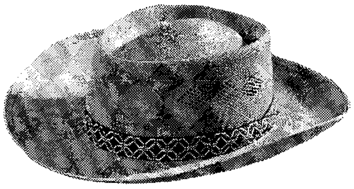
What more can we say?

Except to say you can enjoy all that and more at two exceptional hotels: Hotel Romana, near the Sugar Mill, with its Caribbean charm and the luxurious Casa de Campo on the golf course. For more information, see your travel agent or write: COSTASUR, Dept. "NY" P.O. Box 1329, Vero Beach, Florida 32960.

COSTASUR
La Romana, Dominican Republic

Represented by Helland & Stevens Inc

Handsome Headpiece for Top Hands Ramrods and Dudes



To keep you cool headed and jauntily comfortable, we've had Stetson duplicate the famous Eddie Bauer DERRINGER in fine Panama Straw. Total weight 2¼ ounces! The 3-inch edgebound brim has the distinctive upward roll you see on hats made to order for Southwest ranchers. The headband is colorfully woven in authentic Apache tribal patterns. **Sizes:** 6¾-7¾. **Color:** Straw Gold. **1965** Featherweight DERRINGER, **$11.95** ppd.

Order Today! Money Back Guarantee!
Enclosed is my check or money order for
$________. (Add sales tax where applicable.)
Please rush my **1965** Derringer. Size________
Name________
Address________
City________
State________Zip________
☐ Send me FREE your color catalog of over 1200 exciting outdoor products.

Eddie Bauer®

Dept. WNK, 1737 Airport Way S., Seattle, Wa. 98134

Johns Island residents wanted bargaining power in working out some sort of impact settlement with the developers, Epstein figured, they would do well to join the environmentalists in trying to delay a zoning change the Kiawah Beach Company wanted from the Charleston County Council. In February, when newspaper stories began to appear about Jewish-owned banking houses in Europe being shut out of some underwriting deals because of the Arab boycott, Epstein figured he had another potential ally—the Jewish community of Charleston. The Kiawah Beach Company is owned by Coastal Shores, Inc., and Coastal Shores, Inc., is owned by the Kuwait Investment Company. The owners of the Kuwait Investment Company are some rich Kuwaitis and the government of the emirate of Kuwait.

By February, Frank Brumley, the general manager of the Kiawah Beach Company, had been consolidating his position in Charleston for months, like a congressman who has been told that he is going to carry seventy per cent of the district again but campaigns eighteen hours a day anyway, just in case. The logical Johns Island organization for Epstein to approach—a mostly black task force studying ways in which the impact of the development might be cushioned by the Kiawah Beach Company—had in fact been established at Brumley's suggestion. When Jewish opposition to the development began to materialize, in February, the chairman of the Jewish Community Relations Committee, an attorney named Jack Brickman, happened to mention to an acquaintance on the county planning board that Jews would like the Kiawah Beach Company to make a pledge of nondiscrimination; by that afternoon Brumley was in Brickman's office to discuss a pledge. Brumley's logical strategy was obviously to keep the environmentalists isolated. Epstein was not the only person in Charleston aware that the number of people who can maintain a passionate commitment purely to ecosystems will always be limited.

As allies against development, both Southern Jews and Southern blacks operate under handicaps. Rural black people in the South are poor, and the ones who live on the Sea Islands of South Carolina tend to be even poorer than most—poor enough to be in favor of just about any project that promises more jobs, and poor enough to be tempted by an impact settlement

TYPICAL BRITISH ARMY STYLE

SINCE 1844

They're here again . . . Our popular, comfortable khaki shorts! Rugged cloth, traditional wide waistband in sizes 30 to 44 waist. $16.95 air p.p.

Trimingham's
BERMUDA

Write TRIMINGHAM's, Hamilton, Bermuda, Dept. N-93. Genuine Indian Madras shirt; traditional plaids, pred. red, yellow, blue or green. S, M, L, XL. $13.95 air p.p. subject to nominal U.S. duty. Send for free illustrated "Treasures" catalogue.

Leather attache by Marley Hodgson Trafalgar Ltd. Superb quality. Handmade, stained and polished in the European manner by master leather craftsmen. Solid brass hardware and lock. Magnificent gift. Legal size, $150 plus $1.50 shpg.

R.R.Peele & Co.
Box 1332, Stamford, Conn. 06901

CAPE COD VACATIONING
CHATHAM BARS INN
*and Non-Housekeeping Cottages*
A GRACIOUS AMERICAN PLAN RESORT HOTEL FOR FINE SUMMER LIVING

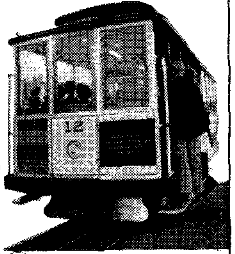
A 65-acre estate overlooking the ocean on the Outer Elbow of Cape Cod—well away from the crowded areas. Excellent accommodations in the main hotel building or in non-housekeeping cottages designed for individual or family occupancy. Private Beach, Golf, Tennis, Dancing, Cocktail Lounge. Superior New England cuisine. Summer Theatre, Shops, Fishing nearby. Late May to early October. For brochure write

**E. R. McMullen, Jr., Manager**
**P. O. Box 666E, Tel 617-945-0096**
**Chatham, Cape Cod, Mass. 02633**

even if it were offered by a project they despised. Jews in Southern cities have traditionally tried to avoid disputes that carry the potential of irritating their Gentile neighbors, and Jews in Charleston may be even less fond of controversy than other Southern Jews are. The three thousand or so Jews in Charleston do not differ much in background or occupation from Jews in similar cities; although Charleston's Jewish community is often spoken of as historic, like Charleston's houses, almost all of the early Sephardic families have either assimilated or evaporated by now. But the Jews, like the blacks, have been in town long enough to have picked up the tone of civic decision-making, and it is a dulcet tone indeed. In the early sixties, when there were sit-ins or boycotts or mass meetings throughout the South, not much was heard from the low country of South Carolina; civil-rights reporters in the South tended to consider Charleston not so much Confederate as Tory. The first serious racial confrontation of this era in Charleston was a hospital workers' strike in 1968, and it was also the last. Until recently, there had never been a controversy over the environment. Charleston has been a city of accommodation—a place, in the words of one local attorney, where everyone knows pretty much what he can get and doesn't push hard beyond it. Jews would be in a position not only of opposing a project enthusiastically supported by the entire business community of Charleston but also of raising their voices to do it.

What Epstein was trying to put together was a coalition based not on common long-term goals—unlike the environmentalists, after all, both the Jews and the blacks claimed to have no objection to the development of Kiawah Island as long as the developer met their terms—but on a common interest in one strategic moment: the County Council's decision on whether or not to grant a zoning change. There are people accustomed to forming coalitions on the basis of temporary tactics—two senators may agree to get a bill out of committee so they can be recorded on opposite sides when it comes to the floor—but ordinary people who have rubbed up against each other in the same city for some years cannot act with that kind of detachment. The Jews and the blacks were not on particularly good terms with each other—or, for that matter, with the environmentalists. The task force negotiating with the Kiawah Beach Company was dominated from

What has Sheraton done for you lately?
Sheraton puts you up in style at down-to-earth prices.
SAN FRANCISCO
FISHERMAN'S WHARF
OPENING EARLY SUMMER



The **new Sheraton at Fisherman's Wharf** is in the heart of one of the city's most colorful areas—with 541 spacious guest rooms around beautiful landscaped courtyards, plus an outdoor pool.
Singles $30-$38
VENEZUELA

Set between the Andes and the Caribbean, the fabulous **Macuto-Sheraton** is right on the beach, only 30 miles from Caracas—with two luxurious pools, a marina, and deep sea fishing.
$14-$19³⁰ U.S.$ per person, per day, dbl. occ., E.P. plus tax, 10% serv. chg. Based on twin rate 119-162 Bolivars.
MEXICO CITY

The **Maria Isabel Sheraton** is in the center of all the color and excitement of Mexico—on the Reforma, near the shopping and night life of the Zona Rosa. The hotel's Jorongo Bar is famous for Mariachi music.
ARUBA

An ideal vacation resort, the **Aruba-Sheraton Hotel and Casino** has a sugar white beach, a pool, tennis, and a supper club with dining and dancing—all on a quaint Dutch island off the coast of Venezuela.
$12-$17 U.S.$ per person, per day, dbl. occ., E.P. plus tax, plus 10% serv. chg. 16 Apr.-15 Dec. '75
SHERATON
For a reservation at any Sheraton anywhere in the world, call anytime: 800-325-3535
Or have your travel agent call.
All rates subject to applicable taxes
Sheraton Hotels & Motor Inns

**SUMMER SPECTACULAR** . . . for your summer tan! Our red and white bandana print is 100% cotton in sizes 6-14. $44. Add $1.35 handling. Texas residents add 5% sales tax. BankAmericard/Master Charge honored. **SEND FOR FREE CATALOG.**

The Jerry Perlitz Shop
# 7 Jefferson Square, Austin, Texas 78731

QUIES, PARIS

Marvelous French earplugs dim all sound, make sleep easier. Special wax, coated in soft surgical cotton, they conform easily and without irritation. They are very good and effective. **Box of 1 dz $2.95, 2 for $5.50 4 for $10.50 all postpaid.** By mail or visit us.

J. D. BROWNE
Ghirardelli Square
900 Northpoint • San Francisco • California 94109

**If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.**

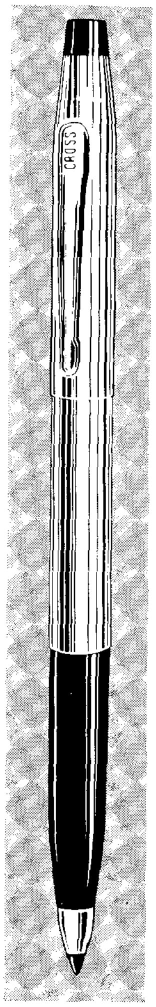
The 1740 House is a country Inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable. We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

the start by a Johns Island resident named William Saunders, who heads a black community-action organization in Charleston that was established several years ago with advice and funds and even furniture from the Jewish community. But Saunders says that relations have deteriorated since then. In a Southern city like Charleston, a grocer in a poor black neighborhood may be resented by his customers as a Jewish merchant or a white Southerner or both. Jews have complained that the black weekly newspaper is anti-Semitic. Neither Arab boycotting of American firms nor Arab terrorism against Israeli civilians is the kind of issue that is likely to stir the heart of a black subsistence farmer on Johns Island. "The Jews started screaming against discrimination, but I've been discriminated against all my life, and the Jews haven't done anything to get me out of that," Saunders said recently. "And the environmentalists are just a bunch of upper-middle-class white people who care about things that never were. They talk about birds and turtles, but they never mention the poor people of Johns Island." Some Jewish leaders believed that the environmentalists merely wanted to use the Jewish community to swell their ranks, without committing themselves to what Jews considered the moral issue of the Arab boycott. "There was no coalition except in getting numbers to the hearing," one Jewish leader has said. "There was no coalition in goals. If the blacks had gotten what they asked for—and they were doing some work behind the scenes—they would have deserted us."

The blacks were never close to joining a coalition; Saunders testified for the development at the County Council's public hearing. He never offered a particularly persuasive answer to why the task force would not have been better off to oppose the rezoning unless impact concessions were made an official part of it, but there was really no one of any power who had to be persuaded. The only organized black opposition to accepting the offer Brumley made to the task force amounted to a few people connected with the Emergency Land Fund, an organization dedicated to arresting the trend in recent years that has shrunk black ownership of land in the South by millions of acres—much of it through a device called "the partition sale," by which developers and speculators have manipulated cheap purchases of black-owned land in, among other places, Hilton Head. The Jews and the en-



**from Fahrney's: the new Cross soft tip personally initialed free**

- Now gold & sterling, too—ideal graduation, wedding or bridal attendants' gift
- Larger diameter for more ink capacity — better "feel" in hand
- Cross-engineered quality-soft tip writing ease
- 14k gold, **$25.00**
  Sterling silver, **$25.00**
  12k gold filled, **$18.50**
  Chrome, **$12.00**

Add $1.00 shipping chg. D.C. res., add 5% tax. Up to 3 initials in block style engraved free. Print clearly when ordering.

**Send $1.00* for 48-pg. catalog of fine writing instruments.**

*deductible from 1st order

Fahrney's
1418 NEW YORK AVE., N.W.
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20005
202-628-9525

BUFFALOMANIA

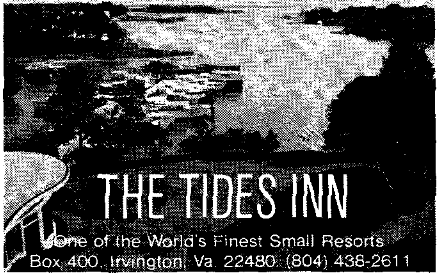
Sportshirt with our original Buffalo* emblem. Machine washable dacron - cotton knit. White, navy, red, green, yellow, brown, kelly, pumpkin, pink. S, M, L & XL. $15.00

Color co-ordinated lightweight slacks with Buffalo* emblem. Sizes 32-40. State inseam plain or cuffed. $35.00

Mail & phone orders
$1.50 plus tax
Mastercharge, BankAmericard, AE
**BUFFALO COLLECTION**
catalog free on request
*Trademark applied for
Copyright © The Squire Shop, Inc.

THE SQUIRE SHOP
4548 MAIN ST., BUFFALO, N.Y. 14226
Phone (716) 839-4242

*There's a world of leisure, elegance and charm waiting nearby with complete resort facilities.*



One of the World's Finest Small Resorts
Box 400, Irvington, Va. 22480 (804) 438-2611

vironmentalists claimed that what Saunders settled for—concessions such as a large deposit by the company in the local credit union and some help from the company in establishing a vocational-training program—was too little and maybe even nothing at all, since the company signed no contract. Saunders argued that the simple black culture of the Sea Islands that white people liked to talk about preserving—black farmers speaking in quaint Gullah accents under oaks heavy with Spanish moss—was about gone anyway. An influx of whites in recent years has made blacks a minority on Johns Island; a lot of the undeveloped land is apparently in the hands of speculators. Saunders presented the Kiawah development as an opportunity to survive during the transition to another sort of life. "For Jews, this might be a matter of morality," he said. "For us, it's a matter of economics."

THE environmentalists were unified, being too few to split into factions, and the blacks were dominated by a single spokesman. But the Jews were bitterly divided. The tendency of established Jewish leaders when a controversy seems to be brewing in their city is to "check with national"—find out the policy of national Jewish organizations such as the American Jewish Committee and the Anti-Defamation League and the American Jewish Congress. National has a cautious policy on Arab investments—a sort of "we can't be in a position" position. Jews, it is reasoned, can't be in a position of opposing a recycling of oil dollars that is widely considered beneficial to the American economy. Jews deeply committed to the survival of Israel might have good reason to oppose any Arab investment; a senator from South Carolina whose previous constituency pressures on issues like Russian Jewish emigration or American military aid to Israel came entirely from Jews may not be completely unaffected by, say, the presence of a two-hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar Arab project handing out multimillion-dollar contracts to powerful firms all over the state. But, under the circumstances, national Jewish organizations have limited their statements to concern about such matters as restricting defense industries from foreign investment. The established Jewish leadership of Charleston—feeling certain that the Kiawah development could not be stopped and that a lot of resentment could be caused by Jews' involving themselves in drastic efforts to stop

"Weathering" for sale . . .

New Seabury home, Cape Cod, Mass.; Architect: Royal Barry Wills & Associates, Boston; Developer: Emil Hanslin, New Seabury; Cabot's Stains on siding

Cabot's BLEACHING OIL

Demand is great for the unique "driftwood" look, an effect usually found only in seacoast areas after years of exposure to salt air. Cabot's Bleaching Oil, when applied to untreated wood surfaces, imparts a delicate gray tone which weathers in but a few months to a beautiful, natural driftwood gray, will not crack, peel, or blister. Everybody talks about the weather; Cabot's has done something about it.

*Cabot's Stains, the original Stains and Standard for the nation since 1877.*

Cabot's
BLEACHING OIL

**Samuel Cabot Inc.**
One Union St., Dept. 597, Boston, Mass. 02108
☐ Send information on Cabot's Bleaching Oil.
☐ 25¢ enclosed for new Cabot handbook on wood and wood stains.

Dear America,

Sometimes I meet folks down here for the twelfth time. They been to that place and the other place in the West Indies but they always seem to like Cayman best. I think because it's still a small place here. Everybody knows each other. Everybody smiles and speaks.

The People of The Cayman Islands

Cayman Islands Department of Tourism
250 Catalonia Avenue, Suite 604,
Coral Gables, Fla. 33134

Please send me your brochure that tells all about the Caymans.

Name
Address
City State Zip
H2

Fly Cayman Airways Ltd.
The National Flag Carrier of the Cayman Islands

**If you are going to relocate your family, the least you can do for your wife is to show her this advertisement.**

Your nearest Homerica consultant will show and tell you all about the area to which you are going to move, what the various communities and neighborhoods are really like—schools, churches, transportation, recreational facilities, how much typical homes cost, how taxes run, what the mortgage situation is—everything you're wondering about. Then, based on your individual needs and tastes, we will arrange for a carefully selected broker to show you, on a single visit, only those available homes that "fit" your family in only those communities that sound best to you.

To start the ball rolling, phone our nearest office listed below or write for our "lifestyle questionnaire" which you fill out to help us help you.

THE NATION'S LEADING RELOCATION SERVICE
HOMERICA
A DIVISION OF HOMEQUITY INC
Write Dept CQ-2

100 Park Avenue, New York 10017 (212) 689-7111
1901 Ave. of Stars, Los Angeles 90067 (213) 553-3111
500 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 60611 (312) 527-3111
Danbury Road, Wilton, Conn. 06897 (203) 323-3111
Houston, Texas (713) 629-9980

**High Hampton is not the St. Regis.**

We're off the beaten path. Our quiet valley in the Blue Ridge Mountains hasn't changed in centuries. Private 18-hole par 71 golf course with bent grass greens. 8 fast-drying tennis courts. Skeet and trap field. 3 lakes (bass & trout). Boating. Swimming. Riding, hiking, birdwatching. Children's program. 2300-acre estate at 3600 feet. Mountain rustic. Good food. May thru Oct.

*For brochure, rates, or reservations, call or write:*
Miss Agnes Crisp, Reservations Mgr.
**High Hampton Inn & Country Club**
Cashiers, N.C. 28717. Ph. (704)743-2411. Dept. N

Rendez-Vous En Vieux Carre?

The Saint Louis
730 Rue Bienville, New Orleans
(504) 581-7300 Cable: LOUISIX
*Member, Distinguished Hotels of the World*

it—decided, on the advice of national, that a non-discrimination statement by the developers would be the most that could be achieved. In fact, Jack Brickman later recalled, national said that coming out of the incident with a non-discrimination statement would be a triumph. Brickman was not satisfied with the first statement Brumley brought to his office, but, after a couple of more tries, they seemed to be approaching an agreement that might eliminate any official Jewish opposition to Kiawah before the County Council.

There was a time when the leaders of traditional Jewish organizations in a place like Charleston could feel confident in speaking for the city's Jews in matters of community relations, but that time was before the sixties—before the Six-Day War and the civil-rights movement and student protest had changed the way many young Jews felt about their Jewishness and changed their ideas of how to express it. Before Kiawah, Jews in Charleston had already staged a march for Soviet Jewry and a vigil during the United Nations visit of Yasir Arafat—the sort of street events that used to be almost unheard of for Jews outside of New York, and still would be if some of the more conservative Jews in Charleston had their preferences. The Jewish leader Epstein first talked to about his hope for a coalition—Charles Sherman, the young rabbi of Charleston's Conservative synagogue—began public Jewish protest by delivering an impassioned anti-development speech before the county planning board, against *the wishes of the older leaders,* and made it clear that he and his followers would campaign against the development on their own if the Community Relations Committee failed to act.

Listening to Rabbi Sherman and one of the older members of the C.R.C. talk about each other's views on the Kiawah controversy is reminiscent of listening in 1964 to Mario Savio and a liberal Berkeley administrator talk about each other's views of the free-speech controversy. The traditional leaders talk about what is effective, what is practical, what can be accomplished without causing resentment among the Gentiles. Sherman—*presumably the only* Charleston rabbi ever to sum up his impression of the Community Relations Committee by saying, "The C.R.C. does not really have good vibes"—talks about the Holocaust instead of anti-Semitism among businessmen and about pure moral issues and about the cop-out of compromising. By some energetic or-

Lark® Luggage

For people who hate to leave the finer things of life at home.

Lark Luggage Corp.
Empire State Bldg. N.Y., N.Y. 10001

Copyright © 1975, Lark Luggage Corp.

*Old Fashioned Elegance*

**Victorian Lace Trimmed Spun Sugar Seersucker Robe.** The return of the wide-eyed, innocent Victorian heroine, you in a lacy confection of a robe. Clean, crisp *cotton seersucker,* frosted and sugared with 1″ Cluny lace delicately scalloped and shirred. In parfait pink and white, or cool blue and white narrow stripes, deftly detailed into a figure flattering Empire design. Topped by a shawl collar, dramatized by flourishes of lace and ruffles. In spite of its gentle manners, miraculously machine washable. S. M. L. $26.95 ppd.

**Sweet Dreams . . . Lace Trimmed Cotton Seersucker Nightgown.** *Dream in a drift of our truly soft and gentle all white cotton seersucker nightgown, its frothy Cluny lace applied with a lavish hand.* Just the thing to wear under the robe. Machine washable. S. M. L. $19.95 ppd.

Write for Catalog
J. JILL LTD.
Dept. N-512
Stockbridge Road
Great Barrington
Mass. 01230

A Real Country Inn On A Real Back Road
New Hampshire's Oldest Operating Inn!
1789 THE JOHN HANCOCK INN
HANCOCK, N.H.
(603) 525-3318
Write Dept. P Glynn & Pat Wells, Innkeepers

*FIRST TIME AVAILABLE*
*NATURALLY RAISED, REAL MILK FED* **VEAL**

Delicious and tender, raised at their mothers' side the old-fashioned way, using no artificial milk replacers, no pesticides, antibiotics or growth stimulants of any kind. Our veal is raised to the same high organic standards as our baby beef.

*For Details Write:*
TEEL MOUNTAIN FARM
BOX 4 STANARDSVILLE
VIRGINIA 22973

ganizing and evangelizing, Sherman's supporters actually carried the day in a vote of the C.R.C. on what to do about Kiawah. Brumley's offer of a non-discrimination pledge from the Kiawah Beach Company was rejected, and the C.R.C. instead officially demanded that the parent Kuwait Investment Company or perhaps even the government of Kuwait renounce the Arab boycott completely. A rally was held, petitions were gathered, voices were raised. Jewish leaders found themselves at the County Council's public hearing voicing a demand that they had argued against as unrealistic. The County Council approved the zoning change, with the inclusion of the kind of non-discrimination clause Brumley and Brickman had talked about in the first place.

The older Jewish leaders remain bitterly opposed to the Arab boycott and genuinely outraged that on the day of the hearing an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury named Gerald Parsky, at the request of the president of the Sea Pines Company, phoned the chairman of the County Council from Washington to talk about how the federal government favored Arab investments. But they tend to believe that Sherman and his followers had accomplished nothing that would not have been accomplished by quiet negotiation except to stir up some anti-Semitism. Sherman and some of his supporters believe they could have actually won—could have opened a wedge in the Arab boycott—if they had only had more time and more support from national. "But I could see losing it and having a victory," Sherman said recently. "If the Kuwait Investment Company sees 'Here's a community of thirty-five hundred Jews and they did this—think of what would happen if we tried something in New York.' We want to make it difficult for them."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

This book will help you toward a clearer, more concise writing style by providing a basic review of redundancy, monotony, verbosity, jargon, incoherency, and vagueness.—*American Medical Association brochure.*

It must be selling like hot cakes.

•

A Royal Oak woman recently retired from the Automobile Club of Michigan and has the honor of being the company's longest female employe.—*Royal Oak (Mich.) Tribune.*

We like the little quick ones.

©1975 Mobil Oil Corporation

ON OFF VOL.

**Enjoy five nights, and 50 years, of The New Yorker.**

We're celebrating the 50th anniversary of America's favorite magazine with a special radio series featuring selections from the works of Dorothy Parker, James Thurber, Robert Benchley, Ogden Nash, John Hersey, A. J. Liebling, John O'Hara, Rachel Carson, Woody Allen, Truman Capote, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Janet Flanner, John McNulty, Irwin Shaw, Wolcott Gibbs, Sally Benson, Thomas Wolfe.

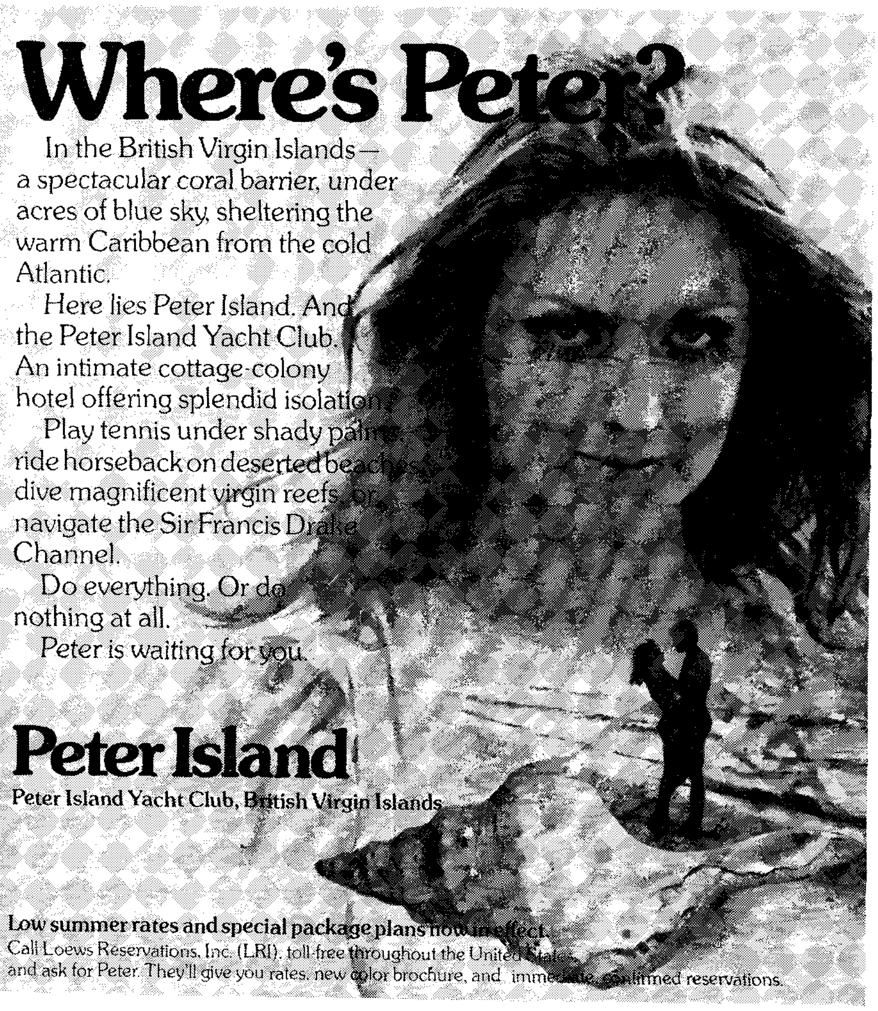
*Readings by:*

Dustin Hoffman, Jack Lemmon, Jack Gilford, Shirley Booth, Tony Randall, Richard Kiley, Jerry Stiller, Eli Wallach, Ann Jackson, Barry Nelson, Peter Ustinov, Kevin McCarthy, Betsy von Furstenberg, Walter Abel.

Hosted by Heywood Hale Broun, Lewis Mumford, and Brendan Gill—author of the new best-seller, "Here at The New Yorker."

In New York City, the series will be broadcast 9:15-10:30 p.m. on WOR/AM beginning Monday, May 12. Watch for listings in other cities.

**Mobil®**



**Where's Peter?**

In the British Virgin Islands—a spectacular coral barrier, under acres of blue sky, sheltering the warm Caribbean from the cold Atlantic.

Here lies Peter Island. And the Peter Island Yacht Club. An intimate cottage-colony hotel offering splendid isolation.

Play tennis under shady palms, ride horseback on deserted beaches, dive magnificent virgin reefs, or navigate the Sir Francis Drake Channel.

Do everything. Or do nothing at all.

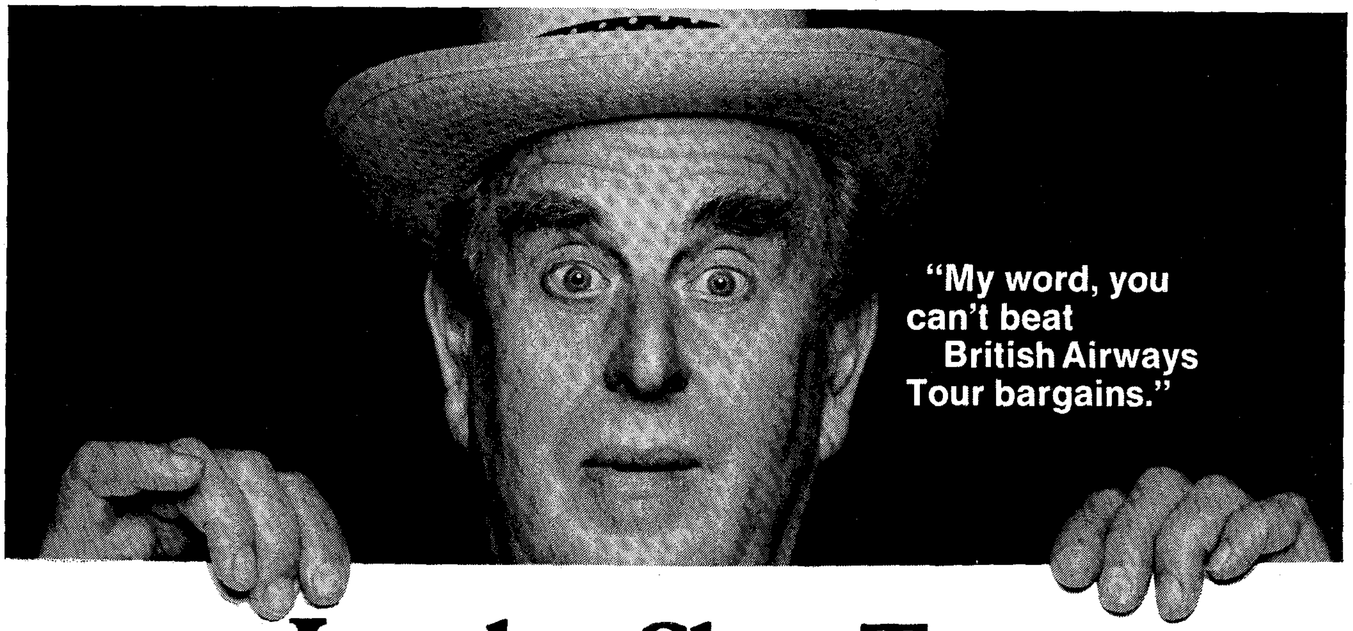
Peter is waiting for you.

**Peter Island**

**Peter Island Yacht Club, British Virgin Islands**

**Low summer rates and special package plans now in effect.**

Call Loews Reservations, Inc. (LRI), toll-free throughout the United States and ask for Peter. They'll give you rates, new color brochure, and immediate, confirmed reservations.



London Show Tour
$611 roundtrip from N.Y.

14 days. Includes airfare. Good hotel with private bath & continental breakfast. 5 theatre tickets. Two-for-the-price-of-one Dining Plan. Discounts, gifts, and admissions at shops & nightclubs and lots more. (We've also a London-Paris Show Tour.)

Fly·Drive Holiday
$582 roundtrip from N.Y.

14 days. Includes airfare between the U.S. and London. First night in a good London Airport hotel. Car for two weeks with unlimited mileage. There's also a Fly-Drive Tour through Scotland as well as Fly-Drive Britain Tour with accommodations and full English breakfast throughout.

London·Italy Tour
$979 roundtrip from N.Y.

14 days. Includes air tickets to London then to Italy. Hotel with private bath, continental breakfast throughout tour. Luxury bus travel from Milan to Venice, San Marino, Florence, Rome, Naples. 8 gala meals free. Complimentary cocktails and other extras. Last 2 nights in London (you get lots of discounts). Other tours to London and Italy available via motorcoach or self-drive car with finest hotels.

WE'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU TO BRITAIN. EUROPE. THE WORLD.

British airways

Of course, all prices are subject to a $3 International Transportation Tax and a number of conditions (as well as government approval). For all the details on our Spring-Summer Tours you must read our brochures, "Holidays in Britain and Europe," "London-Italy Tours" and "Fly-Drive Britain." Fill out the coupon and we'll send them to you. Or call your Travel Agent or British Airways.

British Airways, Box 1525, Dept. 153A-215
N.Y., N.Y. 10019, Tel. (212) 687-1600

I'm eager to find out if Robert Morley is right. Please send me the following brochures:
☐ "Holidays in Britain and Europe"
☐ "London-Italy Tours" ☐ "Fly-Drive Britain"

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City __________ State __________ Zip __________

My Travel Agent is ____________________

THE THEATRE

## OFF BROADWAY

RICHARD WESLEY'S "The Past Is the Past" and OyamO's "The Breakout," two one-acters on black themes by black playwrights, will be running at the Manhattan Theatre Club through the weekend of May 10th. I saw both of them during the summer at the Eugene O'Neill Theatre Center, in Waterford, Connecticut, and I reviewed Mr. Wesley's beautiful play, about a father and son who meet for the first time in a poolroom, when it was produced in Brooklyn last year. "The Breakout" is a satiric fable of considerable passion, wit, and style. It opens with two young men in a cell; their radio is blaring, and a policeman comes down the corridor, knocks on the bars, and tells them to turn it down. One of them grumbles that they might as well be in jail. The men are named Slam and Feet, and it is their funny, mocking cross-talk, combined with their serious purpose, that gives the play its singular flavor. What is on their minds is how to escape to freedom, wherever it is. (Africa, formerly the dream refuge of black Americans, has become, they decide, simply southern Europe.) They are not alone in their captivity, and each of their fellow-convicts personifies an escape route that has turned out to be a dead end. There is Cat, wearing a black beret and portentous in manner and speech, who is a leader of the Tiger Liberators, with his alarming fraternity grip and his need to gather enough *followers* before taking any action. There is Dollabill, dancing through the corridors, dice in hand and money in mind. Finally, there is the visiting Reverend Peabody, who has just received a medal from the President of the United States; he is a smarmy, obsequious sort, whose "brothers," he makes clear to the teasing Slam and Feet, "are all professional men with college degrees." It is finally Malcolm X, appearing to Slam and Feet in a vision, whose words point the way. The two men learn what they must do, they do it, and the play comes to a truly thrilling end. As Slam and Feet—rich roles both—Brent Jennings and Terry Alexander couldn't be better, and Bill Cobbs, as Cat, contributes a funny thumbnail portrait of a militant.

In "The Past Is the Past," played in a somewhat different and quieter style than it was last year, Mr. Cobbs is again wonderful as the father—his strong, painful feelings tamped down hard, his manner casual and wary and seemingly offhand. Mr. Jennings, replacing Robert Christian as the son, is young and hurt and eager and always trying to match his father's cool. Never were characters more aware of each other—of every flicker and inflection—than these two. Both productions are a credit to all concerned, not the least of them Harold Scott, the understanding director. Sets by William D. Anderson, lighting by Arden Fingerhut.

THE Negro Ensemble Company has inaugurated its annual season of workshop—six plays in four weeks—at the St. Marks, with a promising entry, "Liberty Call," by Buriel Clay II. The story, told in flashbacks, concerns a black boatswain's mate, aboard a Navy flagship, who is so caught up in his job, with its built-in illusions of worldliness and power, that he does not even realize that he is being seduced by the young, neurotic white sailor—a rich and recent Yale graduate, sentenced to the Navy by his father—he has taken under his wing, and he is startled (flabbergasted is more like it) when the sailor propositions him. He agrees to sex for payment (in negotiable bonds), with sad results for both of them. The scenes set in the present take place on deck, where the boatswain's mate, from time to time barking out orders to the men below, confers with a black Navy lieutenant who has been assigned to defend him on charges of, among other things, sodomy and manslaughter. The scenes set in the past take place in a whorehouse in Hong Kong, a bar where it is possible to buy opium, and a shower room.

The play is obviously still in the works, with far too much lumpy and needless exposition. There is no reason for the audience to be presented with a *curriculum vitae* of casebooky details on each of the three principals—a common misjudgment of inexperienced dramatists. That aside, the news is good. The scenes are playable and the plot is dramatic. The actors did well. Samm Williams was the boatswain's mate, properly balancing swagger and innocence; Michael Jameson was the sailor, sly and ingratiating but in love all the same, and never effeminate; and Ramon Rafiur was the fiery lawyer who didn't ask for the assignment and was taking no guff from his client. Anderson Johnson directed.

I MUST first confess to being a latecomer to the circle of admirers of Tom Eyen's campy nonsense. "The Dirtiest Show in Town" and a couple of plays of his that I saw Off Off bored me so much that I skipped "Why Hanna's Skirt Won't Stay Down" last year, so you may want to make allowances for the extra fervor of a convert when I tell you that "Women Behind Bars," at the Astor Place, is a success—bold and original and seemingly effortless and very funny. The opening sets the tone of the show. A film screen appears as a backdrop; the credits roll on, to the accompaniment of blarey theme music; somebody screams "Jailbreak!," and the ladies of the company run howling down the aisle and onto the stage. "Women Behind Bars" takes place in the late Women's House of Detention in Greenwich Village, and the ladies are inmates—whores, criminals, lesbians, nuts, and other hard-bitten types with little but sex in mind—who adopt the stereotyped roles and speak the fatuous lines of rotten B-movies of the forties and fifties. All the jokes—clean and dirty (indecencies are rampant), verbal and physical (the roughhouse is rough)—pay off. Mr. Eyen's ear is selective and well tuned to the imbecile cliché, and his actors (nine f., one m., and one transvestite) seem to have perfect pitch. They are Madeleine le Roux, funniest of all as a crazy pyromaniac, somewhat lobotomized after a stay in Section 10; Maria DeLanda as a volatile and voluble Puerto Rican; Helen Hanft as a sharp-tongued, heart-of-gold lesbian on the make; Pat Ast as a menacing matron; Mary-Jenifer Mitchell as an ingenuous new girl ("I don't belong here"); and Leslie Edgar, Hope Stansbury, Ann Collier, Sharon Ann Barr, Mary Boylan, and Walker Stuart in other parts. A special commendation is due Mr. Stuart, who, poise unruffled, takes on all the male characters, among them a prison guard, a psychiatrist, and the new girl's husband, who sneaks in and is fallen upon and stripped bare by the assembled maenads. Ron Link directed. Scenery and lighting by Herbert Nagle and Lawrence Eichler, respectively.

—EDITH OLIVER

# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *The Darned*

IF Nathanael West is a satirist at all, he's an unfunny satirist—showing his characters as grotesques but never releasing us to laugh at them. It's his sadomasochistic visionary tone, with the language pared down to essentials and each detail sharp, that makes "The Day of the Locust" such a distinctive and highly readable book. Readable and, in a certain sense, a literary achievement, but I don't find it likable. I feel a slight recoil from the hero Tod's attitudes and from West's assumptions, and the recoil prevents me from believing in the story as a valid metaphor for the American dream turned into a nightmare. To Nathanael West, the retired people who flock to Los Angeles for the sunshine and oranges are "savage and bitter," because they "haven't the mental equipment for leisure, the money nor the physical equipment for pleasure." To him, they are "all those poor devils who can only be stirred by the promise of miracles and then only to violence." His book ends with an orgasmic explosion—not a revolution but a vengeful mob scene at a movie première that becomes an apocalypse. West is more clever than convincing. Who can believe that Homer Simpson, the toadying mass-man from the Midwest, knows only one song—"Oh, say can you see"? Who can believe in that chaste blob Homer on any level? And what is Faye Greener, the seventeen-year-old sexpot who dreams of becoming a star, but an urban Tondelayo, a pre-Marilyn Monroe Marilyn Monroe—one of those James M. Cain dirty-animal women who destroy men? When West sees hatred in the faces of the elderly sitting on sidewalk benches, isn't it mostly a projection of his own fear of aging—a child's terror of deformity? Surely if you have to be poor and old it's better in a warm climate, better in a horizontal slum than a vertical one. West seems to have taken a medieval vision of the grave drawing him closer and converted it into a rambling series of journalistic impressions and symbolist speculations about a city that will be set on fire by its hollow-eyed gawkers and cripples—its walking dead.

The new John Schlesinger film version, from a screenplay by Waldo Salt, is generally faithful to the events of the novel. The leisureliness of the opening sections has a pleasing rhythm, allowing us to bask in the yellowy light and the fine thirties re-creation. The cinematographer, Conrad Hall, succeeds in achieving the painterly, calendar-art look of California Spanish, and the designer, Richard MacDonald, understands the lazy weight of it. The sunny slums, torpidly picturesque, like a giant piazza—that's what L.A. was like, all right, before it went proudly Pop and got its bright, wide-awake modern-city chic. The feel of the film is auspicious, and Schlesinger seems to be working at his peak, but we follow one character and then another, and each time we become engrossed we're yanked back from involvement. We expect the characters' separate dreams and problems to coalesce, and they don't. In the book, what holds the sketchy characters, the narrative chunks, and the ideas together is West's maggoty wit—positioning himself halfway between contempt and fear, clinging to literary sophistication as if it were the Mother Church. The film is a mosaic that never comes together.

Actually, these sleep-filled stucco cottages and the motionless atmosphere are so authentic that they work against West's conceits. If "The Day of the Locust" and the mauve, nightmarish "Chinatown" could exchange their atmospheres, they might both be better: the water-rights and real-estate swindles that formed the plot of "Chinatown" could have been clarified if the film had had a realistic base—if we had seen the dust in the air, as we do here—while "Locust," to make any sense at all, should be a hysteric's view of L.A. Despite West's straightforward prose and his maplike accuracy about buildings and streets, his is a disjointed, fever vision, and his spangly scenes—a vicious cockfight, a party at which the lusting men circle around the lone woman Faye and fight over her, the ecstasy-seeking mob running wild at the première—might add up to something excitingly tumid if this movie were less literal. Schlesinger never finds a controlling mood or tone to suggest where he's heading, so the apocalyptic ending comes out of nowhere, and, since it's also the most inept part of the picture—hyperbolic yet dull—the movie disintegrates at the very point where it needs to fuse.

West sees people from the outside, and he deliberately makes his characters so limited that they're unreal; his device, like that of the painter Ensor (and, later, Francis Bacon), is to seize upon the excruciating, farfetched everyday truth. The movie's mistake is to trust the book's sensibility, and to assume that the events of the book, when they are presented on film, will communicate what Schlesinger and many others believe to be the most important line in the novel: "Few things are sadder than the truly monstrous." But it was West's black-comedy whammy to see eccentrics and harmless nonconformists and old Angelenos—who may be brainwashed by the sun and the years—as monstrous, and to see L.A. as a place that attracts dreamers and then betrays their dreams, leaving them enraged. Without his rather forced prose explanations, almost none of this comes across, and if one hasn't read the book, the bit players, whores, extras, and hangers-on who live at the slummy San Bernardino Arms, and the pooped old people who stare blankly, like ambulatory statues, are just figures in disparate scenes from L.A.'s Weimar days.

Having no emotional center, the film leaves little impression—only a chill. There wouldn't be much to remember if it weren't for a few of the performers—especially Burgess Meredith. As Faye's father, Harry Greener, the washed-up old vaudevillian who sells "Miracle Solvent" door-to-door, Meredith does what is very likely his best acting in his forty-five years as a professional. Maybe you need forty-five years of experience to give this kind of performance. Meredith's Harry is a compulsive entertainer, a little, piggy-eyed, round-faced clown who failed on the stage but turns every place he's in—even his deathbed—into a theatre. Harry Greener, boozy, his mind lost in a theatre warp, doesn't know how *not* to put on an act. Life and show business are the same thing to him, and performing, wheedling, and conning have become indistinguishable. It's not a starring role, and it doesn't stand out and announce itself, yet Harry, the small-timer who has no world but the theatre that never even knew he existed, is as fully lived-in a portrait as Olivier's Archie Rice. The conception is West's, but Meredith—strutting with a child's idea of raffishness, his face a frowzy high pink—makes you believe it. Meredith endows Harry with something of the frazzled indomitability of a Mickey Rooney, that giving-out even when one is faking giving-out. Like Rooney, Harry is manic by nature, and he never loses his awareness of the audience.

Billy Barty, who used to be Mickey Rooney's younger brother in the "Mickey McGuire" shorts, plays the dwarf gambler-tipster, Abe Kusich, and although his role is limited to a few scenes, he gives a major performance. In the novel, Abe, a macho dwarf, is an obscenely angry little man, but in realizing the character Billy Barty goes way beyond this. This Abe is dapper, with a hawk-eyed alertness to his rights and opportunities, and in the cockfight, when he tries to breathe life into his dying rooster, his whole soul is engaged in his side's putting up a fight, and there's tenderness in his handling of the wretched, mutilated bird. Many years ago, in "Gold Diggers of 1933," when Barty popped up in the "Pettin' in the Park" sequence, winked at Dick Powell, and handed him a can opener to use on Ruby Keeler's shiny tin costume, he seemed to embody Busby Berkeley's most wayward flights of fancy; now, like Burgess Meredith, he moves right into the character he's playing, and lives there. He gives Abe Kusich a rambunctious fullness that exposes West's sadness-of-the-monstrous for the self-pitying, self-aggrandizing bull it is. These two—Harry and Abe—escape West's patronizing categories; they have an independent existence that Tod, who represents West's own consciousness, doesn't.

Tod, hired right out of Yale to work on set and costume designs, is meant to be a virile, gifted artist, at ease in society, and William Atherton (he was Goldie Hawn's husband in "The Sugarland Express") is impressively sensitive in a difficult, bystander role. Schlesinger handles Tod well, and Atherton gives a fine Arrow-collar performance, but they can't cancel out the snobbish weakness in West's conception—that he wanted to see himself as a gentleman-artist, a Yale Wasp, courtly, handsome, impeccably dressed, an outsider looking on at the grotesque world. Tod, who is putting the other characters into his giant painting "The Burning of Los Angeles," is redeeming his time in L.A. by making art of it—as West was doing in writing this book, which is essentially Tod's painting. But Tod is a thankless role, as authors' dream images of themselves so often are, and since he lacks a stake in the action and Faye doesn't respond to his advances, he seems sexless and unmag-

Hennessy

with . . . water, soda, tonic, or nothing at all. How you drink Hennessy depends on what you like. Tradition is in the making. Taste is in the drinking. So go ahead. Pour the Hennessy. Your way.

HENNESSY COGNAC, 80 PROOF, IMPORTED BY SCHIEFFELIN & CO., N.Y.

**Sea Pines at Hilton Head, perhaps the finest vacation value in America**

**From June through Labor Day your family can stay a week here, for $71 to $97*, per person.**

* Based on family of three, staying a week or more.

* Including Villa with kitchen, bedroom, balcony or screened porch, living room and dining area.

* Includes $10 recreational credit for each member of the family, good toward greens fees, court fees, sailboat rental, and other activities.

* Includes 4½ miles of beach. A beach 600 feet wide, with gentle surf, beige sand, and warm water... and sun, plenty of sun.

* Includes 11 miles of bike trails, four 18-hole golf courses, 33 tennis courts, and 14 swimming pools.

* Includes alligators sleeping in the lagoons. Great blue herons, ibis and bufflehead duck nesting in the forest.

* Includes dozens of shops, 12 restaurants and lounges with 3 dance floors, and live music.

* Includes crabbing, oystering, fishing for bream and wide-mouth bass, with deep-sea fishing available.

* Includes free, four-color brochures, crammed with maps, photographs and information on Sea Pines Plantation.

**For reservations see your Travel Agent or call (803) 785-3322 or (912) 233-2186.**

**Sea Pines Plantation**
Dept. SVMN 2
Hilton Head Island, S.C. 29948

Please send me a free copy of the 28-page Sea Pines Plantation Vacation Guide.

Name__________

Address__________

City__________

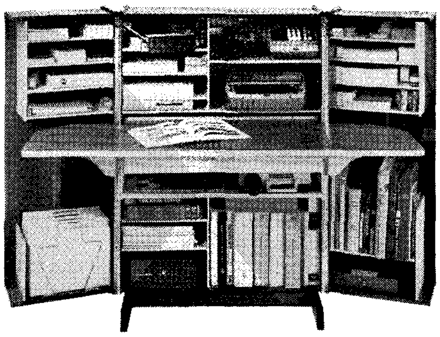
State__________ Zip__________

Phone__________

☐ Also enclose information on group meetings at Sea Pines Plantation.

netic—a gentleman, all right. Maybe "The Day of the Locust" wouldn't work however you adapted it, but if it wasn't to be stylized as Tod's phantasmagoria, Schlesinger and Waldo Salt might have done better to rethink the book radically and get rid of Tod. One possibility would have been to reconceive Homer the lump (Donald Sutherland), to take him out of his stupor and make him the central consciousness, because the theme doesn't need a Yalie observer, it needs someone to draw us into the story—the person to whom the story is happening—so that we can see Los Angeles and the tinhorn show people through his duped, glamour-struck eyes. There's nothing specific the matter with Sutherland's performance as Homer, yet it's just awful. How is a screen actor supposed to express the collective yearnings of the inarticulate masses? The film begins to drag the moment Homer meets Faye, and it never fully recovers; we're there with Tod, watching Homer knead his big hands into his thighs, instead of feeling the rage building in him. As Faye, Karen Black is far from the teen-ager who occupied Tod's thoughts—the girl who looked "just born, everything moist and fresh, volatile and perfumed"—and his falling in love with her isn't convincing. Besides, Karen Black's lopsided caricature of a pretty face—her carnal squint and plush-pillow mouth—has been so over-exploited that at the moment it's hard to see her as anything but Karen Black. She's so recognizable and so jangly that she kills illusion. She was perfectly cast in "Portnoy's Complaint," but usually she can't disguise her acting. She's working seriously here; still, she spells out how she wants us to react, and she can't bring credibility to Faye (who is, in any case, one of those literary concepts whose day has passed—hallelujah).

All the way through, the biggest crowd sequences are the least effective; Schlesinger's direction generally seems to grow worse in direct ratio to the number of people on the screen. He frequently gets complex overtones going when he's dealing with a couple of characters, particularly if he likes them, but the ideas he's working on seem to become cheaper and more dubious as the crowd becomes larger. And when he goes into his gilded-irony numbers he loses the relations between people which he's built up. Schlesinger is usually at his dead worst when he's staging parties in the Sodoms of "Darling" and "Midnight Cowboy," yet he's drawn to playing the bitchy moralist and exhibiting the damned damning themselves. This picture, which



**The Organizer.**

Every busy person needs the Organizer. Its ingenious Norwegian design helps you get more work done in less space, beautifully. Open, it's 64"W x 45"H x 30"D, and includes a glide-away desk, 19 adjustable *shelves, a separate vertical file, compartmented* drawer, built-in lamp, and a lock. When it's time to close up the Organizer, it becomes a handsome cabinet 32"W x 21"D, and fits easily into your living room, den, bedroom, or wherever you like to work.

The Organizer is imported from Norway, where workmanship is still an art. And as the importer, we keep the price low (*$445 in Teak or Walnut; $495 in* Rosewood). It's usually tax deductible and comes with a 60-day, money back guarantee. Come in and see the Organizer. Or write for color brochure No. YO512-5.

To order, call or send check, or charge to Amer. Exp., Master Charge, or BankAmericard. We ship anywhere in the Continental U.S. for $25.00. Isn't it time you got organized?

**GREATWOOD**

**Greatwood Products of California, Inc.**
101 S. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. 90048
(213) 273-5007
**Greatwood Products, Inc.**
800 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 355-3160

**Golden Oldie**

A rare collector's find . . . the Morgan Silver dollar, gilded with 18 kt. Gold Vermeil to give it the permanence and elegance of solid gold. It's surrounded by a twisted wreath of gold and hung on a golden, sculptured chain 24" long. Gift boxed. **$20.00** ppd. 75¢ additional for West Coast.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. SPECIALLY PRICED FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY Write for Catalogue

**H. N. Drew, Ltd.,** Dept. N-12
49 Mamaroneck Ave., White Plains, N.Y. 10601

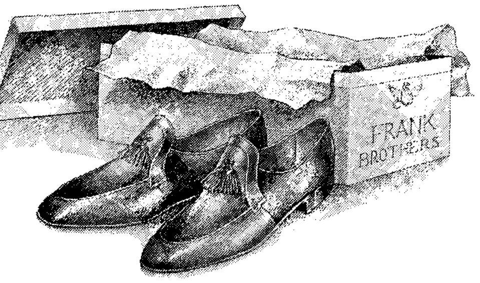
*Antique and Contemporary*
**PAPERWEIGHTS**
Our illustrated catalogue & price guide for collectors is now available in full color. $3.00.

407 Cliff St.
Suite 26
**L.H. Selman Ltd.**
Santa Cruz,
CA 95060

Virgin Gorda-British Virgin Islands. 1 of the last unspoiled secluded untouristy islands, 3 bedrm private rental-architectural gem. 80' deck, panoramic water view. Swim, snorkel, scuba, sail, horses nearby; cook avail. Choice summer climate & rates. A. Leader, 356 Littleworth Lane, Sea Cliff, NY 11579 (516) 676-6411.

calls for a startling visionary, a sensualist like the young Buñuel, is exactly wrong for his talents, and the erratic Waldo Salt script gives him prize opportunities to be obvious: potshots at anti-Semites and racists, and a big tabernacle session, with Geraldine Page simulating Aimee Semple McPherson's erotic spiel, so that we'll recognize that when people have nothing to live for they turn to crank religions and are served a sexual experience as a religious experience. It's one thing for West to amuse himself by describing a costly blunder when an unfinished set collapses during the filming of a big battle for the film "Waterloo," but, since this episode has no direct relationship to the story, when Schlesinger goes to all the trouble of staging the scene, West's whimsical diversion on the expensive insanity of picture-making becomes an example of it. Waldo Salt tries to make the sequence integral, but all he comes up with is a cosmetic trick—a peewee Watergate analogy—by using the blunder as evidence that the producer whom Tod works for is corrupt: the sort of demonstration which could be made just as graphically by having the fellow put a social lunch on an expense account. Some of Schlesinger's and Salt's decisions seem unfathomable. Why didn't they pull the action together by having the première that unleashes the furies be "Waterloo," instead of a movie that has nothing to do with previous events? And what did they have in mind in the romantic framing device they provide? The picture opens with Tod's arrival at the San Bernardino Arms, and then at the end, after the big Inferno finale, Faye comes to his room looking for him after he is gone. Gone where, one wonders. Is he meant to have left that corrupt city? (West didn't.)

ONE can go back to most writers one admired and reëxperience what one admired them for, but with Nathanael West you're shocked by the élitist snobbery you once felt flattered to share. Cynical adolescents may accept "The Day of the Locust" as a brilliant Hollywood satire, on the order of "The Loved One." What could be more attractive to them than West's view of the middle-aged and old as enraged grotesques, incapable of pleasure? He doesn't ask you to identify with his suffering grotesques—not even in "Miss Lonelyhearts." He expects you to identify with his comic horror over their plight, and when you're young you're very vulnerable to West's highbrow-Christ attitude. But why is "The Day of the Locust"



If you're looking for fine men's clothing and accessories, Frank Brothers is a shoe-in.

Frank Brothers' Tassel Loafer is famous. But so are the fine quality suits, sportswear, shirts and other accessories for men of good taste. And personal service is also a hallmark of Frank Brothers...they take care to make sure you are pleased in your selections and tailoring. Why not join the interesting men who shop at the Frank Brothers stores. In New York, Palm Beach and Chicago. All the stores welcome the American Express® Card— so be sure you don't leave home without it.

AMERICAN EXPRESS
040 072 493 5 500AX
CHARLES F FROST
58

AMERICAN EXPRESS®

The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it.

**FOR DELUXE** ocean-front rooms with lanai, come on an escorted Maupintour holiday to . . .

HAWAII

**31 MEALS,** 4 islands, 14 days of beautiful sightseeing, choice dining, local happenings, special events, entertainments, all included. Orchids. Helicopter flight-seeing, Polynesian Cultural Center, Kaanapali beach party, Akaka Falls, volcanoes, whaling towns, Kalapana's hidden beach, palms. **WHAT YOU DREAM** Hawaii will be. $988 plus air fare. Fly *Continental.* Ask for *Maupintour's Hawaii* folder.

*our 24th year* Maupintour

270 Park Avenue
New York, New York 10017.
Send *Maupintour's Hawaii* folder to:

*name*
*address*
*city*
*state/zip* NY

This Is
Vermont's Hideaway

You live with nature high in the unspoiled mountains of Vermont where your only obvious neighbors are nature and refreshing mountain air. And spring-fed ponds. And hiking trails through the Green Mountains.

Our all inclusive Property and Rental Management program guarantees complete year-round services and totally carefree living. Once you rent one of our homes, by the day, weekend, week, month or year, the rest is up to us.

You can see what the Hawk sees by sending for our literature. Or call 802/746-5171.

**HAWK**
BOX 11-J, ROUTE 100
PITTSFIELD, VERMONT 05762

locked into so many people's minds as the definitive Los Angeles book? Maybe, in part, because of its thoroughgoing contempt for everything in Los Angeles. As a genre, Hollywood novels represent the screenwriters' revenge on the movies. In Hollywood, the writer is an underling whose work is trashed, or, at best, he's a respected collaborator without final control over how his work is used. Writing a Hollywood novel, he gets his own back: typically, he himself is the disillusioned hero, and the studio bosses, the producers, the flunkies are his boob targets—all those people who he feels have no right to make decisions about his work.

The writers romanticize the processes of corruption, seeing themselves as intellectual golden boys who go "out there"—as Edmund Wilson called it—and then turn their backs on that cheap glory, returning to write the fourth-rate book we've just plowed through. "The Day of the Locust" is far from fourth-rate, but it satisfies the loftiest expectations, since it deals with the victims of the movies—the poor in spirit who bought the commercial dreams. Edmund Wilson, one of the first to recognize West's literary worth, appreciated the book in the terms that generations of book reviewers have been using for Hollywood novels: "Mr. West has caught the emptiness of Hollywood; and he is, as far as I know, the first writer to make this emptiness horrible."

There's some truth in what Wilson said. The novel is about something, but it's not about as much as West wanted it to be—it's not about everything. West blew up his observations into a sweeping vision, and John Schlesinger takes the book seriously in all the wrong ways and compounds its overblown thesis—Faye becomes the bitch goddess, Homer is crucified, and masked figures, God help us, march toward the camera. His vice as a director has always been to score against his characters, crashing bricks on our skulls so we'll recognize how hideous they are. This picture is Schlesinger's primal scream: it says that women tease and humiliate men, that people are being driven mad by a lack of sex and love; it says that there's nothing to drink but poisoned milk and we're all dying. West created the clichés; Schlesinger falls over them, heavily, humorlessly. —PAULINE KAEL

EDITORS' NOTE: Miss Kael is filling in this week for Penelope Gilliatt, who is on vacation.

A week in Rio. $233.

8 days in one of the world's most exciting cities. And 7 nights at one of the world's most beautiful hotels.

The new Inter-Continental Rio, overlooking the beach.

With a pool, bars, restaurants, tennis, discotheques, and 500 rooms of wall-to-wall Brazil.

For reservations see your travel agent.

(Price is per person, double, including 7 Brazilian Continental Breakfasts, transfers to and from airport, baggage and tips at airport and hotel, ½ day tour of the city and Sugarloaf Mountain, and ½ day tour of Tijuca Forest and Corcovado Mountain. Air fare not included.)

**Hotel Inter•Continental Rio**
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

**HORSEHEAD PENDANT**

Complete the casual wardrobe of the thoroughbred set with our porcelain jewelry. This trio of horses in full natural tones (one each in Chestnut, Black and Grey) on white porcelain stone. Chain and settings are gold tone. Pendant size of half dollar. **$5.98** plus 75¢ P&H. Ill Res. add 5% tax. Gift Catalog 50¢.

**HOUSE OF MINNEL**
**DEERPATH ROAD, DEPT. NY-55, BATAVIA, IL 60510**

The OCEAN DUNE Apartments
Amagansett, L.I.

**PRIVATE BEACH and SWIMMING POOL**

An attractive resort residence in a setting of unspoiled colonial charm. Luxuriously furnished 2½ to 4½-room suites with fully equipped kitchenettes, sun decks, daily maid service. Golf privileges. Recreation nearby. Seasonal, monthly, weekly. Rates and brochure on request.

**Dial (516) 267-3406**
**New York City (212) 269-7299**
**53 Park Pl., Att.: Miss G. T. Maher**

# LETTER FROM LONDON

MAY 1

WHATEVER the outcome, there will be relief here when June 5th is over and the whole question of the Common Market is settled, everybody trusts, by the simple word "Yes" or "No." At the moment, the referendum is nagging away in the minds of the passionately committed (one way or another) like the worrying diary entry of a doctor's appointment. This unprecedented method of consulting public opinion on such an issue seems appalling to very many British—the idea of appealing to the great, warm, untidy, vaguely informed mass of the people to say what should be done for the best of the ailing nation. What is more, they are skeptical of the soothing assurances that it is a once-and-for-all-time device that will not be used again. In spite of the official Labour Party's signalling last week that it would fight for a "No" on Europe, there is a growing feeling, which pro-Europeans hope is not too complacent, that the referendum will go Harold Wilson's way. If it does not, it seems possible that Parliament, in which resides the ultimate sovereign power that the anti-Europeans are currently so shrilly apprehensive of losing to the Assembly in Strasbourg, and which is strongly pro-Europe in its voting strength, could and would vote against the legislative steps that Britain would have to take in the slow and difficult retreat from her 1972 treaty.

The confused public has every excuse for feeling that nothing is simple. The Labour Party held a one-day London conference last Saturday to consider the document circulated by the Party's National Executive Committee, which is dominated by the vigorous and vocal left wing, including Mr. Wilson's Employment Secretary, Michael Foot; his Secretary of State for Social Services, Mrs. Barbara Castle; and Anthony Wedgwood Benn, the highly controversial Minister for Industry. Their statement recommended, in flat defiance of the Government's policy, that Britain should leave Europe, though it was careful to say that each individual must make the choice for himself. The conference took place in the Michael Sobell Sports Centre, in Islington, in a neighborhood where rows of pleasant stucco houses, nodding to the eighteenth century with street names that sometimes recall a rustic grove or lane, stand among tall slabs of offices and apartments and thunderous lanes of traffic rushing to Cambridge and the North. As expected, the delegates finished by approving the National Executive's advice, with a vote of not quite two to one—rather less than resounding, and not as bad as the pro-Europeans had feared; the political pundits had been predicting that they would take a far worse beating. It is also true that a Labour Party conference vote is swung by the massive weight of the big trade-union leaders' planking down bloc votes on behalf of their absent members, all of whose votes they certainly do not represent. Nevertheless, the pound dipped nervously at the message from the Sports Centre, around which young men and women clustered in the sunshine with home-made banners that were mostly harshly antagonistic to Mr. Wilson and united in conservative dislike of getting any further mixed up with the comrades over the water.

It was an extraordinary novelty among Party conferences. Attendance was thin; many constituencies had obviously not bothered to spend money in these hard times—and on a Saturday into the bargain—dispatching anybody to Islington. Usually, the delegates are the hard-core Party faithful, who rise to their feet and welcome their leader with rapture, and this time he was the Prime Minister of a four-time Labour Government, who had just made good the promise he gave at the last election to get better terms from Brussels. Yet when he and his Foreign Secretary, Jim Callaghan, filed in with the members of the National Executive to take their places on the platform, they were watched in silence, perhaps out of the delicate feeling that it is not in order to applaud a man whose eye you are just about to black rather thoroughly. The Prime Minister spoke first, having been graciously invited by the Executive to state his case for believing that it would be best for Britain and her old and her new partners to return a rousing "Yes" on June 5th. His speech was given respectful, so-so applause, and was not worth much more. Mr. Wilson has never been able to bring himself to put forward the European idea with real fiery conviction, and he did not do so now. Perhaps he was cautiously mindful of the task that lies ahead, whichever way the referendum goes, of somehow repairing the rift in the Party. He had always been emotionally more a Commonwealth man, he explained, but now things had changed: the Commonwealth leaders were realistically urging Britain to stay in Europe. It sounded like a dry business brief for a company that would bring a handsome return to the investors if only they were patient and did not withdraw their money, and it was punctuated here and there by a dry rattle of clapping from the floor. It is customary for the leader to receive a standing ovation, but when he ended, the conferees remained clamped to their seats. The temperature warmed up only for the next speaker, a little-known member of the Executive who had been chosen to present the anti-Europe document on which they were to vote. He got the first hearty applause of the morning. Loud countercheers greeted, of course, the leading pro-European speakers, such as Roy Jenkins, when they came to the rostrum with their shoulders squared and laid about them stoutly.

The conference was run with absolute impartiality, pro and anti speakers following one another in strictly observed turns, and any heckling jumped upon by the genial but admirably firm chairman, Mr. Fred Mulley. Many of the delegates must have come to London with their minds already made up and not to be budged by anybody's rhetoric. What the uncommitted decided after the long day of good, bad, and indifferent three-minute orations it is impossible to guess, but the conflicting directives were certainly fazing. Jack Jones, the gentle-faced general secretary of the great Transport and General Workers' Union, declared that unemployment was the Common Market disease and that jobs and investment were flowing out of Britain to other E.E.C. countries—no mention of ever-soaring wage claims here being a cause, as Chancellor Denis Healey sombrely warned the other day, before the shock of the new unemployment figures hit the headlines. Familiar worries about losing national sovereignty were argued by some and lambasted by others, such as a brass-lunged Scottish M.P., John Mackintosh, who roared abuse of the "little, selfish, petty, inward-looking arguments" that paid lip service to integration but sheered off from joining the Socialist Parties in Europe. A quiet-voiced ceramics worker pointed out, among unbelieving shouts, that buying wheat from the

TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
*San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939*

Comfortable Pincord Jumpsuit $24

Outstanding for comfort and ease of care, our good-looking pincord short jumpsuit looks and stays crisp and fresh because it is a blend of cool Dacron and cotton. Machine washable, quick drying, needs no ironing. Fully cut, with five large pockets, full length zipper and self belt. Blue and white, in sizes S (34-36), M (38-40), L (42-44), XL (46-48).

Mail Orders to: Pincord Jumpsuit
**Cable Car Clothiers, No.150 Post, S.F., Ca 94108**
Quan. ______________ Size ______________
M.O. or Check ☐ Cable Car Chg. ☐ Sorry, no COD's
☐ **Please send catalogue** (415) 397-4740
Name........................................
Address........................................
........................................Zip........................
Add $1.85 Ship. & Hdlg. • 6½% Sales Tax in Ca. 010512

The Sloop and Cocktail Flag Tie.
Exclusively ours. Blue/maroon.
Red/navy. $9.50.
Postage $.50.
the Narragansett
Memorial Boulevard, Newport, R.I. 02840

THE ISLAND OF
**Martha's Vineyard**
This peaceful uncrowded island of quaint villages offers you casual living: a scenic blend of sea and country; superb swimming, sailing, fishing, golf, tennis, and shops. Hotels, cottages, motels, guest houses. Tell us *your* needs; arrival (Spring, Summer or Fall); length of stay, number in party. *You don't need a car here!*
**Send $1 for complete Vacation Kit - maps, pictorial guide and list of accommodations.**
MARTHA'S VINEYARD INFORMATION
Vineyard Haven 105 Mass. 02568

E.E.C. well below world prices had kept down the price of the British loaf. The shipwrights' and blacksmiths' union was for getting out, and so were the seamen, but a delegate from the Association of Professional, Executive, Clerical, and Computer Staffs asked the conference briskly to note that Britain was at the bottom of the Community league for pensions, wages, and social benefits, and said he was for staying in.

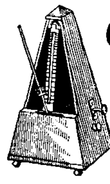
What seemed absolutely new and disturbing to many observers was a theme that kept on turning up in left-wing speeches and always in the same phrases, which sounded as if they had been jotted down on the speaker's cuff. The European Community was "a gigantic and overwhelmingly capitalist-oriented bureaucracy" (that was Lawrence Daly, the near-Communist leader of the miners), "a rich man's club," a plot thought up by the bosses, the Tories, and the Liberals to outflank the honest people, who wanted only to be left alone, with no overseeing from vigilant partners in Brussels, to build a tidy Socialist Jerusalem in Britain. Were there not blacksmiths, shipwrights, miners, sailors, and people exactly like us in Europe, someone demanded in exasperation. As far as the Michael Sobell Sports Centre reckoned, apparently there were not. Sir Christopher Soames, Britain's E.E.C. Commissioner, who has been making speeches for the pro-European group all around the country, came in once or twice for sour notice as being the living embodiment of this smooth, rich man's conspiracy against the workers.

The Foreign Secretary made a strong and impressive speech after the lunch break. Mr. Callaghan is a big man with a deceptively breezy, avuncular manner, and he dealt forcefully with, among other things, the agricultural workers' complaints that they had not improved their lot in the Common Market, and with some of the delegates' obstinate dreams of cheap food still waiting for them in a coöperative Commonwealth. Like a tough uncle, he asked the children to show a bit of common sense and not cut themselves off from one of the two largest trading powers in the world—the E.E.C. and the United States. When it came to voting on the Executive document, the delegates did not oblige him, of course, but before then Michael Foot had wound up the debate, supplying the oratorical treat that sent even the delegates who had disagreed with him trudging off to their trains and cars as

**What has Sheraton done for you lately?**
**NOW IN CHICAGO**
**SHERATON-PLAZA**
The **Sheraton-Plaza**, formerly The Westbury, offers splendid comfort and impeccable service—just steps from the Magnificent Mile, exciting Rush Street and all the attractions of Chicago. There's a roof-top pool and panoramic views of the city and lake.

**SHERATON**
For reservations at the Sheraton-Plaza—or at any Sheraton anywhere—call anytime:
**800-325-3535**
Or have your travel agent call.
**Sheraton-Plaza**
SHERATON HOTELS & MOTOR INNS, WORLDWIDE
160 EAST HURON OFF NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 312/787-2900

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE
**"Something special."***
**A THREE-PIPE PROBLEM**
**BY JULIAN SYMONS**
An actor who's portrayed Sherlock Holmes does some Holmesian sleuthing of his own. **"Julian Symons has not done a better story."**
—*Dorothy B. Hughes
$6.95
A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE



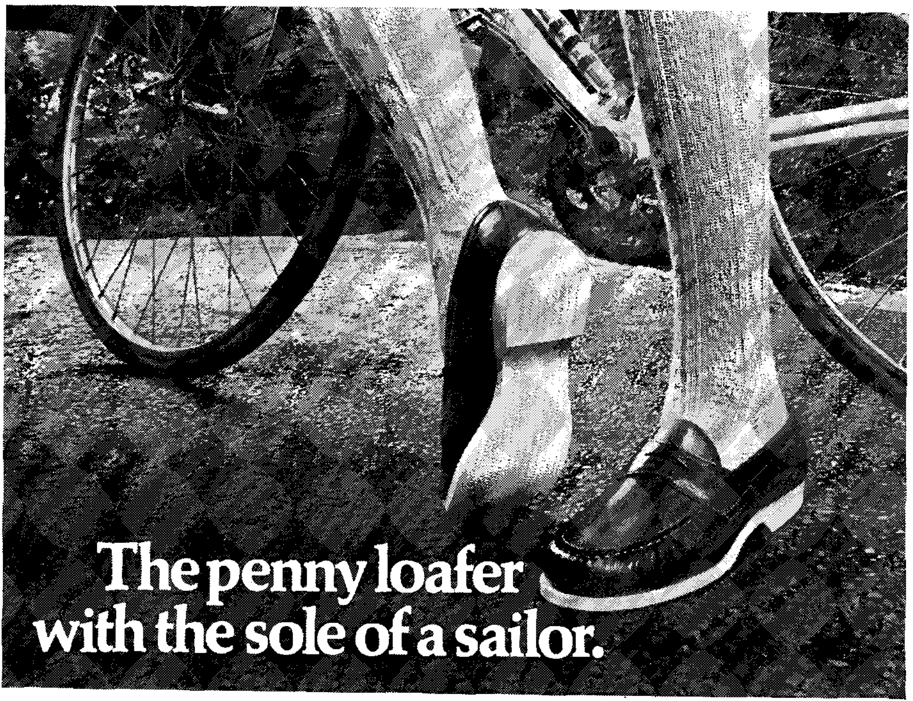
**Carnegie A-440 Pizza Hall**
2212 Carmel Valley Rd.
Del Mar, Ca.
Only 15 minutes north of San Diego
(714) 755-6778

**HOW TO HIDE ALMOST ANYTHING!** This marvelously inventive, unique book by David Krotz tells you how to build dozens of secret compartments to protect your treasures—stocks, bonds, intimate items—things as small as a diamond ring, as large as a love affair. Order your copy today—send $5.95 to Wm. Morrow, Dept. JAC-NY, 105 Madison Ave., N.Y. 10016.

cheerfully as though they had just enjoyed a first-rate fireworks display. He is the only remaining politician who speaks with the explosive passion, the devastating timing of gibes, and even a touch of the singing Celtic intonation of his friend the late Aneurin Bevan. What Foot said was, as ever, less memorable and far more resistible than his style, his shock of now white hair, and his glittering, Ancient Mariner's eye, which would hold a conference spellbound if he chose to recite the rules of the House of Commons. His discourse ended on a high patriotic appeal to the excited delegates and, beyond them, to "this great country of ours" to have courage and (he meant) spurn the solemn advice given them by their Prime Minister, their Foreign Secretary, and the majority of the Cabinet. Michael Foot is a literary man, who flatters his audiences by assuming that they are bookish, too, and this time he plucked from his invisible shelves a work by the Roundhead Colonel Thomas Rainborow and shouted a few lines of choice Cromwellian prose, which were greeted as wildly as though they announced that England had won the World Cup. Colonel Rainborow was a gallant, many-sided Parliamentarian, who led the rebellious officers in refusing to negotiate with Charles I on disbanding the Army. Anyone gazing at Mr. Wilson as he sat expressionless, puffing at his pipe, while a large section of the conference rose to its feet and gave Mr. Foot a standing ovation, and Mr. Benn, Mrs. Castle, and the rest beamed and clapped violently, had to reflect that the author was aptly chosen.

On the whole, pro-Europeans, talking over the conference, do not seem too downcast by its result. In spite of the carefully repeated assertions at Islington that unity will be unimpaired after the referendum, many people think, with worry, that the present bitter division is as much about who intends to run the Labour Party as it is about Europe.

THE National Theatre production of Harold Pinter's new play, "No Man's Land," opened at the Old Vic last week. It is his latest exploration of the territory that seems to interest him most nowadays—that chilling, glacial world between sleeping and waking, past and present, where nothing is precisely what it seems and each man is his own Walter Mitty. Its four characters are all male; women slip through the talk only as vaguely desirable but unsettling shades. Spooner is



The new "must" for school—a classic penny loafer with the famous anti-slip Sperry Top-Sider boating sole. We call it the Penny Sailor. It's handsewn from special elk-tanned leather to withstand fresh or salt water. Dries soft and supple no matter how often it's wet. Sorry, women's sizes only. $29.00. (Suggested Retail Price)

**For catalog, write to:**
Sperry Top-Sider, 18 Rubber Ave., Naugatuck, Conn. 06770

SPERRY TOP-SIDER®

Bicycle Softwear

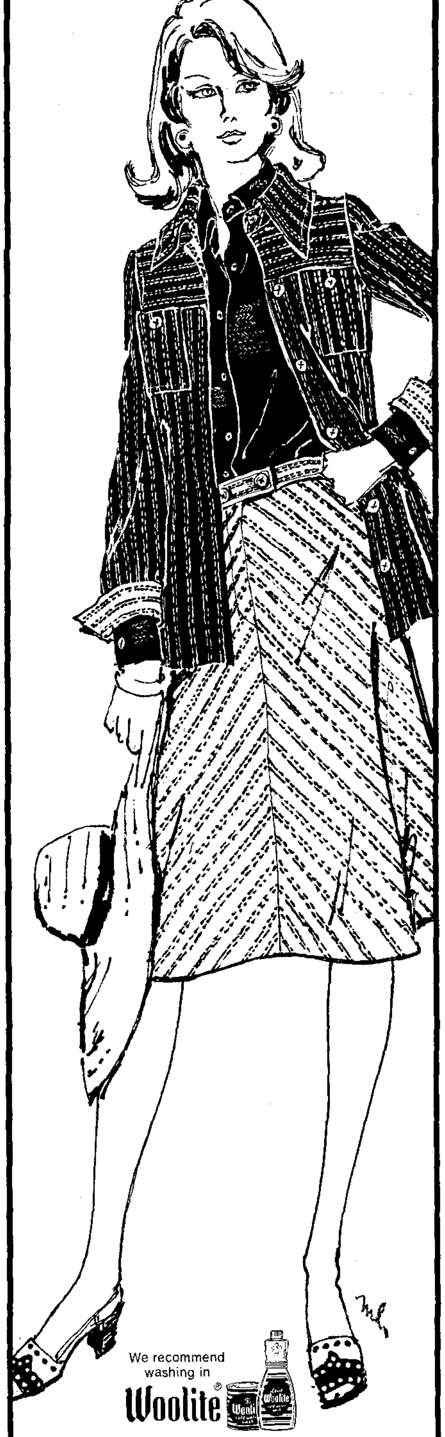
We are a small manufacturer of a variety of bags which ordinarily attach to bikes but will also attach to you. Professional bikepeople use them when cross-countrying, but also for shopping and picnicking. Their kids use them for books and sweaters whether walking or biking. Some designs make nice handbags; some convert to bonafide backpacks. Other manufacturers make similar bags; our claim to bikeland fame is that we were first, and our products have stood up terrifically well. You can ask around about us, or send the coupon; we'll send you a free catalog and tell you which stores carry our line. Thank you.

Bicycle Softwear, made by **Bellwether,**
San Francisco

To: Bellwether,
1161 Mission St., San Francisco

Please send a free catalog and the names of stores near me where I can see your line.
Name__________
Address__________
City__________ State__________ Zip__________

Dalton


We recommend washing in Woolite®
For the clothes you care about

The mark of elegant taste begins with separates by Dalton. Sizes 6 to 18. From about $30 to about $70. Featured at fine stores everywhere. Prices slightly higher in the West.

**Also makers of James Kenrob sportswear.**

**Dalton of America, Willoughby, Ohio and New York City.**

a seedy, failed intellectual—John Gielgud, almost unrecognizable in frayed pinstripe suiting and sandals—who styles himself a poet but in his sixties has descended to the small prose of earning a bite clearing away beer mugs in a pub. Gielgud's superb characterization alternates a wonderful champagne haughtiness with ingratiating slyness and the silvery, precious diction of the sort that used to be heard fluting away at Bloomsbury gatherings between the wars. He is picked up on Hampstead Heath by Hirst, an also elderly but highly successful alcoholic man of letters, who brings him back to his luxurious home, where two slightly menacing toughs (played by Terence Rigby and Michael Feast) run the household, feed him continuous booze, and keep out chiselling intruders. Ralph Richardson, as Hirst, looks like an elegant retired military man, rather than a writer of belles-lettres, as he sits in his chair, a figure of wood twitching suddenly to life with each new gulp of "the great malt that wounds," as Spooner poetically calls it. Each man speaks occasional bursts of poetical words out of his private no man's land of fantasy. Hirst's is a dream of his youth and the beautiful ghosts who come back when he turns the pages of his photograph album, Spooner's a compensating invention of a gracious wife, daughters, tea on the lawn of a country cottage. There is no action. Some critics spoke of the play's being a pastiche of Beckett and of Eliot. In its deafening silences, its sudden torrents of brilliantly juxtaposed words, and the wildly funny comedy that skates over the darkness below, it has moments of seeming like a pastiche of Pinter. Peter Hall flawlessly directs this double concerto for two splendid instruments—Gielgud's voice and Richardson's—playing together with the accumulated technique of their joint acting lives. It is a great London theatre occasion.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

### OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "The Feast of Fools," by Harvey Cox*]

Festivity, like play, contemplation, and making love, is an end in itself.—*Page 5.*

Festivity is never an end in itself.

—*Page 46.*

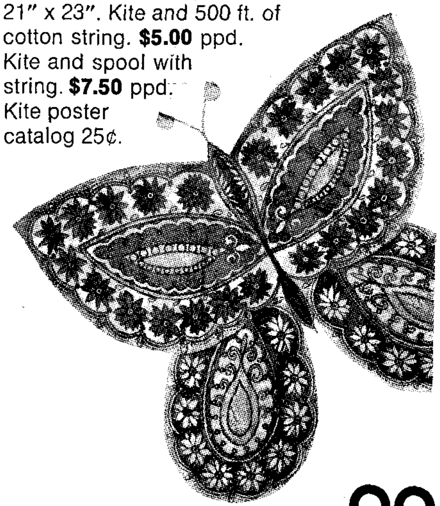
•

The plaintiff purchased a color television set from the defendant. For some time the plaintiff emitted sparks and smoke.—*State Bar of Texas Bulletin.*

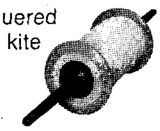
All right, but you've got to show there was a connection.

**Float like a butterfly. Soar like an eagle.**

Exotic multi-colored butterfly kite floats on high easily. Quality paper on bamboo frame. 21" x 23". Kite and 500 ft. of cotton string. **$5.00** ppd. Kite and spool with string. **$7.50** ppd. Kite poster catalog 25¢.



Colorful lacquered spool makes kite flying easy.



**go fly a kite**

KITES FROM THE WORLD OVER
1434 THIRD AVE., N.Y.C. 10028, DEPT. K

**"A gut-popping heartlands heist. Tough—very."**—*Kirkus Reviews*

**THE DEVALINO CAPER** A NOVEL OF SUSPENSE
**BY A. J. RUSSELL**

$6.95, now at your bookstore
**RANDOM HOUSE**

**MASSAGE for MEN**

*RELAXING FAR EAST SHIATSU METHOD. BY TRAINED JAPANESE MASSEUSES.*

**Shower, Sauna, Japanese Hot Bath.**

**JAPANESE HEALTH CLUB**
ABBEY/ VICTORIA HOTEL (Rm.310)
**151 W. 51st. ST. cor.7th ave. 765-2845**

BERKSHIRES - A PRIVATE MOUNTAIN

Absolutely incomparable package: secluded 500-acre wooded domain right in the heart of entertainment area (minutes to Lenox, Stockbridge). Potential unlimited. Spectacular mountain-top site for home, magnificent setting. 100-acre subdivision surveyed, assuring large future income plus 400 remaining acres of beautiful privacy. With rustic cottage, brooks, beaver pond. $880 per acre.

PO Box 1658, Lenox, MA 01240

# DANCING

## *Wins and Losses*

FROM the roles he has in the Dance Theatre of Harlem repertory and from the way he dances them, I wouldn't have expected William Scott, in his first effort at choreography, to turn out a ballet like "Every Now and Then." Scott is a character, rather than a purely classical, dancer; he's strong and saturnine, with a biting attack, and the solo he does as a gospel "shouter" in "Forces of Rhythm"—all tight punches timed against expansive releases—reliably tears down the house. "Every Now and Then" uncovers a gift for lyricism I hadn't noticed in Scott as a dancer; its subject is the natural elegance of the Harlem company's style, which is based on classicism. The ballet also has restraint and taste, and when Scott came strutting on later in the evening in his "Forces of Rhythm" number, I saw that these were qualities he possesses in his dancing, too. At no time does he let the swagger of the dance decline, as it easily could, into rowdy exhibitionism. He catches the audience's excitement instantly and plays it on a very short leash; even when he's flipping on the floor in spasms, he keeps us concentrating on the condensed power of his movements.

Taste, intelligence, energy, talent—all are at exceptionally high levels in the Harlem company. What the company lacks at the moment is a consolidated style, which it can only get from choreography that fully enunciates the distinctive accent its dancers bring to American classicism. "Every Now and Then" isn't that kind of piece; it's a breezy entertainment, modest in scope and thoroughly winning in its modesty. It examines classicism from the nontechnical side as a code of manners and a medium for projecting the dancers' luscious physical ease. Its form is that of a loose, low-pressure jazz ballet, the women in heeled shoes and the men in slacks. Quincy Jones' tooling-along music has no great distinction, to my ear, but the dance develops several different kinds of fun out of it—the fun of striding in groups or scattering; of quick turns on the toe, of high kicks and deeply arched backs; of supported movement and basic exercises and jets into the air. The choreography seems to observe and comment on the same things a nonprofessional sees when he first comes to love the look of clean style in dancing. And at the end, without losing momentum, it builds to a simple gesture of reticent pride.

This little ballet, so sunny and unportentous, was especially charming on the stage of the big, shiny showcase theatre where the Dance Theatre of Harlem is playing this season—the Uris. On première night, it was followed by the company's first presentation of Balanchine's "Bugaku," and it got snowed under. "Bugaku" is hypnotically vulgar. It has functioned for years at the New York City Ballet as audience bait, and I hope it does the same at the D.T.H. Certainly the ballet does not hold much of a challenge for dancers who have already mastered "Agon." Lydia Abarca had some mild difficulty going through her maze of turned-in développés, but that, I felt, was because she was trying to give the steps breadth and tension—that extra dimension which had been missing until this season from her performance of the "Agon" pas de deux. Her partner in "Bugaku" was Ronald Perry, wholly at ease in every aspect of the role, from the overhead développé kick-and-hold to the odd gesture of revolving fists. (Does it refer to the shaking of a coin purse?) And he is one of the few dancers who can undertake the sumo-wrestler stances and stalkings without hamming.

The "Don Quixote" pas de deux, staged by company co-director Karel Shook, misfires. The ballerina role, traditionally coquettish, is not very complimentary to the reserved Virginia Johnson, and Paul Russell's physique and style, so admirable in the buccaneering "Corsaire," are simply not effective in straight classical roles. But what does a smart, young company want with this fusty "Don Quixote" anyway? If a Petipa-Spanish item is needed, there's the Grand Pas Espagnol from "Paquita," which Alexandra Danilova staged last year for the School of American Ballet. It would exercise sixteen dancers, not just two, and in some of the greatest choreography in world ballet.

"NIGHT CREATURE," the second of two ballets Alvin Ailey has composed this season to Duke Ellington scores, is a slight work, but it is the best thing Ailey has done in many years—clearly focussed, economical in its means, and very happily alive to its music. Ellington's piece, in three movements, was written in 1955 for his own orchestra and the Symphony of the Air; it has wonderful bounce and lift, and Ailey responds to its shifting rhythms and colors with lazy precision, as if he'd looked out of the studio window on a beautiful day and just started snapping his fingers. The style is over-familiar; it has a hard, professional-dance-group sheen and develops no intimacy, either among the dancers or between the dancers and the audience. There's some brutal sex comedy in the first movement. In the last movement, the running leaps, which the company doesn't do well, are a mistake. But in between Ailey again shows us his form as a choreographer. The ballet-class section is better than anything in "The River," and the show-style dancing expands exhilaratingly, like a dream of Broadway. Strange of Ailey, who is usually careful about such things, to have permitted the costumes—body tights blotchily colored like rainbows on asphalt—which look a year out of date.

Sara Yarborough's performance in the revival of John Butler's "Portrait of Billie" is up to fever pitch this season, and she is having one of those painful personal successes—doing over-brilliantly that which is not worth doing at all. Yarborough is technically the finest dancer in the Ailey company and one of the most beautiful to be seen anywhere, but she's too good for what she gets to do and often luckless in her roles—for example, Mahalia Jackson in "The Mooche," where she wears her cowled robe and folds her praying hands while the other girls in the cast stroll around in glad rags. Small wonder that whenever Yarborough gets a chance to spark she explodes.

Butler's ballet was originally a vehicle for Carmen de Lavallade, but he lets the voice of Billie Holiday do most of the work, and in the end he exploits it viciously. The dances have no power comparable to the emotion of the songs, and the story they tell—of Billie as a cocky comer, popping a gardenia in her hair ("Miss Brown to You"), falling in love and quarrelling with her lover ("Gee Baby, Ain't I Good to You" and "You Ain't Gonna Bother Me No More")—is a sham. We might be watching an old Mitzi Gaynor musical. The implication that Holiday's suffering is to be explained by the events we see on the stage is bad enough; Billie sticking needles in her arm (mime in silhouette) is worse; but then we have

Where it is makes what it is even better. The Breakers in sunny, warm Palm Beach.

A gracious, oceanfront resort. Two 18-hole golf courses, indoor and outdoor swimming pools, twelve tennis courts, beautiful private beach. Superb Continental cuisine, dinner-dancing, nightly entertainment, planned social diversions. Six hundred luxurious guest rooms and suites; individual climate controls.

For rates and reservations, **see your travel agent** or write:
John F. Clifford, V.P./Gen'l Mgr.,
The Breakers, Palm Beach, Fla. 33480.
Phone (305) 655-6611.

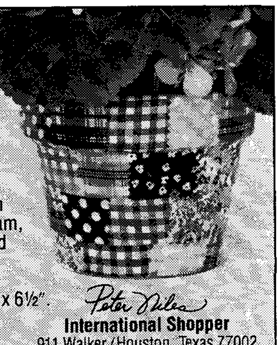
The Breakers
Palm Beach, Florida

LEATHER

**THE BARREL HI** Bucksuede or soft cowhide. Olive, rust, gold, camel, white, red, black. Headrest. Sherpa pillow. Black steel frame. $145. Packing chg. $1. Exp. Col. No COD's. Leathercrafter (N) 303 E. 51st St., N.Y. 10022. Branch: 177-05 Union Tpke., Flushing, N.Y. Catalog, 50¢

CRAFTER

**Our Patchwork Pot**



Your geraniums will be sitting pretty in a clay flower pot, hand decorated with over 2 dozen gingham, plaid, polka dot, and calico patterns. Clear resin-coated for permanence. 5" x 6½".

Only $9.95 postage paid.

International Shopper
911 Walker/Houston, Texas 77002

Texas residents add 5% sales tax. Allow three weeks delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ________ State ________ Zip ________

to hear "What a Little Moonlight Can Do," with the Holiday voice in ashes, and watch Yarborough losing control of her rhythm. Nothing else in the Ailey repertory is this cheap, but because she has so few outlets, Yarborough can't resist selling it a little cheaper than it is. There are moments when a performer must refuse to move the goods. Usually, it's only stars who have options like that, and Yarborough hasn't been built up as a star and doesn't have that kind of self-confidence. That she has delicacy and discrimination is proved, I think, by the way she performs in other parts. Perhaps she doesn't dream that there are people who sit through "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder" just to see her.

YURI VLADIMIROV is the man who jumped over his leg in all those Bolshoi Highlights numbers and got ovations for it. He's now the star of "Ivan the Terrible," Yuri Grigorovich's new two-act ballet, and he's the same Vladimirov—screwing up his face, shaking his fist to heaven, and hurling himself into bandy-legged, dangle-footed leaps. Vladimirov's recklessness as a dancer constitutes his characterization of Ivan. He also cracks whips and brandishes his sceptre like a spear. Vladimirov is the worst dancer I've ever seen take a starring role in a major new production by a great company, but it's not just his performance that makes "Ivan" the catastrophe that it is. Grigorovich's statements to the press, like "Actually, I believe in a synthesis of choreographic and dramatic expressiveness" and "The dramatic side has to be expressed through dance," don't prepare one for the monomaniacal intransigence that is his idea of synthesis. He's as formula-driven as any hack, and he must be the worst storyteller in ballet. Not only can he not draw a character, he can't define action on the stage. Scene after scene is filled with indecipherable hubbub, and one reads in the program "Victory celebration" or "The people's revolt." As Anastasia, Ivan's wife, the ravishing Natalia Bessmertnova is reduced, as she wasn't in "Spartacus," to the level of an anatomical prop—forever being lifted, hauled, wound around Ivan's neck, or slung upside down on his back. As Prince Kurbsky, presumably Ivan's antagonist, Boris Akimov has no identity; he's just a soloist. Kurbsky's solos and the Ivan-Anastasia duets snatch vainly at situations, emotions, symbols. Evidently, Grigorovich is trying to promote all-dance ballets in the Soviet Union because this is considered an advanced form in the West. Even if one

You've got 4 days to find a new home...and you can't even find your hotel.

Relocating to a strange area is an exasperating experience at best. And one which could be financially disastrous.

The decision on the biggest investment of your life, your new home, should not be based upon advice by strange people about even stranger places. If you're about to relocate, call us. We've taken the time, tension and gamble out of over 70,000 relocations. We know more than 6,800 key communities intimately and we'll tell you about the communities that best suit your living pattern. Then we'll screen them for homes that suit your requirements. Next, you're off on a well planned inspection tour...and the biggest decision of your life will be a well informed one.

THE NATION'S LEADING RELOCATION SERVICE
HOMERICA
A DIVISION OF HOMEQUITY INC
Write Dept CQ1

100 Park Avenue, New York 10017 (212) 689-7111
1901 Ave. of Stars, Los Angeles 90067 (213) 553-3111
500 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 60611 (312) 527-3111
Danbury Road, Wilton, Conn. 06897 (203) 323-3111
Houston, Texas (713) 629-9980

7 miles at sea ... an island of pleasure

The Storybook Island of Martha's Vineyard

A delightful resort overlooking picturesque Edgartown Harbor. Sun and swim in our outdoor pool. Sail or fish in our fleet of pleasure boats. Golf nearby. Famous *Navigator Restaurant* and *Boathouse Bar.* TV in every room.
Season May to October.

*For Color Brochure or Reservations*
**Tel. (617) 627-4321**

Harborside Inn

EDGARTOWN, MASS. 02539

TRAMP TRIPS
1975 TRIP LOG GUIDE

Our well-known guide to reliable passenger freighters departing from U.S. ports gives rates, dates and a description of ships. Est. 1932. For your copy send $2 or $7.50 for 5yr. subscription.

AIR & MARINE TRAVEL LOG
501 Madison Ave., N.Y. 10022

VERTÈS

Rare opportunity to purchase private collection of 60 original, signed, pen & ink and pencil sketches—elegantly framed. Phone mornings 212-371-9028.

surrendered the attempt to follow a narrative in "Ivan," one still wouldn't be left with an interesting dance spectacle. The dances are all the same dance—or might as well be.

The ballet is so excruciating that it's really undiscussable. It reveals depths of incompetence and oblivion one didn't know existed. "Ivan the Terrible" is cut to the same pattern as "Spartacus," and it confirms what "Spartacus" suggested—that dance culture in the Soviet Union is deprived beyond our power to imagine. The idea of dancing as drama is imperfectly established in the West, heaven knows, but the Russians seem to be working blind. In the second act of "Ivan," there were about ten minutes when Grigorovich seemed to be integrating in dance form the elements of his drama, and these minutes reminded me of things I'd seen in Eisenstein's film about Ivan and in Balanchine's "The Prodigal Son." (Since the "Ivan" ballet uses much of Prokofieff's music for the film, and since "The Prodigal Son" is also by Prokofieff, these echoes aren't surprising.) But what Grigorovich had reproduced were images; he hasn't begun to discover that figurative plane on which nonrepresentational gesture becomes emotionally involving in the theatre. This doesn't mean that Grigorovich should be a genius like Eisenstein or Balanchine; it means that he hasn't understood the possibilities those artists hold out to be explored. That's what he doesn't understand for ten minutes. For the rest of the two hours of his ballet, we're stuck with what he doesn't understand about the theatre, about dancing, and about the dignity of man.

—ARLENE CROCE

•

Refreshments consisting of cookies, nuts, punch, and coffee will be available to help highlight this most suspicious occasion.—*Indianapolis West Side Community News.*

You can't calm people with cookies.

•

DEAR SIR:

We'd have to be crazy to waste your time with just another piece of advertising about a subject as dull as safety treads on stairs.—*Letter from the American Abrasive Metals Company.*

*Dull?* It depends on who's falling.

•

## MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

*[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the New Orleans Times-Picayune]*

SELF DESTRUCTION

AUCKLAND—New Zealand doctors will teach first aid.

THE BERMUDA SHOP LTD.

THE BERMUDA BURMA
For the leisure life . . .
Colorful flattery in multi-stripe polished cotton by Penthouse Gallery.
Great over pants or bikinis.
Wear with Obi sash or flowing free.
One Size fits all.
Short Coat as shown, $30.
Long (not shown), $45.
Mail & Phone orders accepted. Mail Order: Add tax where applicable plus $1.25 for postage and handling. American Express cards honored.

545 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10022, 355-0733

18th Century Dutch kettle chest from our Baker Furniture collection.

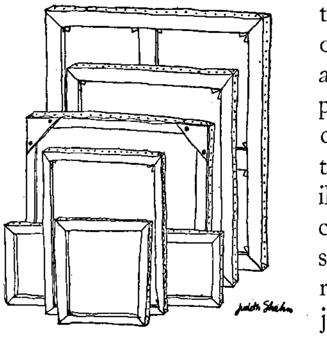
Baker Knapp & Tubbs

Two volume 400 page Baker Book, $15.00. 402 Merchandise Mart, Chicago 60654. Distinguished manufacturer and distributor through your interior designer or furniture retailer. Showrooms in Atlanta, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Grand Rapids, High Point, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco

# THE ART WORLD

## *Aesthetics of Mutilation*

AT the New York Cultural Center a retrospective of the paintings of Leon Golub has just closed, and at the Metropolitan Museum Francis Bacon is showing work done since 1968. Widely apart in style and fame (Bacon is described in the Metropolitan press release as "considered by many to be the most important and original artist of postwar Europe"), these artists have in common a highly dramatized use of the human figure. Golub is a founder of the Chicago "monster" school, and Bacon is generally regarded as a "horror" artist. In their dedication to the figure and its implications regarding the human condition, both painters have been holdouts from Abstract Expressionism, alongside which they developed in the years following the war—Golub's exhibition reaches back to 1947; Bacon's first important work appeared in 1945, and he had a retrospective at the Guggenheim in 1963.



The aim of both artists is "to report"—to use a favorite phrase of Bacon's—on the postwar world in its physically menacing and psychologically deranging aspects. For a theme of such scope and profundity it was necessary, in their view, to restore the human figure to its traditional place at the top of the hierarchy of artistic subjects. Golub's motifs include limbless mutations, dogs with human heads, "burnt men," giants, assassins with machine guns, cowering women and children. Bacon's subjects are more difficult to line up in the gallery of contemporary victimization, but his biographer, John Russell, assures us that Bacon "always has at the back of his mind 'The History of Europe in My Lifetime.' " This history has presented itself to Bacon in images of misshapen animal organisms, detached heads, mouths open in shrieks, smudged and contorted torsos on isolated cots, bodies locked into cages, bloodied splashes, nude males mounting each other, arrested metamorphoses, partly invisible and tumorously distended physiognomies. In sum, Golub's dissolution by napalm is complemented by Bacon's psychophysical disfigurement.

In their rejection of abstract art, both painters raise fundamental issues about the power of painting to deal with the essential experiences of the times. Their case against abstraction rests on its incapacity to pin down the violent and destructive forces by which modern man is threatened and which have become part of him. Lacking connection with the data of any actual situation, Bacon argues, an abstract painting "is only really interested in the beauty of its patterns or its shapes." Its severance from reality deprives it of tension, so it cannot "convey feeling in the grand sense." Similarly, Golub has criticized Abstract Expressionist art for avoiding reference to specific objects and events, which thus brings about a diffusion of responses in the spectator. In combatting the detachment of art since the fifties from the life of the era, Golub and Bacon reject art for art's sake as well as art that is mere self-expression. Their challenge lies in affirming what most art-world opinion has continued to overlook; namely, that what makes a work of art important is its imaginative content, not its conformity to formal standards, on the one hand, or its eccentricity, on the other. Henry Geldzahler, the curator of the Metropolitan who directed the Bacon exhibition, looks back with a kind of fatherly complaint at the errors of recent art criticism, including his own. "It is impossible," he asserts in the exhibition catalogue, "to be convinced by criticism that dismisses a body of work as aesthetically compelling as Bacon's." Apparently, Geldzahler has become unconvinced about the monopoly of abstraction in art, though his present acceptance of Bacon's work still rests on finding it "*aesthetically* compelling." In contrast, Bacon himself, in his just-published interview with David Sylvester (Pantheon), approves of Duchamp's proposition that in the creative act the artist cannot be "fully self-conscious, at least on the aesthetic plane," and, in Bacon's opinion, his rejection of Abstract Expressionist painting relates to its being "an entirely aesthetic thing." As for Golub, he is an aesthete in reverse: in his opinion "the more debased [a style] the better, because in a way the more debased it looks the closer you get to earth, the closer to natural man."

Though for Golub and Bacon the significance of a painting depends on an extra-aesthetic element, both repudiate the mere reproduction of visual data, no matter how representative of the times. Contemporary forces and events cannot be captured on canvas by techniques for copying *things*, such as those developed by the Photo-Realists, or the silk-screen news photographs of plane crashes, public figures, and electric chairs of Rauschenberg and Warhol. In the compositions of Golub and Bacon there is an intimation of subject matter rather than a picturing of it, as in a portrait by Goya or a haystack by Monet. Bacon has found that "facts themselves are ambiguous." For Golub, to tell the tale of the epoch is "to record certain things about power and stress," and he is content to have the figures evoke manifold associations—"giants, human beings, humanoid monsters, call them what you will, Greek athletes if you want." Whatever these invented creatures are, in their condition and their conflicts they are typical of the world today.

NARRATIVE hovers over the compositions of these artists, yet both deliberately refrain from relating their paintings to particular events. In his "Assassins" paintings, Golub comes closest to an intelligible scenario, but these pictures of machine-gunners aiming at women and children lack location in place, time, and history; they could represent My Lai or atrocities of the Wehrmacht in Poland. Holding back from storytelling is a major principle with Bacon; indeed, it is the axis of his pictorial strategy. In his opinion, a painting that suggests a narrative to the spectator is diminished as a painting because in it "the story talks louder than the paint." Since the presence of several figures in a single canvas implies the unfolding of a narrative, Bacon tends to avoid including more than one. The glass boxes or cages and the foreground curtains of vertical bars in his early paintings were intended as internal frames by which to isolate his figures; so, too, is his frequent employment of the triptych, the divisions of which act as a brake on storytelling by separating the figures from one another. For Bacon, his characteristic devices, which to spectators have adumbrated dramas of extreme emotions, have the purely formal function of realizing "what can be done with the paint on its own."

In their effort to lift their subjects above mere narrative associations, Golub and Bacon resort to a curiously self-contradictory aesthetic. They report contemporary facts by converting them into metaphors of art. Golub's figures are versions of classical sculpture and even details of architecture. That the stone statues of antiquity tend to be mutilated allows them to serve as equivalents of the damaged men of our time. Speaking of Golub's armless "Orestes," Lawrence Alloway observes that "the painting is somewhere between a study of a sculpture as an object and an image of the suffering Orestes himself." And Orestes is a victim of unspecified twentieth-century wars and disasters. For Golub, the texture of his paintings represents a human condition—a "burnt man" has a "roughed-up" surface. His most successful canvases are those in which he meets Bacon's demands to see "what can be done with the paint on its own" ("Horseman II," "Colossal Heads I"). Following this principle of inducing his materials to speak, he cuts and tears the canvases of his huge "Assassins" paintings to evoke the effect of human wounds. No doubt a neat image of mayhem has something objectionable about it. Yet to link torn canvas in an art gallery with bodies torn by bullets cannot avoid a touch of preciosity.

In his paintings of the forties and fifties, Bacon, like Golub, relied on references to works of the past to translate modern fact into metaphor. His re-creations of Velázquez's "Pope Innocent X," van Gogh's self-portraits, Degas's "After the Bath," Muybridge's nineteenth-century action photographs jammed together different styles and historical periods into single works. This doubling of the time frame, by which facts of today are reflected as analogies while retaining their character as facts, is the supreme technical achievement of modernist historical consciousness in art and literature; it reappears in avant-garde masterworks, from Manet's "Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe" and Picasso's "Las Meninas" to Miró's Dutch interiors. In literature, its prime example is Joyce's "Ulysses." By taking shelter in the shadow of an aesthetic artifact embedded for centuries in the common consciousness, the new work absorbs something of the depth and universality of its original. It is an oddity of advanced taste, but with a familiar aura. Conversely, by altering the image of its model, it uproots this model from its solid time setting and estranges it as a novelty of the present day. The reflexive work is essentially a parody, and it pays for its gain in scope by a proportionate loss in seriousness. With Bacon, the echoing of famous

Happy Plaid
by White Stag
The fabrics that dress America.
burlington sportswear
in the galey&lord way

Designed by Van Lupu in Galey & Lord's
Dacron® polyester/cotton Pepperpot for Burlington Sportswear,
a division of **Burlington Industries**
at Burlington House, New York 10019.

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

THE NEW YORKER

☐ One Year (52 Issues) $18.00
☐ Two Years (104 Issues) $30.00

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE–Canada, Latin America, and Spain $2.00 per year; other foreign $4.00 per year.

My Check for $ ______ is enclosed.

or

Bill my: ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard
☐ American Express

Acct. No. ______________ Signature ______________

Name

Address

City State Zip

4 19 5

25 W. 43 Street • New York, N.Y. 10036

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

THE NEW YORKER

☐ One Year (52 Issues) $18.00
☐ Two Years (104 Issues) $30.00

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE–Canada, Latin America, and Spain $2.00 per year; other foreign $4.00 per year.

My Check for $ ______ is enclosed.

or

Bill my: ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard
☐ American Express

Acct. No. ______________ Signature ______________

Name

Address

City State Zip

4 19 5

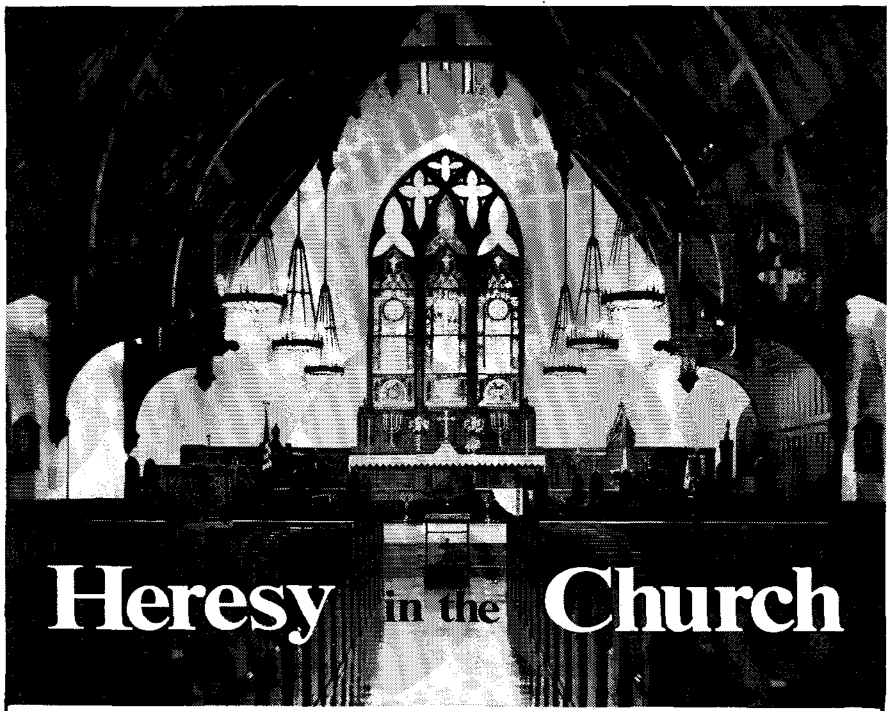
25 W. 43 Street • New York, N.Y. 10036

images—the openmouthed Innocent X behind his partly transparent curtain, and the other screaming and twisted-faced popes—provided an effect of sensationalism which accelerated the artist's rise to fame. Injected into these effigies of masterpieces, Bacon's violence was muffled to a degree that allowed it to accommodate itself easily to the emotional pitch of museum art.

Since the sixties, Bacon has abandoned making paintings based on famous paintings, though he continues to prefer photographs to live models in his portrait studies. Yet the paintings currently on display at the Metropolitan show an increase in self-conscious aestheticism; perhaps this is what Geldzahler has in mind when he writes that the pictures since 1968 "seem more carefully executed, more thoughtfully worked out, thus diminishing their crude power." The earlier paintings were messier, the figures often shaded off into vagueness, and their motifs tended to fill more of the canvas. Though occasionally they, like the later works, made unfortunate use of free-form Art Nouveau platforms on which to pose their figures, their form was less predictable. In Bacon's present paintings, the loosely brushed figures, whose major contortions occur in the center of the face (feet, legs, and torsos are more realistically rendered), are set in oval or circular shapes against hard, flat rectangular backgrounds in bright colors; rhythm is emphasized in the figurative passages by thick contours and swipes of the brush, and ovals and circles are superimposed at will on faces and bodies, presumably to add design elements. If, as Geldzahler contends, the show presents its "subject matter in formats and settings that provide exactly the right amounts of space, color, and air," it is equally true that the paintings seem excessively manipulated and the exhibition suffers from a high degree of monotony.

THE human experiences on which Golub and Bacon rely to arouse graver responses than those evoked by abstract art prove, on closer inspection, to have been remolded into figures of speech that can mean almost anything the spectator wishes to read into them. Golub downgrades de Kooning's "Woman" paintings of the fifties because they express "a kind of hysteria reflected in paint, the teeth, the big breasts, the wild eyes," but the battling men of his own "Combat I" gesticulate without touching each other, and might be figures in a ballet. If this is war to the death, we shall have to take the artist's word for it, just as we take the word of Gorky for the meaning of "Agony." Much of Bacon's conversation with Sylvester is devoted to repudiating the emotional misreadings of features of his paintings which he says he conceives as solutions to formal problems. The glass cages of the early paintings provided an element of geometrical order, and by reducing the inner scale of the canvas they sharpened the focus on the figure; they were not a forecast of the glass cage that housed Eichmann in the Jerusalem courtroom. What are taken to be paintings of mangled heads of people are actually images mangled by the activity of the paint in the process of arriving at the truth of the model's appearance. "I terribly don't want to make freaks," Bacon is quoted by Russell as saying, and to another interviewer he has protested, "I've never known why my paintings are thought of as horrible." When he put a red swastika armband on a figure in one of his "Crucifixion" triptychs, he did so, he claims, not to associate the painting with the Nazis but "to break the continuity of the arm and to add the color of this red;" that is, to make the picture "work" in the formal sense. Not all of his open mouths represent a scream, and, unlike Munch, creator of the original "The Scream," he is not commenting on the nature of man. "I'm not really saying anything, because I'm probably much more concerned with the aesthetic qualities of a work than, perhaps, Munch was." In an interview reproduced in the Metropolitan catalogue, Bacon carries aesthetic detachment to the level of Marinetti's vision of a battlefield as theatre: "If you see somebody lying on the pavement in the sunlight, with the blood streaming from him, that is in itself—the color of the blood against the pavement—very invigorating . . . exhilarating. . . . In all the motor accidents I've seen, people strewn across the road, the first thing you think of is the strange beauty."

The presence of highly charged subject matter, and even the hint of a story, do not eliminate ambiguity of emotional response or dispense with the need for explanations which is commonly regarded as the weakness of abstract art. With Bacon, as we have seen, misinterpretations appear to be inevitable. Sylvester sums up the problem as follows: "People seem to feel in looking at your figures that they are seen in moments of crisis, moments of acute awareness of their mortality, mo-



Most of the congregation of Holy Cross Episcopal Church in Shreveport, Louisiana, thought the Rector had just started speaking louder. At the pulpit, where there was a microphone, his voice sounded exactly the same as it did at the altar, where there was no microphone. Just louder. There was no difference in voice quality. When told that the new P.A. system was installed, some members were disappointed. It "didn't sound like a P.A. system."

What they did not know was that a new "Heresy" had been introduced into the church. Mounted on a beam thirty feet above the altar, it works unobtrusively, reinforcing the spoken word. And it does this with such naturalness that no one realizes it is there. Yet even the people on the back row understand clearly everything that is said.

Natural reproduction is designed into the Klipsch HERESY as well as the KLIPSCHORN® and other Klipsch speakers. For honest reproduction of music, speech, or any other sound, where space or budget limit size, use the HERESY® loudspeaker. Since it reproduces speech with such naturalness, consider what it can do for your home music system.

For information about natural sound in public address systems, send 25¢ for "Sound Reinforcement" by Paul W. Klipsch.

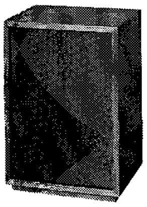
**Klipsch and Associates, Inc. P. O. Box 688 Hope, Arkansas 71801**

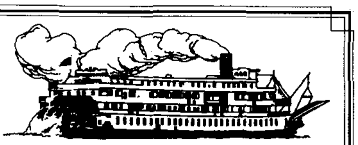
*Please send me your latest brochure and list of dealers.*

Name ____

Address ____

City ____ State ____ Zip ____





**Sentimental Journey**

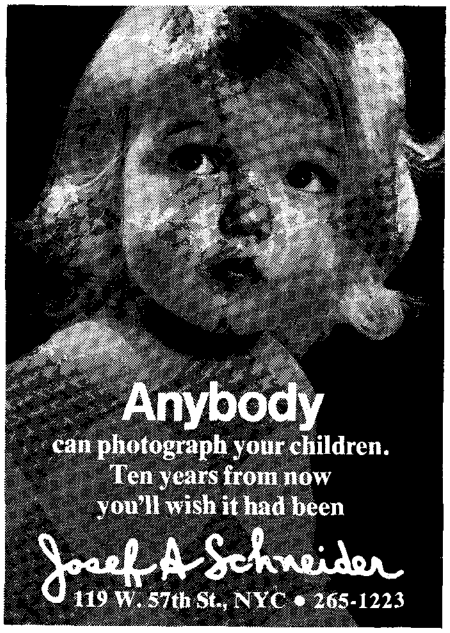
Explore Mark Twain's America aboard the Delta Queen. A nostalgic experience. For brochure, write The Delta Queen, Dept. NY 05-12, 322 E. Fourth St., Cincinnati, OH 45202.

DELTA QUEEN
VOYAGES to AMERICA

M.G.M. GALLERIES

Museum quality 12 piece Louis XVI Jeweled Ebony Suite, Louis XV Medals cabinet. Palace Sevres Urns, Sevres pedestals and Sevres tables, Napoleonic bedroom suite, Decorated pianos, Figural Torchieres, French and Italian Dining Suites, Tapestries, Tiffany Windows and Accessories.

313 Maple Street
Springfield, Mass.
(413) 739-6279



The 365 Day Gift.

Have a picnic.
Surprise
someone special
with a Vintage™
set. We've captured
the flourishes of
the Florentine Era
in precious metals
for this impeccable
gift from the Sheaffer
collection. The any time,
any place gift.

SHEAFFER®
SHEAFFER, WORLD-WIDE, A textron COMPANY

ments of acute awareness of their animal nature—moments of recognition of what might be called elemental truths about themselves." Yet for Bacon these are by no means distinctive features of his art. As for Golub, his paintings speak plainly of incendiarism and massacres. The spectator can accept his use of texture as a tactile metaphor ("Burnt Man," "Napalm"), but in other respects is left with many questions as to why these works are painted the way they are. Why are his oversized combatants wooden, hollow-looking, comic-strip outlines of men without volume, without the anatomical modelling (though Golub has committed himself against "flat" painting) they need to lend realistic credibility to the anguish on their faces? Why are his "Assassins" lattices of chalky-white lines? Also, how can it fail to matter if his giants are heroes or monsters? Are giants, like dwarfs, men mutilated by their size?

There is in Golub an atmosphere of politics and history, as there is in Bacon an atmosphere of tabloid violence and the clinic. In the last analysis, however, their statements are no less personal and art-oriented than those of Pollock, Kline, and Hans Hofmann; they are, perhaps, more so. Their paintings are not a "reporting" of objective reality but the search for an individual reality recognized by the sensation of rightness when it occurs in the course of the act of painting. Bacon's ultimate method for transcending the commonly accepted appearance of things is to rely on chance: his compositions, he contends, develop out of the unforeseen behavior of his pigments. Apparently unperturbed by self-contradictions, he declares, "I want a very ordered image but I want it to come about by chance." His ideal is "just to pick up a handful of paint and throw it at the canvas and hope that the portrait was there"—an ideal that conforms to the popular notion of what Pollock did, though he, of course, was not expecting a portrait. In practice, accident in Bacon's "carefully executed" pictures seems largely confined to the central portions of the face; in the present show it is dominant in the fourteen-by-twelve-inch portraits. In the larger compositions, Bacon's ambition to reach beyond appearances to a reality accredited by his nervous system frequently leads him into unintended incongruities. Portentous triptychs sanctify personal details of daily life; his manikins shave, crouch on the toilet, copulate, puke in the washbasin, slouch on cots and kitchen chairs as if they were celebrants of a ritual, but his Art Deco bullfights look as if they were taking place in a hotel lobby. Similarly, Golub's generalized vision of savagery and heroism is accompanied by an embarrassing consciousness that it is an overstatement: "There are no heroes today, certainly. I know this as well as anybody else." On the cover of his catalogue, the artist in paint-spattered pants glances sidewise and upward with the expression of a mischievous Mickey Mouse at his painted giants towering above him.

An art of objective reality untainted by parody would seem attainable only in styles shared by society as a whole. The essential obstacle to an art of "feeling in the grand sense" is the social and psychological fragmentation reflected in the advanced art of the past hundred years, and this obstacle cannot be overcome by an intellectual act of force. Paul Klee, though he, too, dreamed of a work vast in scope, accepted that it was the destiny of his age to create only "parts," since "there is no culture to sustain us." The modern artist has the choice between painting "freaks" (that is, personal images) and painting commonplaces (academic formal paintings and Photo-Realism). The works of Golub and Bacon are equivalents in painting of a kind of "psychohistory" or "new journalism," combining autobiography with snatches of events. Their reporting has not surpassed the insights of Abstract Expressionism, though it does point to a different issue on which art today can test its limitations.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

Does the butterfish really swim backward to avoid danger?

No. The butterfish does swim backward; but when it wants to avoid danger it swims forward—to make it seem to be backing up. For as the butterfish swims backward its tail appears to be its head. All butterfish swim backward a good deal of the time. The idea being that then, if trouble looms, the butterfish can reverse themselves and swim forward—and thus bewilder the enemy.—*Omaha Sunday World-Herald Magazine of the Midlands.*

Why would a fish like that have enemies?

•

All the gearless elevators are now equipped for special emergency with a full-service supermarket, boutiques and gift shops, a custom tailor, self-service laundry, beauty salon, travel agency and interior decorator.—*Skyscraper Management.*

Those travel agents sure have a sticky problem.

# $39 WORTH OF PORTUGAL. FOR TWO.

The prices you see below are about what Portugal will cost you per day, for two. Which is what other great vacation spots will charge you just for a hotel room. For one.

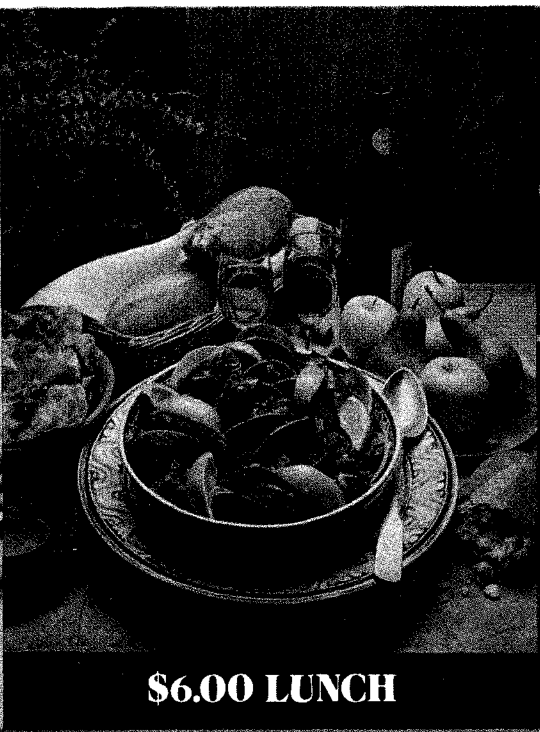
In addition, you can fly to Portugal for less than any place else on the Continent.

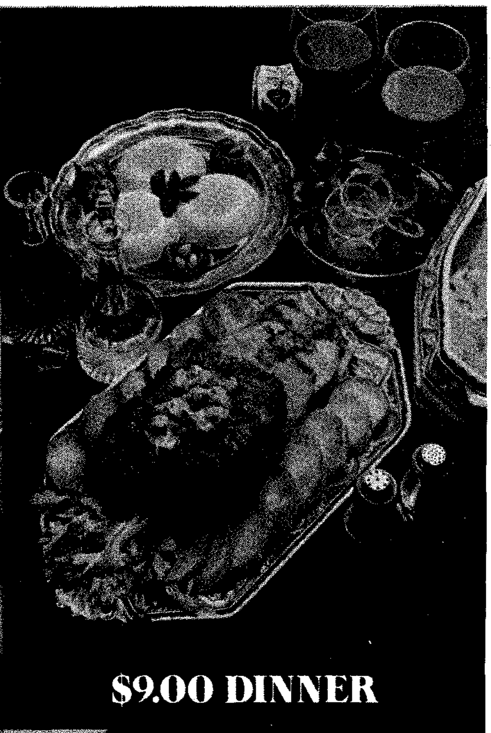
The fact is, you could probably have an incredible vacation in Portugal for less than a mediocre vacation at home.

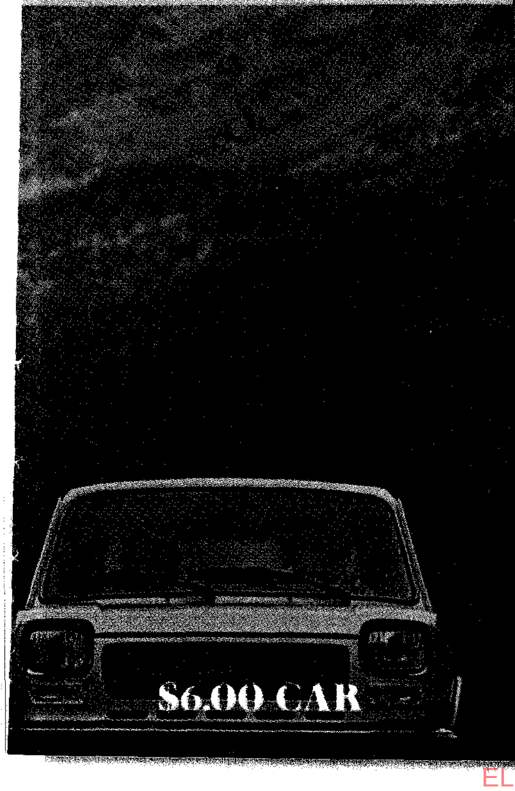
Let us show you how. Write:

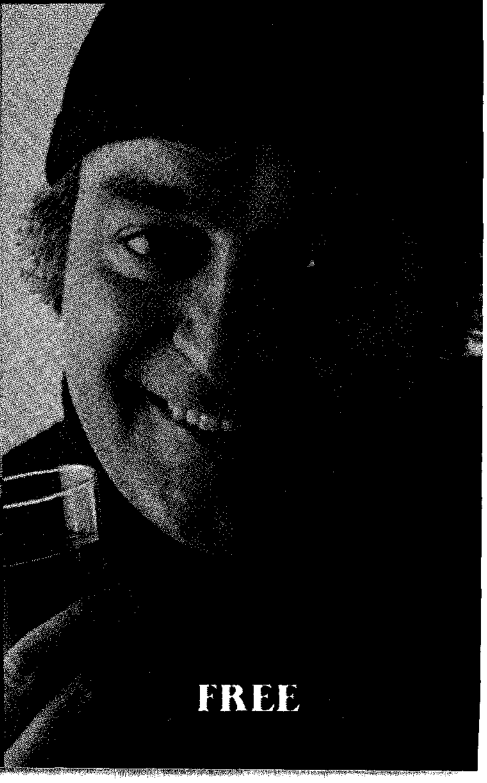
**Portuguese National Tourist Office**
570 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036,

$2.50 BREAKFAST









255

# Announcing a major development in fire fighting. Faster water.

Fighting a fire is fighting time.

Every minute wasted may cost thousands of dollars in property destroyed. Every second saved may be a life.

And yet, a fire fighter can't always move as fast as he would like.

Because his basic weapon, the 2½-inch fire hose, when full of water, is about as hard and unyielding as a steel pipe. The only way to bend it around a corner is to shut the water off.

And to lug it up a flight of stairs is a test of any man's stamina.

All of this makes it easy to understand why a Union Carbide product called UCAR Rapid Water Additive is revolutionizing fire fighting.

Rapid Water Additive mixes easily with water and makes it flow faster through a hose by reducing friction.

Because the water flows faster, fire fighters can get just as much water as before using a smaller 1¾-inch hose that weighs half as much.

The smaller hose makes a much better weapon. It bends around corners. It can be carried up a stairway fully charged. In short, it helps firemen get water to the fire faster.

At the same time, it makes their job safer and less strenuous.

Rapid Water Additive was invented by Union Carbide and perfected in cooperation with the New York City Fire Department.

It's already helping fire fighters do their job more efficiently in many American cities.

Yours may be one—now or soon.

**UNION CARBIDE**

**Today, something we do will touch your life.**

# MUSICAL EVENTS

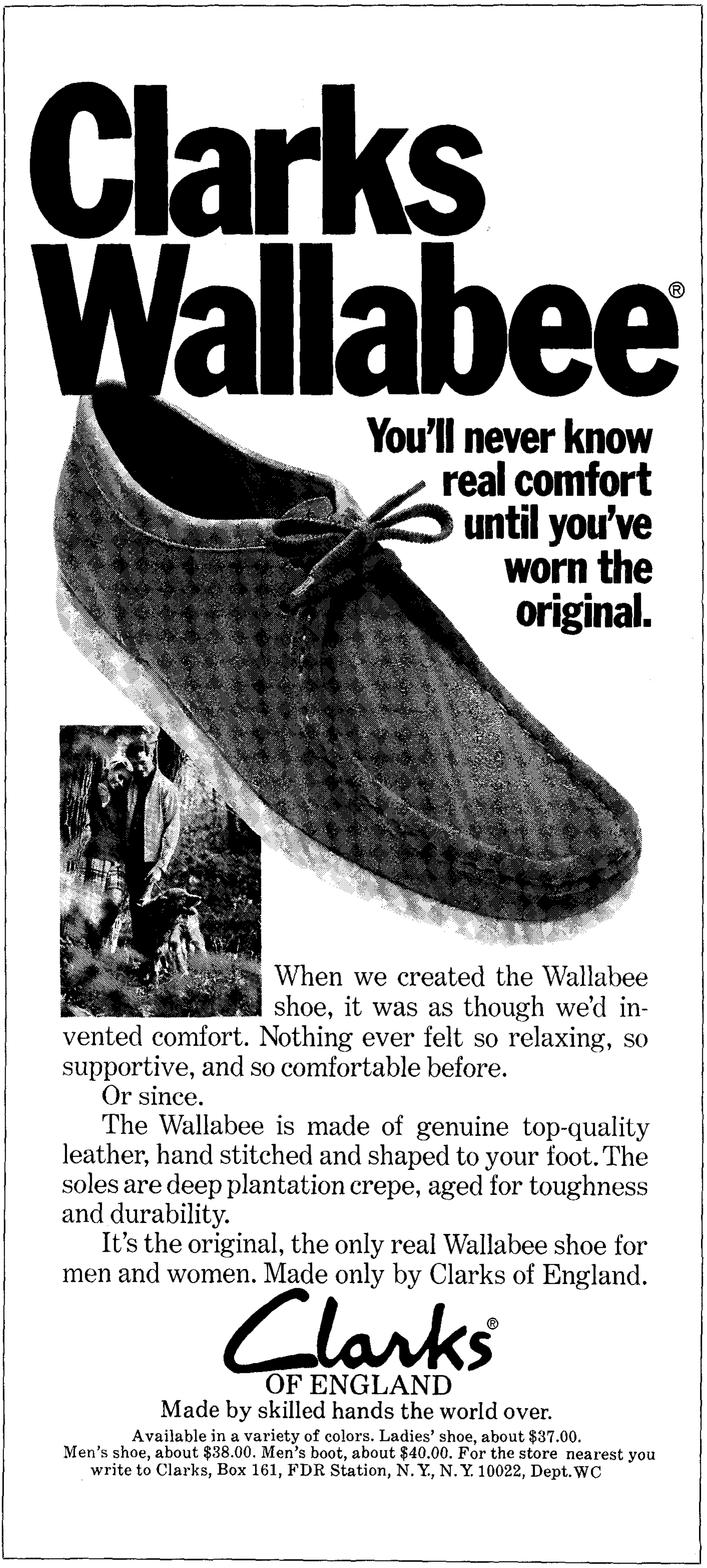
## *Singers, Singers, Singers!*

ANONYMOUS letters I throw into the wastepaper basket without a second glance. But a phrase of complaint from one of them recurs to me now: "Singers, singers, singers!" It came from a correspondent unwilling to accept that most music is vocal music, and that most writing about music reflects the fact. There was a time, earlier this century, when youth was taught to regard sung music as somehow inferior to the "real thing," the "pure" music of orchestra or string quartet. That was before Bach's cantatas, Haydn's and Handel's and Monteverdi's operas, and in general the music of the seventeenth, sixteenth, fifteenth, and earlier centuries, became part of the living repertory. I dropped into a library to scan the shelves and see which famous composers, besides Beethoven, Chopin, and Brahms, had not covered most of their pages with music involving singers, singers, singers! Well, there is Stravinsky; most of his music was written for dancers, not singers. Of the eighteen volumes of Schubert's collected works, only five are instrumental and twelve are vocal (one is mixed). Schumann in thirty volumes divides equally—fifteen each of instrumental and vocal. Brahms was a surprise: of his twenty-six volumes, a full ten are vocal. Throw in Byrd, Purcell, Rameau, Alessandro Scarlatti, Gluck, all the nineteenth-century Russians and Czechs, Wagner and Verdi, Palestrina and Lassus and Josquin, make almost any list of ten or twenty great composers, and the balance in favor of vocal music is overwhelming. Varèse, Webern, Elliott Carter, Boulez, and Stockhausen are among the few major moderns who have not written prolifically for the voice; among the late-Romantics, Sibelius and Carl Nielsen. The results of the rough survey are not unexpected. Most composers of the past served their apprenticeship in the church or the opera house, or both. Most of the time and money spent on music has gone into one or the other of these institutions. Music itself is an art that developed from the combination of drumbeat (or heartbeat) patterns of time measurement with the melody of speech lifted into articulate song. (When melodious birds sing madrigals, and leviathans their sweet cantilenas of the deep, a drop of dragon's blood could no doubt provide human listeners with their texts.) The art developed far, and discovered that profound things could be "said" without words, but the human voice remained stubbornly at the center of its existence. In most European cities, the opera house is still the main focus of musical attention; the great orchestras independent of theatres—the Berlin Philharmonic, the Amsterdam Concertgebouw—are for the most part of late-nineteenth-century foundation (and they play mostly nineteenth-century music). Things are admittedly different here. In most American cities—Cleveland, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Minneapolis; in fact, all except New York—the orchestra, not the opera, is the main thing. (But of New York's three large regular orchestras, two play nightly in opera houses during the season.) Demotic music continues to use words.

IT happens that wordless "drum music," made by the Percussion Ensemble of the Juilliard School, provided one of the most exciting concerts of recent weeks. But that can be reviewed later, together with a companion concert by the Brooklyn College Percussion Ensemble. Bach and Handel wrote most of their greatest music for singers, and the cantatas of the one, the operas of the other, have come to be a necessary part of our musical sustenance. I regret having missed the regular Sunday series of Bach cantatas in Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, on Central Park West, and will try to make good the omission soon. A concert of four Bach cantatas, given last month in the Metropolitan Museum by the Musica Sacra Orchestra and Chorus, under Richard Westenburg, was disappointing. It looked promising. The Medieval Sculpture Court of the Museum is a venue of suitable size, if not so resonant as St. Thomas's in Leipzig, or as Central Presbyterian Church, on Park Avenue (where I had last heard the Musica Sacra group). But it was jam-packed with chairs to a point at which propinquity hindered enjoyment of the music. It was plunged into darkness, so that one could not follow the texts. (No texts were provided, in fact—only the opening words of each number and brief English epitomes—but wise Bachians, knowing that the matter of each cantata arises from the Gospel of the day for which it was written, and that words and music must be followed together, would have come armed with texts.) The program book gave no indication of what Gospel was being musically glossed or what season of the church year we were in. Now, even the instrumentalists in a Bach cantata must know exactly what is being said before they can invest their melodies with due expression. If these performances seemed perfunctory and pedestrian, it was because both the executants, not without accomplishment, and the listeners were gliding over the surface of the works, not coming to grips with their meaning. I urge Mr. Westenburg to obtain, for future use, Alfred Dürr's series of introductions to the cantatas. We are not eighteenth-century Lutheran Leipzigers, but Dr. Dürr's notes, while presenting the latest and often astonishing results of Bach research, can help to persuade us for a time that we are. Why gather for a concert—given, more often than not, with women singers substituted for boys, and on modern instruments—when, text in hand, we can listen to the cantatas on phonograph records, given by authentic forces? Because, with thoughtful preparation and presentation, and in apt surroundings, live performances can draw singers, players, and listeners together into the communal experience that these works were meant to provide.

AN authentic sound for Bach's cantatas may be hard to achieve; an authentic sound for Handel's operas is impossible, since we no longer have castratos to take the heroic roles. An enthusiast may find an eighteenth-century theatre, equip it with scenery in the eighteenth-century manner, even light it—fire regulations permitting—with lamps and candles, and hire a band playing eighteenth-century instruments or copies thereof; but Nero, Otho, Tamerlane, and Julius Caesar will still have to be played by women *en travesti* or by countertenors (unless we are prepared to hear their music growled out, an octave too low, by baritones). After two centuries of neglect, Handel's operas have returned to the theatre, and performance styles for them have been found that attempt, in various ways, to reconcile the conventions of Handel's day and the practicalities of our own. There have been some curious experiments.

To attend a Handel opera this season it was necessary to travel—to Boston, where, in March, the New England Chamber Opera Group staged his "Imeneo" in the Massachusetts College of Art. I have now seen most of Handel's operas on the stage, done in manners that range from the straight *verismo* favored in Halle, the composer's birthplace, to the flummery with which Franco Zeffirelli decked "Alcina" (for Joan Sutherland, in Venice, Dallas, and London), but had never before seen a production acted out in quite so odd a style as that of the New England "Imeneo." The program book cited some sentences from Manfred Bukofzer's "Music in the Baroque Era"—among them, "The arias of the *opera seria* provided the composer with only one basic affection and ruled out the detailed description of single words." The second statement, at least, is questionable, and in any case Handel's genius resists the rigid application of general rules. But Rafael de Acha, the director of "Imeneo," evidently set out to illustrate the sentence. He asked his singers to strike fancy poses and hold them throughout the arias, singing the while with deadpan faces. They, as it happened, were too sensitive to the dramatic power of Handel's music to maintain the style with complete con-


Clarks Wallabee®
You'll never know real comfort until you've worn the original.

When we created the Wallabee shoe, it was as though we'd invented comfort. Nothing ever felt so relaxing, so supportive, and so comfortable before.

Or since.

The Wallabee is made of genuine top-quality leather, hand stitched and shaped to your foot. The soles are deep plantation crepe, aged for toughness and durability.

It's the original, the only real Wallabee shoe for men and women. Made only by Clarks of England.

Clarks®
OF ENGLAND
Made by skilled hands the world over.

Available in a variety of colors. Ladies' shoe, about $37.00.
Men's shoe, about $38.00. Men's boot, about $40.00. For the store nearest you write to Clarks, Box 161, FDR Station, N. Y., N. Y. 10022, Dept. WC

**L.L.Bean, Inc.**

Hiking Britches

*For Men and Women*

Sturdy, comfortable cotton gabardine twill (Ladies' is polyester and cotton) in Alpine style. Designed for hard wearing, whether hiking, camping, bicycling or boating. Two deep, roomy front pockets with outer flap pockets and two button-flap rear pockets. Adjustable, double ring self belt on Men's Model. Ladies' has belt loops. Washable.

Two colors: Natural. Pewter Green.
Ladies' sizes 8 to 18. Price $11.75 postpaid.
Men's even waist sizes 30 to 42. Price $12.00 postpaid.

Ship______Ladies' Hiking Britches @ $11.75 ppd.
Color ______ Size______
Ship______Men's Hiking Britches @ $12.00 ppd.
Color ______ Size______

☐ Send Free Catalog

Name______
Address______
City______
State______Zip______

Outdoor Sporting Specialties

L. L. Bean, Inc.
365 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032

**Mediterranean Yachting Cap**

A cap to turn a cruise into an Odyssey!

Created by Greek craftsmen—worn by skippers who sail the wine-dark seas. All wool with embroidered band and visor. Black, in sizes 6⅞ to 7¾.

CAP only 2213–$18.75
BADGE only 2311–$10.00
(Solid Gold Bullion)

**Fathers' Day Special**
CAP and BADGE (detached)
**Postpaid - $19.95**
Marine Catalog $1 — Free with Order

**BLISS MARINE**
Dept. NY, Route 128
Dedham, Mass. 02026

**Boston • Dedham • Woburn • Seekonk • Warwick • Darien**

**Carry your wine in American history.**

We've come across a truly special basket for the wine connoisseur.

No import. It's hand woven in South Carolina of local sweet grass and palm leaf using skills documented to have come over with this nation's first slaves.

The Gullah wine basket. Tan, with rich brown accents. Its rugged, pencil-thick coils are a natural insulator. Goes anywhere . . . from beach to table. $21.50 Postpaid. N.Y. Res. Add Tax. 3 weeks del.

**MUDDIE'S**
324 E. 9th Street
New York 10003

Other styles available.

sistency but were obedient enough to diminish the emotional force of a little masterpiece in which the composer, as Winton Dean has remarked, "tells us far more about human nature than we could ever guess from the libretto."

"Imeneo," Handel's penultimate opera, has a small band (just oboes and bassoons with the strings and harpsichord), a small cast (five singers), no elaborate scenic requirements, and no subplot. In 1740, it was announced in the London *Daily Post* as an operetta. There are none of the high, grand, heroic aspects of the earlier operas but, instead, a directness and a naturalness that make "Imeneo" uncommonly attractive and affecting. The heroine, Rosmene, hesitates between Tirintius, who has both her love and her promise, and Hymeneus (Imeneo), who has saved her (and, with her, all the maidens of Athens) from a band of pirates and claims her hand as his reward. Torn between love and public duty, and unwilling to offend either suitor, Rosmene feigns a mad scene—a brief but powerful piece of music—in which she pretends that Fate has declared for Hymeneus. So Duty triumphs, and the final chorus points the moral: "Consulting duty, a noble soul or heart pays no attention to its desires and follows reason, banishing any love that does not conform to reason." Handel, regretting that it should be so, writes a sad chorus in the minor. For a Dublin revival, he increased the poignancy of the scene by inserting a duet, "Per le porte del tormento" (borrowed from "Sosarme"), for Rosmene and not the titular hero but the rejected Tirintius. In this skillful libretto—adapted, by an unidentified poet, from one that Silvio Stampiglia wrote for the composer Porpora twelve years earlier—the possibility of a happy ending is kept open until the last. The soubrette, Clomiris, who loves Hymeneus, could have been used to effect the customary double pairing. But instead of banal convention we have only one satisfied lover, Hymeneus. The Argument prefixed to the 1740 libretto tells us that, having won Rosmene, "he liv'd happy with her the rest of his Life."

There was much to commend in the Boston performance. Philip Morehead, the conductor, directed a little band of baroque instruments, and did so pleasingly, except when he treated minuet rhythms with too deliberate and even an emphasis. (Ideally, however, more strings than Mr. Morehead's seven are needed to realize Handel's textural variety.) The singers were clear and definite, true in pitch, and accomplished

YOUR LOVE/HATE RELATIONSHIP WITH THE CITY IS FANTASTIC. BUT THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH OWNING A LITTLE SOMETHING PASTORAL ON THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN LAKE.

Eastman

Developed by
CONTROLLED ENVIRONMENT CORPORATION
Created and Owned by

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE
THE MANCHESTER BANK
SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF NEW HAMPSHIRE FORESTS
UNITED LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY

Intrigued? Then write Emil Hanslin Associates, P.O. Box 1N, Grantham, N.H. 03753, or call (603) 863-4444. Obtain HUD property report from developer and read it before signing anything. HUD neither approves the merits of the offering nor the value, if any, of the property.

This does not constitute an offer in those states where an offer cannot be made.

MAINE TRADITIONS
You'll Find Unchanged At Our Resort

- About 113 yards of Ocean (at high tide) still separate the second tee from the flag — it only seems longer.
- Capt. Lewis still pursues halibut in "The Ruth" if you command.
- Our Chef still insists on "an extry cup" of blueberries in pies and muffins – "cause it juicies 'em" (You can work the calories off on our tennis courts).
- Herbert still delivers lobsters and seafood daily in the fender-free '61 International (which Ralph Nader should look into).
- We still wear jackets for dinner, hold a reception for new arrivals and greet Windjammers that weigh anchor in our harbor.
- Our rates haven't changed much and still include breakfast and dinner.

If we've whetted your interest, write or call me – Robert L. Crory . . . I'll send you a copy of the "Lighthouse", which explains the charisma of our area.

Sebasco A complete ocean resort
Sebasco Estates, Maine 04565
(207) 389-1161

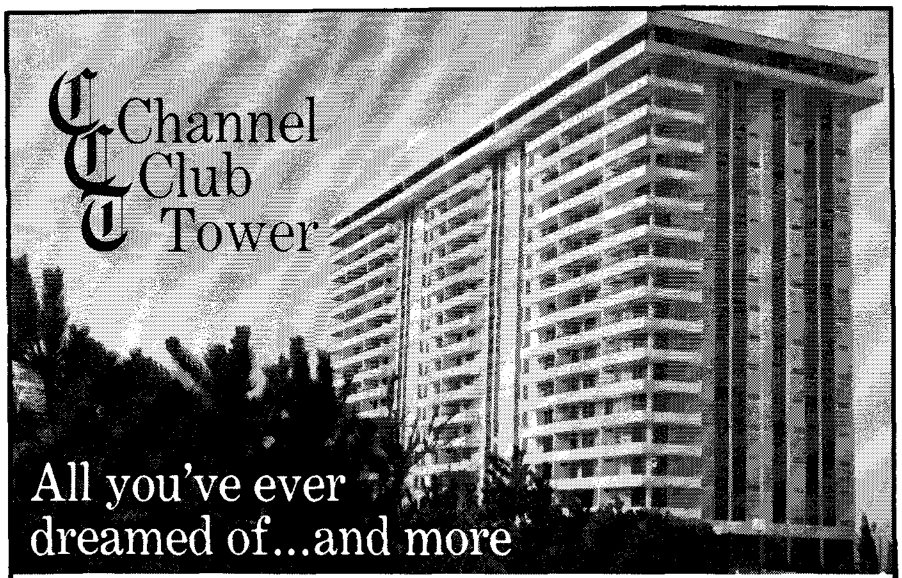
EXCEPTIONAL FOOD & WINE
The COACH HOUSE
110 WAVERLY PLACE, N.Y.C. • 777-0303
777-0349

OCEANFRONT YEAR-ROUND HOUSE
*Long Beach Island, N.J.*

Private beach, wrap-around decks, lovely ocean and bay views. 5-6 bedrooms, 2½ baths & garage, bedroom & bath. Furnished, all appliances, individual room heating controls, wood paneling all rooms. Cedar siding, decks & boardwalk. $145,000, will finance. Call 212-624-1797 or 914-876-2104 eve's.

in divisions. Susan Larson was the Rosmene, Kimberly Daniel the Clomiris (she produced a beautiful measured trill, on the upper G, in the reprise of her aria "È si vaga"), D'Anna Fortunato the Tirintius (the castrato role), and Thomas Olsen the Hymeneus (a tenor, as Handel originally intended, though he recast the role for a bass before the first performance). The fifth character, Argenius, Clomiris's father and Rosmene's guardian, is a subaltern role with only one aria. Stanley Wexler, the Boston Argenius, appropriated a second, which should be Hymeneus's entrance aria and serves to establish his stern, stiff character. Unwarranted tinkering. In other ways the edition was even less acceptable. Handel's structure is dramatically and musically sound. But here the Act II finale was moved to the close of Act I. Act II ended with the aria that is supposed to open Act III. The delightfully ironic and humorous device of both suitors' addressing Rosmene in identical strains was omitted, and only the subsequent duettino, in which they combine in canon, was retained. Conductor and director had produced a singable English translation (with some happy pilfering from the translation by Brian Trowell and Nigel Fortune, used for the opera's first modern revival, in Birmingham, England, fourteen years ago), but the sombre, moving finale was quite spoiled by their textual imposition of a pointless "Give me your hands, if we be friends" envoy. James Sellers' décor was apt and simple; the scene changes were archly effected by "two blackamoors," Swami Amrit and Swami Harideva, supplied with the compliments of the Chaotic Meditation-Joy of Movement Center. In general, a mixture of silliness, perception, and admirable singing marked the presentation. There was more than enough of the last two to reward a convinced Handelian, but doubters of the ability of Handel's operas to hold the modern stage probably remained doubtful.

MR. DE ACHA was also the director of a production of Mozart's "Idomeneo," given in the hall of Jonathan Edwards College, at Yale, that was dramatically so inept that it would pass unnoticed here did not the exceptionally fine conducting of C. William Harwood deserve a word. Mr. Harwood is the conductor of the Yale Symphony. He handled the miraculous score boldly, gracefully, and sensitively, and at several points molded it, I felt, even more eloquently than



Actual Photograph

Incomparable elegance • gracious appointments • 24 hour doorman service • valet parking • closed circuit security • spacious suites • private balconies • waterfront views • two private health clubs • express bus services to Wall St. and Port Authority. You must see The Channel Club Tower. Seventeen stories of luxury condominiums from $43,300 to $116,000. Immediate occupancy. Financing available.

Call collect, or use the coupon to obtain our illustrated brochure.
Sponsored by A-S Development, Inc.

Channel Club Tower
Channel Drive
Monmouth Beach, N.J. 07750
(201) 229-2828

DIRECTIONS: Garden State Pkwy. exit 117 (Keyport) to Rt.36 east and south to Monmouth Beach; right on Central Ave.

I'm interested in learning more about the Channel Club Tower, please send me your brochure: NY 5-7

NAME__________

ADDRESS__________

CITY______STATE____ZIP____

This advertisement is not an offering, which may only be made by a formal prospectus (NY-345).

*A great gift for Father, Son, and Friends . . .*

DOG TIES

*Give them their own breed on a necktie!*
*Authentic pure-bred dog reproductions, perfectly woven in Switzerland, to precise specifications and colourations. Exclusively ours.* $12.50 *each* *Gift Boxed*
*Over 50 breeds available.*

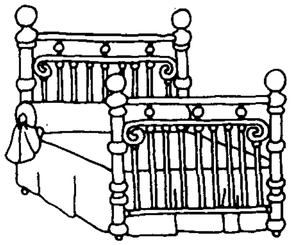
☐ Yes I want to order.
Please send my breed.
My breed is__________
☐ Navy ☐ Brown ☐ Burgundy ☐ Green

*Add $1 for delivery. N.Y. State add applicable tax.*

A SHOP FOR MEN David • Barrato

*1530 Northern Blvd., Manhasset, N.Y. 11030 —(516)-869-8133*
*67 Wall Street (Suite 1506) New York, N.Y. 10005—(212)-425-2888*
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

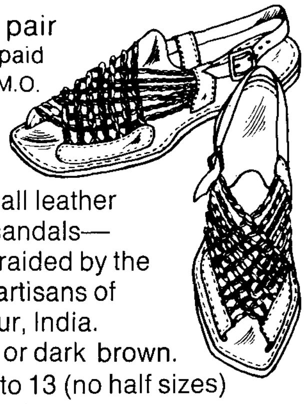
"Miniature Schnauzer" "English Sheepdog" "Westie" shown above



**Getaway to Yesterday**

Visit the Inn in the Berkshires with two centuries of tradition, and all the modern amenities. Live amidst antiques. Savor lobster, homemade apple pie, potables from our tavern. Norman Rockwell Museum close by.

**The Red Lion Inn**
Since 1773, Box NY5, Stockbridge, Mass. 01262. (413) 298-5545



**$14.00** pair
postage paid
Check or M.O.
(Sorry, no C.O.D.'s)

Sturdy, all leather men's sandals—hand-braided by the skilled artisans of Kolhapur, India. Natural or dark brown. Sizes 7 to 13 (no half sizes)

*Available at fine stores or write:*
**ASIA ARTS IMPORTS CO., INC.**
16 West 29th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10001

**A BIOGRAPHY of H. P. BLAVATSKY**

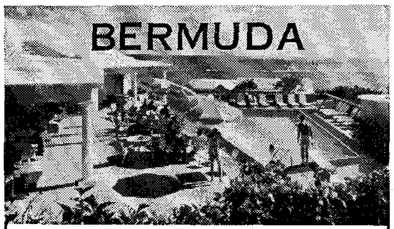
*When Daylight Comes*

*HOWARD MURPHET*

■ Helena Petrovna Blavatsky (1831-1891), well born Russian, was a formidable intellectual, scholar, linguist, iconoclast, and forerunner of todays' liberated woman. Her major works, *Isis Unveiled* (1877) and *The Secret Doctrine* (1888), have been continuously in print, and are today. Brilliant, independent thinker, prodigious writer, H. P. B., writes Joy Mills, was "the Sphinx of the 19th century [who must] be accorded a unique place in the history of ideas that have influenced modern thought." *Illustrated.*
Cloth $8.95 Paperbound $3.50

**Quest Books . . . at bookstores**
or postpaid, promptly, from Quest Books Dept. NK, 306 West Geneva Road, Wheaton, Illinois 60187.

*The Theosophical Publishing House*
WHEATON, IL LONDON MADRAS

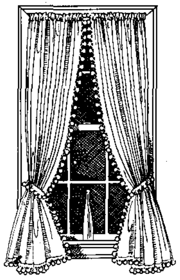


**One of Bermuda's finest cottage colonies on 16 acres in fashionable Tucker's Town. 1500' oceanfront with natural pink sand beaches. Breakfast prepared in your deluxe cottage; gourmet dinner in our clubhouse with its superb seascape; luncheon on the Pool Terrace.**

**See your travel agent or**
**David B. Mitchell,**
**217 East 49th St.,**
**N.Y.C. 10017.**
**(212) 371-1323.**

PINK BEACH
CLUB AND COTTAGES
TUCKER'S TOWN
BERMUDA

**CURTAIN CHARM**
**White Permanent Press With Ball Fringe**



45", 54", 63" long.... **8.50 pr.**
72", 81", 90" long.... **10.00 pr.**
Tiers: 20", 25", 30",
36", 40" long.......... **6.50 pr.**
Curtains are 80" wide per pr.
Valance 9" x 80".......... **2.75**

For years New England housewives have used charming Country Curtains in their homes. Here they are in wonderful permanent press . . . truly a no-iron fabric in warm beige-tone or sparkling white blend of polyester and cotton. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Sorry no COD's. Mass. res. please add 3% sales tax. Postage and handling: under $10 add $1, for orders $10 and over add $1.75. Send for free catalog.

**COUNTRY CURTAINS**
**AT THE RED LION INN**
**Dept. 503 Stockbridge. Massachusetts 01262**

Julius Rudel did in the recent City Opera production. Mozart conductors who can give just the right shade of emphasis to a fleeting modulation, neither forcing it on one's attention nor letting it slide past unnoticed, and who can invest a phrase with subtle rhythmic freedom yet not distort the metre, are rare; Mr. Harwood is one of them. There was full, lyrical singing, fresh and pure in tone, delicately accomplished in phrasing, from Susan Davenny Wyner, as Ilia, and Jack Litten compassed the fiendish coloratura of Idomeneus's "Fuor del mar" more fleetly than his New York counterpart. The edition had some points of interest. Mr. Harwood took up Daniel Heartz's suggestion (in the new "Idomeneo" score) of dropping in the gavotte from the ballet music before the final chorus of Act I; it sounded fine there (though the dancing it accompanied was absurd). Despite having chosen a tenor rather than a soprano Idamantes, he used the original (two-soprano) duet of Act III, which has a wonderfully eloquent first section; but the subsequent 6/8 allegretto cannot compare with the soprano-tenor duet that Mozart later put in its place. Ilia was allowed the recitative that opens Act III (denied her by the City Opera). But she was also allowed applause after "Se il padre perdei," the Act II aria, which should not be (here, singer and conductor must between them insure that Mozart's music flows unbroken). Yale has a celebrated School of Drama, and a School of Music whose opera performances are praised. But none of their teaching seemed to have rubbed off on this staging, which, even when all allowances were made for the hall's meagre theatrical resources and the amateur status of the chorus, was simply deplorable. A connoisseur of misconceived "Idomeneo" productions gained a new specimen for his collection. A lover of the music found the evening well spent. —Andrew Porter

•

Mechanics—Dissatisfied with pleasant working conditions? A progressive company needs you.—*Adv. in the Ridgewood (N. J.) Herald-News.*

And will make things plenty uncomfortable.

•

### CLEAR DAYS IN NORWALK, CONNECTICUT

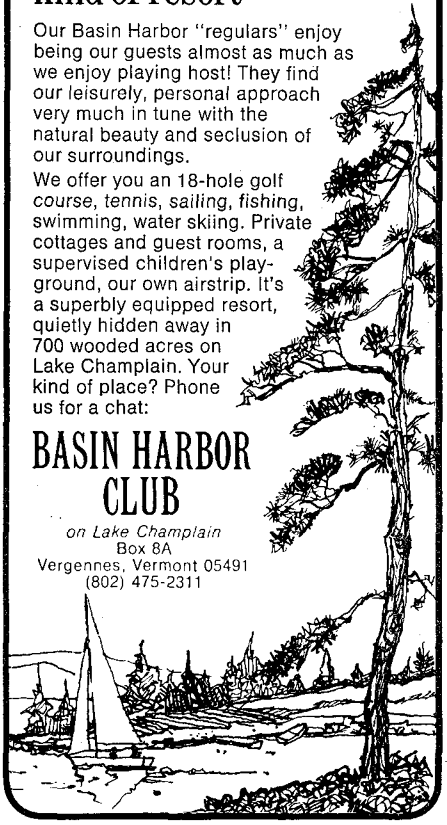
[*Adv. in the Norwalk Hour*]

Will sacrifice engagement ring, wedding band; sofa and artificial tree. No reasonable offer refused.

Our good friends enjoy our low-key kind of resort

Our Basin Harbor "regulars" enjoy being our guests almost as much as we enjoy playing host! They find our leisurely, personal approach very much in tune with the natural beauty and seclusion of our surroundings.
We offer you an 18-hole golf course, tennis, sailing, fishing, swimming, water skiing. Private cottages and guest rooms, a supervised children's playground, our own airstrip. It's a superbly equipped resort, quietly hidden away in 700 wooded acres on Lake Champlain. Your kind of place? Phone us for a chat:

**BASIN HARBOR CLUB**
*on Lake Champlain*
Box 8A
Vergennes, Vermont 05491
(802) 475-2311



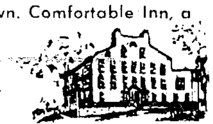
GAD-ABOUT'S "SWEET NOTHING" T-SHIRT

It's nothing . . . until you slip it on. Then nothing looks more terrific worn in or out of pants or skirts. And in soft Antron® nylon, it packs into a whisper. Sizes 6-16. Colors: Red, Navy, Tennis White, Brown, Apple Green, Sky Blue, Pink, Lemon Yellow, Orange. $14.00. Add $1.25 ship., hdlg. N.Y. residents add sales tax.

**GAD-ABOUT**
GAD-ABOUT APPAREL, INC.
Dept. A, 1210 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10028

COUNTRY LODGE on 60 beautiful acres in Delaware County, N.Y., for sale. 20 rooms, completely furnished, 2 fireplaces, greenhouse, patios, garage, guest house, tennis court, heated swimming pool, pond, private brook, and over ½ mile Beaverkill River frontage, magnificent setting, $150,000. Additional land available.
Owner, evenings 212-279-2227. Write 371 7th Ave. Apt. 13C N.Y. 10001.

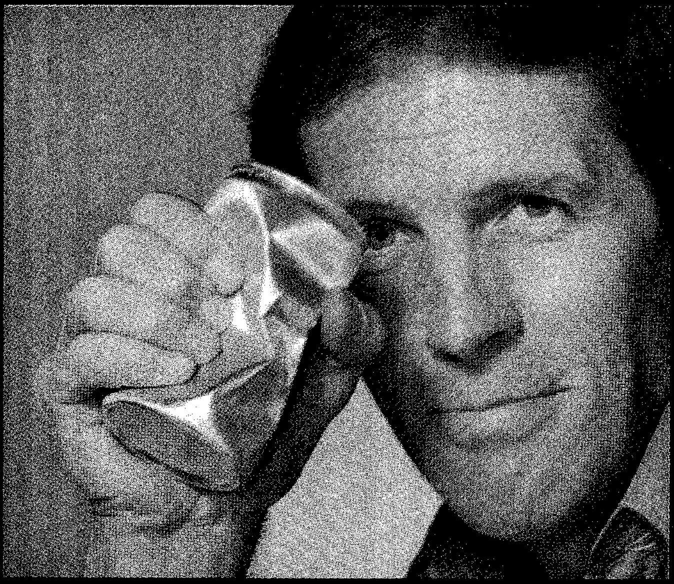
**Middlebury Inn**
**Middlebury • Vermont**
Charming College Town. Comfortable Inn, a modern motel, stately Porter House Annex.



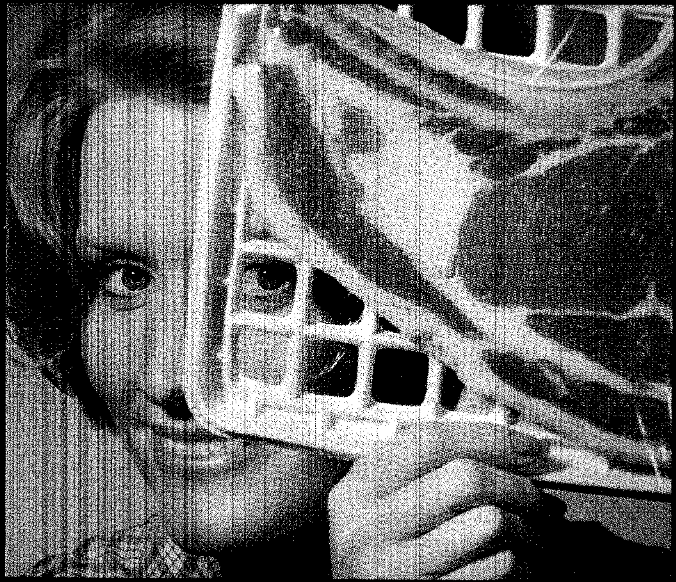
**Write:**
**David Beach, Manager**
**Phone 802-388-4961**

# What do you call a company that's responsible for

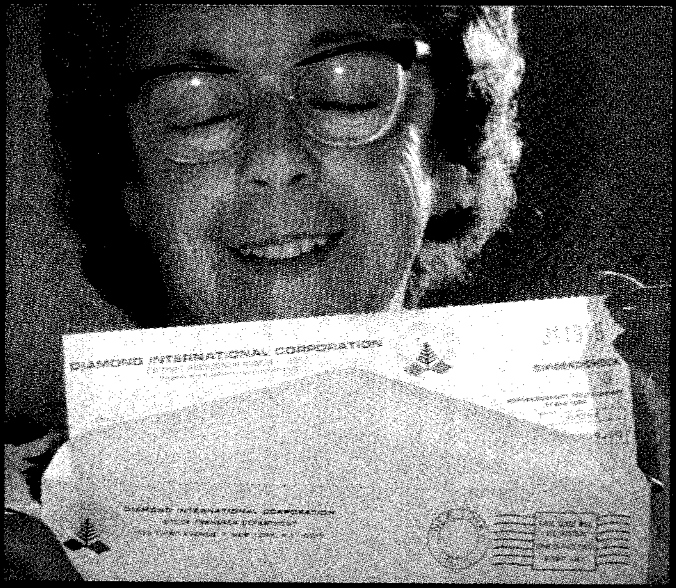
a safety cap kids can't open



making a 100% recyclable can



a see-thru tray that keeps meat fresh longer



paying dividends for 94 years in a row?

# We'd call it responsible. Wouldn't you?

DIAMOND INTERNATIONAL

Diamond International Corporation · 733 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017
Forest Products · Packaging & Printing · Consumer Products · Building Materials & Home Supplies · Machinery Systems

# Ours is not the only way to build a car. But it's the only way to build a Jaguar.

There are very few people today who care about doing a thing as well as it can be done. Among those few who care are the people who build Jaguars.

The results of this caring are evident in our Jaguar XJ6L and our XJ12L*, motorcars with a level of luxury and high performance characteristics that make them stand out from other luxury sedans.

For just one example, the facia on every Jaguar XJ sedan is carved from one piece of burled Belgian walnut. The grain is matched by hand and the wood is finished by hand, as are the prime British hides that cover Jaguar's orthopedically designed seats.

But the interior refinements of the Jaguar XJs are only a preliminary to driving them.

No full-sized luxury car handles quite like a Jaguar XJ sedan. The feel is solid and very comfortable, yet the response is quick and precise like a sports car because the handling characteristics of the XJs are derived from Jaguar's extensive and heroic racing experience. Standard equipment includes independent suspension and power disc brakes on all four wheels and the precision of rack and pinion steering.

The XJ12L is powered by Jaguar's innovative, turbine-like aluminum alloy V-12. It is remarkably smooth and develops great reserves of torque even at low speeds. Yet the Jaguar V-12 displaces only 326 cubic inches as compared to popular American luxury V-8s which displace up to 500 cubic inches.

The XJ6L engine is a refinement of the overhead-cam Six that made history at LeMans.

And every Jaguar is individually road-tested over no less than 14 miles of Coventry roads.

Yes, there are other ways to build cars. But they wouldn't be Jaguars. We invite you to drive these uncommon luxury cars. For the name of the dealer nearest you, call these numbers toll-free: (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois (800) 322-4400.

*NOT AVAILABLE IN CALIFORNIA

**Jaguar**

BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC., LEONIA, N.J. 07605

BRITISH
LEYLAND

# THE RACE TRACK

## *It's a Pleasure*

MAY 4

**F**OOLISH PLEASURE, the favorite, was the best horse in the hundred-and-first running of the Kentucky Derby at Louisville last Saturday, just as he was the best in the Wood Memorial at Aqueduct a fortnight earlier. Coming from far back in the last half of the mile and a quarter, he won by a length and three-quarters from Avatar, with Diabolo third and Master Derby fourth. In the first flush of excitement over Foolish Pleasure's victory, I'd say that he will do it again in the Preakness at Baltimore the weekend after next. He did it the hard way in the Derby. He got away slowly and didn't get going until the field reached the backstretch. Then, at the end of a mile, you could see the black-and-white silks of his rider, Vasquez, moving up behind the leaders—Avatar, ridden by Shoemaker, and Diabolo, with Pincay up. The high moment of the race for me was when these two California stars came headlong down the stretch, bumping one another while their jockeys flailed away with their whips. (For a second, I thought we'd see another hand-to-hand struggle like the one between Meade, on Brokers Tip, and Fisher, on Head Play, in the 1933 Derby, but it didn't happen.) An instant later, as they pulled apart, Foolish Pleasure stormed past both, and there went all the roses. After the race, the stewards ordered an inquiry but decided to let the order of finish stand. There has never been a disqualification in a Kentucky Derby for a foul.

There must have been great excitement at Hollywood Park when it looked as if California horses were going to finish one-two. I expect more people were watching television sets, which are everywhere out there, than were watching the local racing. I wish I had been there, too, instead of where I was, confined to quarters and obliged to watch the Derby on television. (The ground broke from under your correspondent the other day, and he popped a splint in a leg.) The broadcast, over ABC, came through loud and clear, with the usual myriad commercials. John Rotz, who rode half a dozen Derbies and knows what he is talking about, gave a first-class commentary. I felt a little sorry for Chick Anderson, who called the race and got a bit mixed up on the horses at the end—but then so did Clem McCarthy in the 1947 Preakness, as you may remember.

Prince Thou Art led the parade to the post, and he was a picture. On looks, I think he had a shade over Foolish Pleasure. The start was a quick one. Bombay Duck was off in front, as he was in the Wood, and he did the quarter in 0:22 flat and the half in 0:45⅖, which is about as fast as horses run at Churchill Downs. Then he ran out of speed, and finished last. It wasn't a fast Derby; the time—2:02—was far behind Secretariat's record of 1:59⅖. I suppose the biggest disappointment was Prince Thou Art, the second favorite, who finished sixth, running over only tired horses at the end.

It was Foolish Pleasure's eleventh victory in twelve starts, and the Derby purse of $209,600 brought his earnings to $673,515. Nice going for John Greer, the Knoxville banker and baker who owns him, and for LeRoy Jolley, a real hard-boots Kentuckian, who trains him. What price a million before the season is over?

There was the customary Kentucky Derby hoopla. The crowd numbered 113,324—considerably short of last year's—but the betting was fantastic, with $3,365,130 bet on the Derby alone. There were almost as many spectators in the infield, at ten dollars a head, as there were last year at five dollars. Choice seats, if you could get them, went up from a hundred dollars to a hundred and fifteen. Wrong Horse Harry asked a man sipping a two-dollar mint julep if he knew a recession was on. The answer was unintelligible.

**S**TEP NICELY, winner of the Roseben Handicap, at seven furlongs, the Westchester, at a mile, and the Excelsior, at a mile and an eighth, made a gallant try, under 128 pounds, to win the Grey Lag Handicap, at a mile and a quarter, at Aqueduct on Saturday, but he finished third to Gold and Myrrh, to whom he gave twelve pounds, and Monetary Principle, to whom he gave fourteen. Gold and Myrrh led all the way. Earlier in the week, Ruffian continued her unbeaten ways in the Comely Stakes at Aqueduct, running her string of victories to seven. Her margin was seven and three-quarters lengths. Aunt Jin was second and Point in Time (where have I heard that before?) was third.

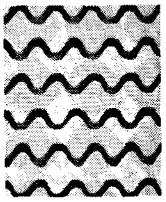
—AUDAX MINOR

*Norm Thompson's Roamers*
*for men and women...*

**Designed for barefoot use on deck ...made better for everyday wear.**

**Roamers literally mold to the shape of your foot. They're lightweight, extremely flexible, and feel comfortable from the moment you put them on . . . with or without socks. The leather has been specially tanned so it's exceptionally soft, almost scuff-proof, and able to withstand just about anything from foot perspiration to salt water. Careful hand finishing eliminates inside seams and ridges that could irritate your feet.**

**The ultimate yachting shoe made better.**

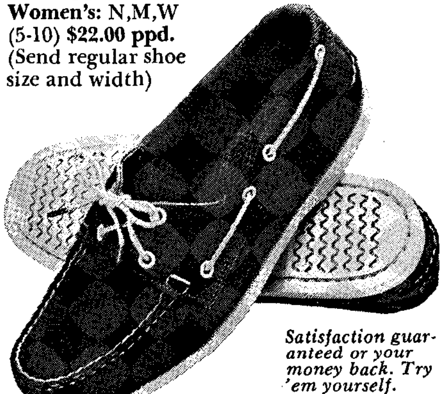


*long-wearing non-slip sole*

**The craftsmen at Sebago originally designed our Roamers for yachting. They developed a new, extra-wide sole for better lateral grip and longer wear. And added an adjustable leather thong to provide a snug fit. What they didn't realize however, was that while they were creating the ultimate yachting shoe, they were also creating one of the most comfortable casual shoes you'll ever wear.**

**Colors:** Rich Brown, or "Denim" Blue.

**Men's:** N,M,W (6½-12, 13)
**$25.00 ppd.**
**Women's:** N,M,W
(5-10) **$22.00 ppd.**
(Send regular shoe size and width)



*Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Try 'em yourself.*

**Norm Thompson**

Dept. MY-12
1805 N.W. Thurman
Portland, Or. 97209

**Order Toll Free anytime 800-547-6712**
**(excluding Oregon, Hawaii, & Alaska)**

| Roamers | Size | Width | Color |
|---|---|---|---|
| Men's 2610N | | | |
| Women's 2619N | | | |

☐ Check enclosed ☐ BankAmericard
☐ Master Charge
(Please include all raised letters and numbers)

Card #____________________

Signature X____________________

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________State______Zip______

☐ Send **FREE** "Escape from the ordinary®" catalog.

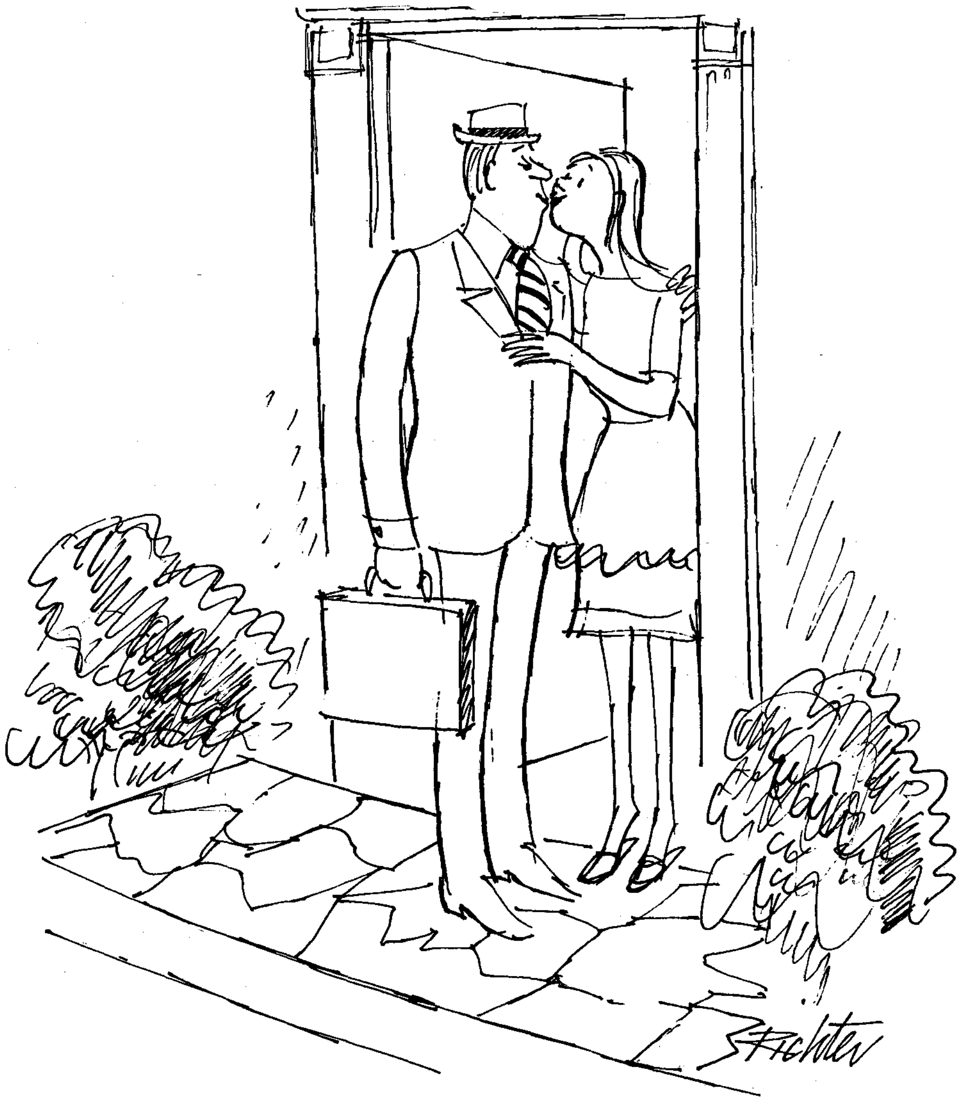
# BOOKS

## *A Monk Manqué*

E. M. Cioran, a Rumanian who since 1937 has lived in France and since 1947 has written in French, comes to the American reader handsomely sponsored. The first collection of his philosophical/historical/lyrical/critical essays to be published here, "The Temptation to Exist" (1968), had an introduction by Susan Sontag; the second, "The Fall Into Time" (1970), bore on its back encomiums from St.-John Perse, Claude Mauriac, Wylie Sypher, and Cioran's translator, Richard Howard, who was quoted as claiming, "I have translated some hundred and fifty books, and of them all, Cioran's work . . . has afforded me the most crucial experience." The third collection, "The New Gods" (translated by Howard, published, as were the two others, by Quadrangle), is the shortest, and the first to venture forth without the escort of an introduction, though the flap copy bristles with intelligence—an intelligence driven to uneasy, hedged phrasemaking, promising us "a kind of flickering gaiety" and "a kind of ecstatic despair."

It cannot be said of Cioran that he needs no introduction. Painfully well written, with the congested precision of a man striving to keep a terrible temper under control, erudite, assertive, passionate, his essays tend to settle toward a bleak cancelling-out, a multiplication of doubts, that leave the reader uncertain as to what he has read, or, indeed, whether he has read anything. All of Cioran's explicators grapple with this puzzling, central nullity. Miss Sontag, whose introduction to "The Temptation to Exist" almost shames what follows with her sane and genial tone, recurrently touches, like a tongue unable to stay away from a cavity, upon Cioran's negative attributes: "Cioran writes about impossible states of being, about unthinkable thoughts. . . . Cioran doesn't make any of the usual efforts to 'persuade.'. . . Not that the essays are particularly hard to read, but their moral point, so to speak, is the unending disclosure of difficulty . . . a certain coquetry of the void. . . . What's missing in Cioran's work is anything parallel to Nietzsche's heroic effort to surmount nihilism." She ends by confessing a preference for the cheerful cultural permissiveness of John Cage, his "totally democratic world of the spirit . . . in which 'it is understood that everything is clean: there is no dirt.' " Cioran's altogether dirty, defeated world wins from her cunningly grudging praise: his "fierce, tensely argued speculations sum up brilliantly the decaying urgencies of 'Western' thought, but offer no relief from them beyond the considerable satisfactions of the understanding." Even Charles Newman, who in his introduction to "The Fall Into Time" professes to find his satisfactions more than considerable, asks with something like exasperation, "What can you do with a man who attacks you for *his* mistakes, and then insists those very errors are most worth having? . . . How to locate a mind which seemingly speaks out of nowhere, and then only against itself?" What Newman calls "the best consideration of 'The Temptation to Exist' to appear in either English or French"—Edward W. Said's notice in *The Hudson Review*—approves rather gingerly of Cioran's offer of "knowledge without information," and William Gass, in a pejorative appraisal from which Cioran's publishers insist on quoting the two construably favorable sentences, puts it less kindly: "So evenly is Cioran divided against himself, on irony's behalf, that there is scarcely a line which does not contain truth by precisely a half. . . . He seems really to think that if he writes his lies *like* lies, that will excuse them, but what he risks by this tactic is revealing an essentially frivolous mind."

None of Cioran's champions and critics have thought to consider him as a writer who, like other writers, has a duty to be interesting, and who fulfills that duty very unevenly. Though erudite and intellectual to an extreme degree, he is not so much a thinker as a poser, striking a succession of attitudes before us without any of the



*"Bye, dear. Have a nice day at your power base."*

philosopher's traditional desire to direct *our* actions, our attitudes. He is an entertainer, if compulsive display of one's psychic wounds be taken as entertaining. The son of a Greek Orthodox priest, Cioran is hopelessly in love with, and insatiably angry with, Christianity. A native of the land of Dracula, he seeks out history's Gothic chambers, and is claustrophobically at home with horror, pain, self-denial, and rage. With what hungry bliss does he sink his fangs into the necks of the good!:

> The smell of carrion fascinates and inflames those greedy and garrulous gravediggers we call the Apostles.
>
> In the marketplace, a five-year-old writhes, screams in a tantrum. Women rush to him, try to soothe him. He goes right on, exaggerates, exceeds all limits. The more you watch, the more you'd like to wring his neck. . . . You think—with what satisfaction!—of Calvin, for whom children are "lumps of filth."

His hatred of the flesh is rapturous: "Horror of the flesh, of the organs, of each cell, primordial horror, chemical horror. . . . In what grease, what pestilence the spirit has taken up its abode! This body, whose every pore eliminates enough stench to infect space, is no more than a mass of ordure through which circulates a scarcely less ignoble blood, no more than a tumor which disfigures the geometry of the globe. Supernatural disgust!" In his "nostalgia for barbarism," he deplores modern men as mere "dilettantes and eunuchs of bloodshed" and recommends cruelty not only to literary creators—"Cruelty, in literature at least, is a sign of election"—but to God Himself: "No one any longer fears or respects a God who has squandered His capital of cruelty."

Cioran's dark side has a positive obverse—a genuine admiration for the monastic life, especially its morbid aspects. "The Buddhist monks gladly frequented charnel houses: where corner desire more surely and emancipate oneself from it? The horrible being a path of liberation, in every period of fervor and inwardness, our remains have enjoyed great favor. . . . Blessed was that age when solitaries could plumb their depths without seeming obsessed, deranged. . . . There no longer exists a single place where we can professionally execrate this world." It is the contemplative's self-excoriation, however, that rouses Cioran's imagination to something like reverence, as he savors the sufferings of the obscurer mystics—Peter of Alcantara, who "managed to sleep no more than one hour a night," and Margaret Ebner, who for days at a time "could

# Some of Europe's best chefs are in some of New York's best restaurants.

If you'd love to be in Europe now, and can't...here are three fine restaurants that'll help make up for it. Because they've got what helps make Europe the gourmet delight that it is. The finest European chefs.

26 East 63rd St.

**Quo Vadis.** You'll find more than just a touch of class at this elegant French restaurant. It's stunningly decorated with paintings, statuary, and beautiful people. Try the Crêpes Quo Vadis, the Foie Gras de Strasbourg or something else from the classic French menu. Quo Vadis has a wine list as enviable as its reputation. Select something superb from the wine list to complement your meal. And finish with dessert or pastry created by the Quo Vadis' own chef. He's an artist.

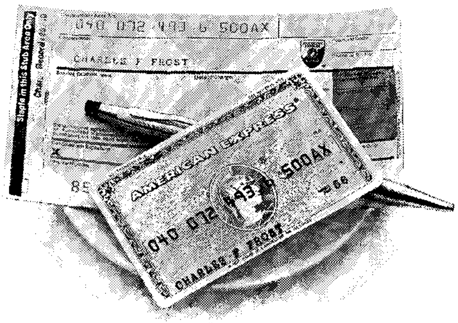
13 East 55th St.

**L'Aiglon.** This very special restaurant with all the charm and ambience of a Parisian restaurant has been pleasing Francophiles for over half a century. A glance at the Continental menu will tell you why. Choose Veal Chop à L'Aiglon, or the Steak à L'Aiglon cooked at tableside. And don't forget the Napoleons Maison. Hosts Guido and Roger are on hand to help you select something special, make sure you're satisfied, and to wish you "bon appétit."

24 West 55th St.

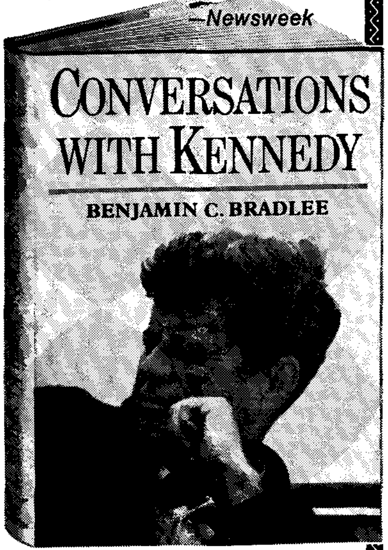
**Italian Pavilion.** Enjoy the best of Northern Italian cuisine in a sun-washed garden room. And have glass after glass of good red wine while you feast upon Suprema Pollo alla Doria. It's as tantalizing as it sounds. And so is everything else on the menu. You may not have a chance to have zabaglione like this until you're in Italy again. So don't leave without trying it. And be sure you don't leave home without the American Express® Card. It's your passport.

AMERICAN EXPRESS



**The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it.**

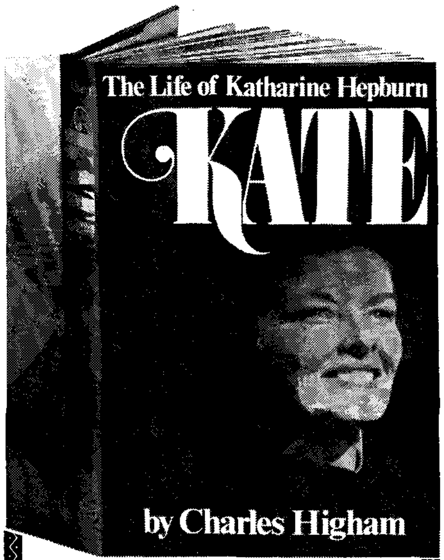
"A fond new memoir by an old journalist chum . . . crowded with intimate glimpses of Kennedy the man, at work and *en famille*."
—*Newsweek*



"Fascinating . . . it's rife with gossip, innuendo and rich Inside Stuff. It will doubtless enjoy a sensational sale."
—HARRIET VAN HORNE, *N.Y. Post*

Illus. $7.95 at all bookstores

Norton



"A tour de force!"
—GEROLD FRANK

"One of the most enjoyable biographies I have read for a long time. He has captured that elusive woman, Katharine Hepburn, and put her under glass for us all to see, admire and love—a rare achievement."
—CYRIL RITCHARD

Illus. $7.95 at all bookstores

Norton

not unclench her teeth; when finally she opened her mouth, it was to utter cries which exalted and terrorized the convent." His nostalgia for the "maceration and cell-shrieks of old" is Cioran's most endearing attribute. In secular, atheistic emulation of the "adorable hell" of the saints' "effort against the ego," he flays himself with the modern impossibilities: it is impossible to believe, impossible not to want to believe, impossible to become Buddhists, impossible equally to revive and to forget the dead. His essays, with their vast range of reference—he knows everything, to tell us it is nothing—are a kind of agonized remembering from within the vacuum of the "winded civilization" that surrounds him. It is not mere arrogance but a withering will toward depopulation which compels him systematically to refrain from mentioning any living contemporary by name, saying instead "some theologian" or (perhaps of de Gaulle) "the least *effaced* of modern men." "What is a 'contemporary'?" he asks, answering, "Someone you'd like to kill, without quite knowing how." But the absence, in his electric debates with ghosts, of living names emphasizes the absence of any vivifying sense of encounter, of thought's refinement through contention, of viable adversaries and alternatives in his dance of dead ideas, his prose histrionics as agitated and jerky as the movements of a vampire.

"THE NEW GODS" (no doubt a more salable title, in progressivist America, than the original French "Le Mauvais Démiurge"), though the smallest of Cioran's three collections in English, fairly represents him in its range of topic and quality. The first essay, or prose flight, "The Demiurge," proposes with more fervor than irony the existence of "a wicked and woebegone god, a god accursed," who created this botched universe and whose "criminal injunction" to multiply Man is doomed to obey, at least until the happy day when "pregnant women will . . . be stoned to death." In its contemplation of the "dreadful miracle" of Creation, this essay is almost pious, and with his final hint of "*another* creator" Cioran might be one of those Jesuits who whip off the scoffer's mask to administer the sacraments. But the mask is his face, it appears in the next section, "The New Gods," which ends by lamenting Christianity's present mood of tolerance: "Its career finished, its hatred is finished too." The historical period of Rome's decline and the Church's emergence is one of the author's favorites; impossibly well read in the late Skeptics and the early Christians, he is a connoisseur of paganism's decadence, "the cumulus of inner defeats" that permitted the new religion to triumph. He is always interesting on this subject, which inspired, in an earlier volume, the maxim "Energy, privilege of the dregs, always comes from below." Cioran is consistently boring, on the other hand, on the subject of Buddhism and Oriental quietism. His longing for this particular brand of unattainable religiosity leads him to dwell, in "The Undelivered," upon the thought of the void as fondly as a hen broods upon an egg, hatching such chirps as "The void is nothingness stripped of its negative qualifications, nothingness transfigured." The reader's mind, benumbed, becomes as blank as nirvana. "Paleontology" uses a visit to a museum to trip a meditation upon the loathsome flesh, "that layer of grease which keeps us from discerning what is *fundamental* in ourselves." Here, more than usual, Cioran seems irresponsibly extreme: is it really true, for instance, that "whatever is alive, the most repellent animal or insect, shudders with fear—does nothing but"? What is signified by "an abstract joy, an exaltation granted alike to being and to the absence of being"? And is it not a peculiar sort of nihilistic piffle to say that bones "grant me a glimpse of the day when I shall no longer have to endure the obsession of the human, of all shackles the most terrible"? "Encounters with Suicide," the longest and what should be the most involving essay in the book, though touched with hints of personal experience and with a delicate poetry of the death wish, a wish "to run joyously toward our ghost," is vitiated by abstractness, as if the writer had felt suicide only as an idea in the brain and never as an action latent in the muscles. "A man does not kill himself, as is commonly supposed, in a fit of madness but rather in a fit of unendurable lucidity": perhaps this should be so, but we doubt that it is. Cioran is at his most reflexively, coquettishly paradoxical with assertions like "When you have understood that nothing *is*, that things do not even deserve the status of appearances, you no longer need to be saved, you are saved, and miserable forever."

All his essays balk at flowing; they feel, rather, written from point to point, from shock to shock, cadenzas parading as melody. The frequent recourse to asterisks and fresh starts be-rays the shifting perspectives of an ntelligence committed only to itself. The best section of "The New Gods," he most entertaining, concrete, and uggestive of Cioran's living mind, is he last—a string of disconnected aphrisms called "Strangled Thoughts." The title declares a congenial murderusness; he dreams, he has earlier writen, of a language whose words will reak jaws like fists. Here, his thoughts, reed of any need to harmonize with a context, stab:

> Refinement is the sign of deficient viality, in art, in love, and in everything.
>
> First duty, on getting up in the mornng: to blush for yourself.
>
> All our thoughts are a function of our ilments.
>
> The creator who becomes transparent o himself no longer creates: to know neself is to smother one's endowments nd one's demon.
>
> Our repressed prayers explode in sarcasms.
>
> We are all deep in a hell each moment f which is a miracle.

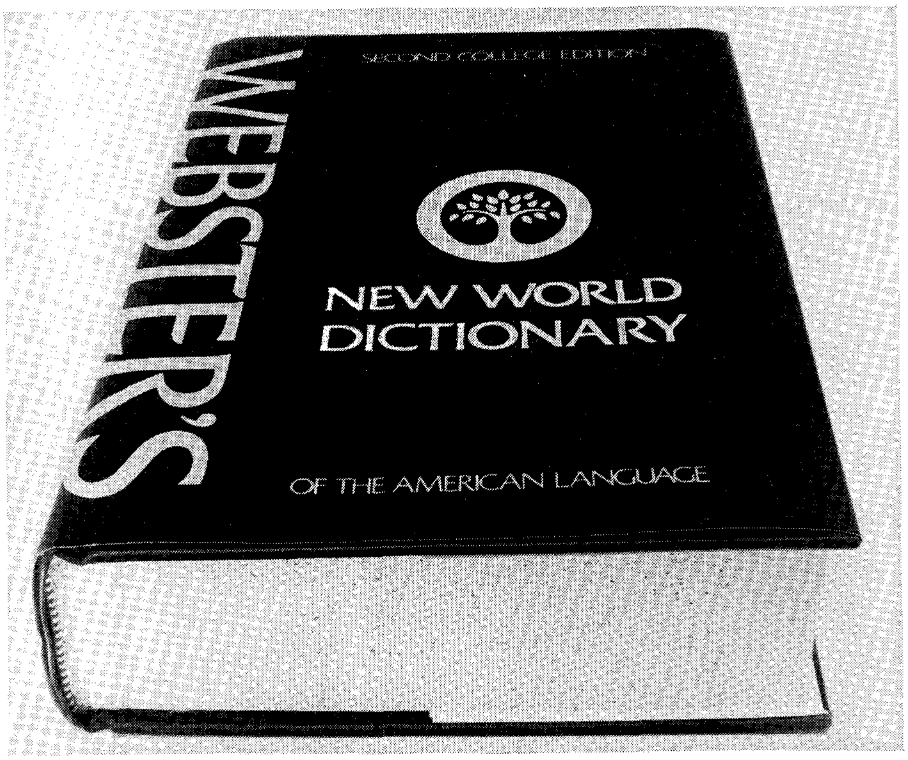
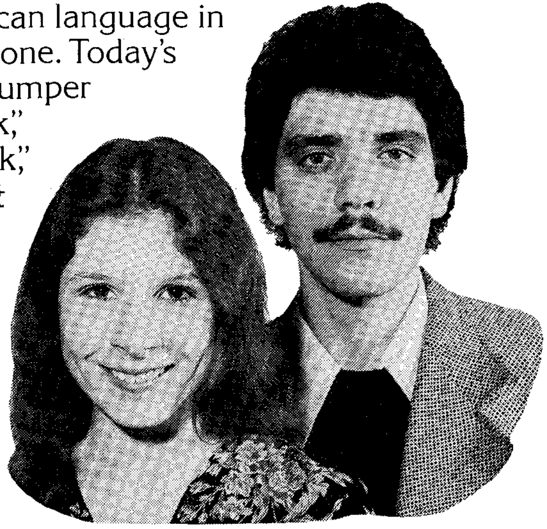
Dignified by a defiant perfectionism of style, Cioran is of that type of intellectual outsider described by Thomas Mann in his short story "At the Prophet's": "A fevered and frightfully irritable ego here expanded itself. . . . The solitary ego sang, raved, commanded. It would lose itself in confused pictures, go down in an eddy of logical error, to bob up again suddenly and startlingly in an entirely unexpected place. Blasphemies and hosannahs—a waft of incense and a reek of blood." Though advertised by his American sponsors as a "philosopher," Cioran lacks one half of that word's etymology, which is *philos* ("loving") + *sophos* ("wise"). Wisdom without love of it is sophistry. Read alongside another nervous, doubting paragrapher such as Wittgenstein, Cioran conspicuously lacks two qualities the other's thought possesses—gentleness and seriousness. He does not wish to relieve, through clarification, our irritations; he does not wish, like Nietzsche and Kierkegaard, to inflame them to the point of crisis and cure. He wishes only, with his nimble, sinister spidering amid the complexities of our cultural situation, to give us—one of his favorite words—*frissons*; the means seem disproportional to the ends.

—JOHN UPDIKE

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

THE CONSERVATIONIST, by Nadine Gordimer (Viking). With a swirling intensity that often leaves names

SECOND COLLEGE EDITION
WEBSTER'S
NEW WORLD DICTIONARY
OF THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE

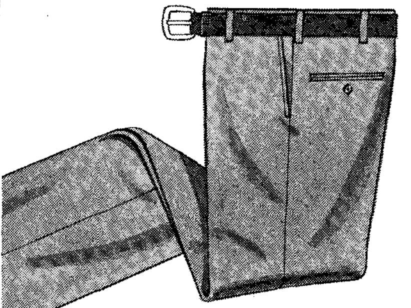
THE WAY WE ARE

...isn't the way we were. Today's graduates have grown up in a revolutionary world of new lifestyles, concepts and values. And new words—upwards of 40,000 new words, meanings and changes in meaning have been added to this dictionary of the American language in the past two decades alone. Today's graduates may put a "bumper sticker" on a "hatchback," experience "future shock," and be concerned about "sexploitation." Those terms didn't exist 20 years ago. Today, if you look for these terms in a dictionary, you'll find them only in ours. For graduation, give this critically acclaimed dictionary with more pages, more entries, more etymologies, more idiomatic expressions than any other college dictionary—and it's the only one with 14,000 identified Americanisms.

$10.95 Thumb-indexed, $9.95 Plain-edged, $11.95 Deluxe Color Edition.

GIVE THE BEST AT GRADUATION... WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY, SECOND COLLEGE EDITION. COLLINS WORLD
Cleveland • New York

TRADITIONAL
**CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS**
**ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.**
*San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939*



**Rugged Cavalry Twill Chino Travel Slacks $24**

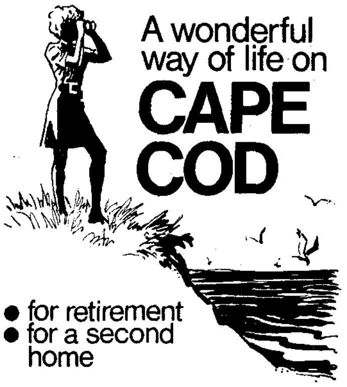
Ideal casual trousers for travel, sports and virtually all leisure activities, our exceptionally fine Cavalry Twill Chino Slacks in a cool, comfortable, easy-care blend of cotton and Dacron. "Fully Cut"TM with extra room at seat, thigh and knee for excellent fit and added comfort. Conservative legs taper slightly from knee to bottom. Ruggedly tailored with belt loops and convenient watch pocket, in versatile British tan shade. Waist sizes 30 to 44, state inseam length desired.

A most handsome, practical belt for dress or casual wear, our *1½" wide belt in reversible black-to-brown soft cowhide leather. Sizes 30 to 42, $8.50. Sizes 44 to 48, $10.*

Mail Orders To: Cavalry Twill Slacks; Belt
Cable Car Clothiers, No.150 Post, S.F., Ca 94108

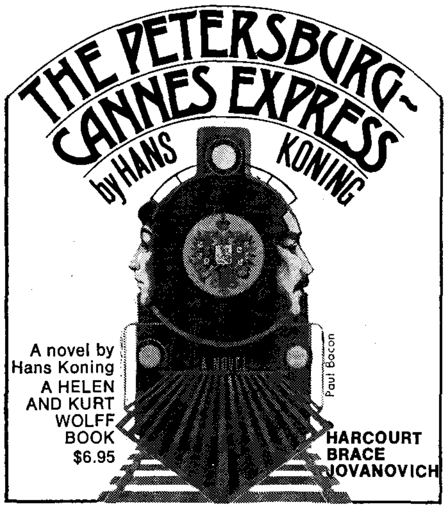
| Circle Item | Qty. | Colour | Size | M.O. or Check ☐ |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Slacks | | | | Cable Car Charge ☐ |
| Belt | | | | Sorry, No COD's |

☐ Please send Catalogue (415) 397-4740
Name..........
Address..........
..........Zip..........
Add $1.85 Ship. & Hdlg. • 6½% Sales Tax in Ca. 010512



A wonderful way of life on
**CAPE COD**
- for retirement
- for a second home

Send for free booklet, "A Wonderful Way of Life."
**CAPE COD CHAMBER OF COMMERCE**
**Hyannis 8, Mass. 02601**



THE PETERSBURG-CANNES EXPRESS
by HANS KONING

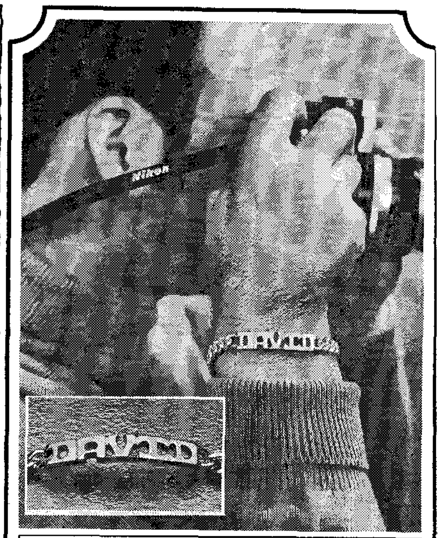
A novel by Hans Koning
A HELEN AND KURT WOLFF BOOK
$6.95
HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVICH

and identities implicit or incomplete, Miss Gordimer summons up the well-to-do, deceptively secure world of a South African industrialist referred to simply as Mehring. We are shown the fields and wetlands of a farm that Mehring has bought as a weekend retreat; the tattered, obsequious blacks who work the farm; the bluff, closed-minded Afrikaner neighbors; the shrewd, evasive Indians who manage a local store; Mehring's teen-age son, whose eyes are set on foreign, less oppressive countries; and the several women who offer themselves to Mehring's careless affections. The title is ironic: while Mehring is aware of every threat to the natural harmony of his farm, he is blind to the consequences of his smug, instinctive aggressions. Through Miss Gordimer's eyes, he sees his land with the lucidity of a true lover, yet his whole life is based on use and exploitation. His character, like those of the other people in this novel, suggests something of the factitious quality of South African society, yet the book is not a tract. Mehring matters to us as if he were someone we knew, and his habits of thoughtlessness can be found anywhere.

FINAL CUT, by Daniel Stern (Viking). A bitter behind-the-scenes look at Hollywood that Hollywood buffs may find satisfying but that most other readers will find somewhat bewildering. The plot revolves around the bruising experiences of a former New Frontiersman who in the early seventies gets lured out to a "major studio" (as the author was) to be a marketing consultant. If you already know a lot about what life was like in that particularly turbulent time in Hollywood, then the tyrannical, semi-crippled head of the studio, the sharklike minions who attend him, and the dozen or so other characters that fill this book may interest you as recognizable types. But if you haven't an abiding interest in the power plays of the film world, there is little here that you can take as nourishment.

### GENERAL

A SORROW BEYOND DREAMS: A LIFE STORY, by Peter Handke, translated from the German by Ralph Manheim (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). This short book, written and translated with great economy and purity, recalls the life of the author's mother, who committed suicide during a nervous breakdown. Frau



NAME 'N CHAIN
**Sterling Identification Bracelet**
The fashion of the fifties returns as the fashion of today. Our Sterling Silver heavy link *chain combined with your name creates an* ID bracelet easy to identify with the past or present. Classic in design. A piece of Jewelry for our time.

$45.00 His
$25.00 Hers

Allow three weeks for delivery
Mail orders add $.95—Ga. residents add Sales Tax.
BankAmericard, Master Charge, American Express cards honoured.

**STERN'S**
Lenox Square / Atlanta, Ga. 30326
404 / 261-3678
*Mail and phone orders promptly handled*
Copyright © 1975 E. H. Stern, Inc.

**"Psychological suspense at its best"**
***—Publishers Weekly***

**THE Matter of Paradise**
a novel of suspense by
**BROWN MEGGS**
author of *Saturday Games*
$6.95, now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE

**Joey Heatherton**
**MAY 13-24**
THE *Waldorf-Astoria*
EMPIRE ROOM
Reservations: (212) 355-3000
Ask about all-inclusive ticket plans.
**LETTERMEN**
**MAY 27-JUNE 7**

FLENTS® ANTI-NOISE EAR STOPPLES · AT DRUG COUNTERS
WE KEEP IT QUIET

Handke was the daughter of Austrian peasants. In her girlhood, she attempted to break out of their narrow, toilsome, boring world, and for a time did so, working first as a scullery maid and later as a bookkeeper, living in cities and learning that she might have opinions as well as wear high heels. But war came, and a disastrous marriage, and uprootings; she had to return to the family farm. There the once-brave girl gradually became a sombre woman, whose occasional flashes of self-assertion flickered out and yielded to sorrow, which turned into malady. With elegant, spare beauty, the author gives us the feeling of old European peasant communities—worlds that are dying, and that seem as remote and harsh as the landscape of the moon.

CHARLES VII, by M. G. A. Vale (University of California Press). The first in a projected series of studies of French monarchs, this biography is concise, scholarly, and analytical. With the no-nonsense directness of a detective on a tough case, Mr. Vale presents Charles's life more or less as a set of questions: How true are the existing portraits of his personality? To what extent was that personality shaped by the political trends of the age? Did Charles share any guilt in the murder of John the Fearless? Why was Charles swayed by Joan of Arc? Did he in fact betray her after her capture? Why, in July of 1449, was the truce with the English, negotiated at Tours, broken? After the defeat of the English, how did Charles settle the financial and other conflicts in his realm? What was the structure of his government? Why did he break with his dauphin? Seeing Charles as a bundle of mysteries, Mr. Vale is naturally inclined toward caution in his answers. He contributes nothing new to the evidence, but his command of the existing evidence is sure and impressive. The result is a balanced portrait, neither hostile nor affectionate, and solidly based on fact.

•

In fact, the college has a policy prohibiting its employees from accepting such items [gifts]. This policy was enacted to insure that our employees, like Caesar's wife, be above approach in the conduct of institutional business.—*Memorandum received by Macomb County (Mich.) Community College venders.*

Caesar wasn't worried about *institutional* business.

Dragon Bay's not so hot in the summer.

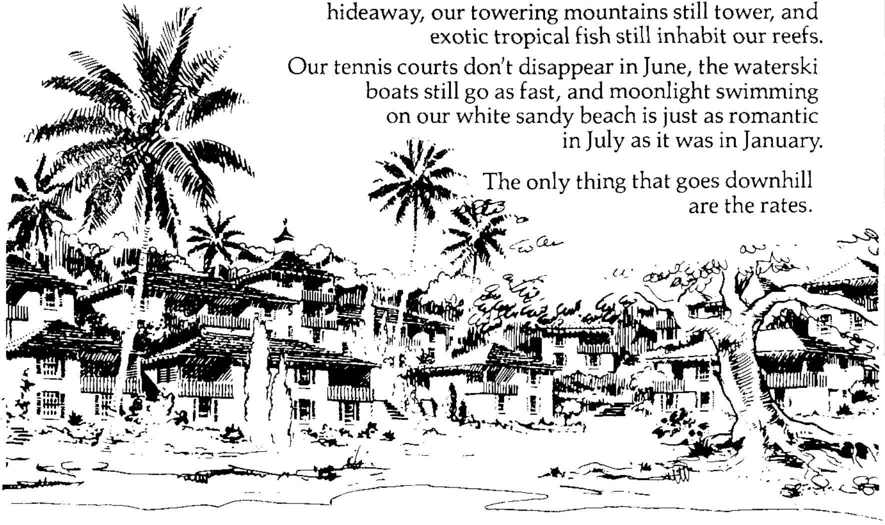
In fact, its usually cooler than most of the U.S. Our gentle but consistent trade winds keep the temperature comfortable year round.

Of course, everything else stays the same as it is in winter.

Our beautiful hideaway bay is just as beautiful and hideaway, our towering mountains still tower, and exotic tropical fish still inhabit our reefs.

Our tennis courts don't disappear in June, the waterski boats still go as fast, and moonlight swimming on our white sandy beach is just as romantic in July as it was in January.

The only thing that goes downhill are the rates.



For more information on our tropical igloos, write Dragon Bay, 345 Park Avenue, New York 10022, call (212) 838-2902, or contact your travel agent. **Dragon Bay, Port Antonio, Jamaica**

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

**'Knockdown' is a knock-out!**

**The new Dick Francis thriller**

...takes you into the intriguing, dirty, sometimes deadly business of buying and selling race horses. It's "one of his best," says Heywood Hale Broun.

**KNOCKDOWN by Dick Francis**

An Alternate Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club

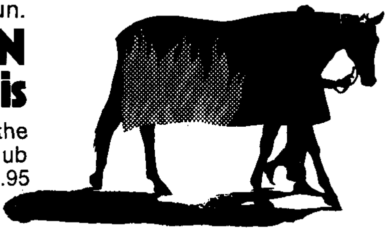
$6.95

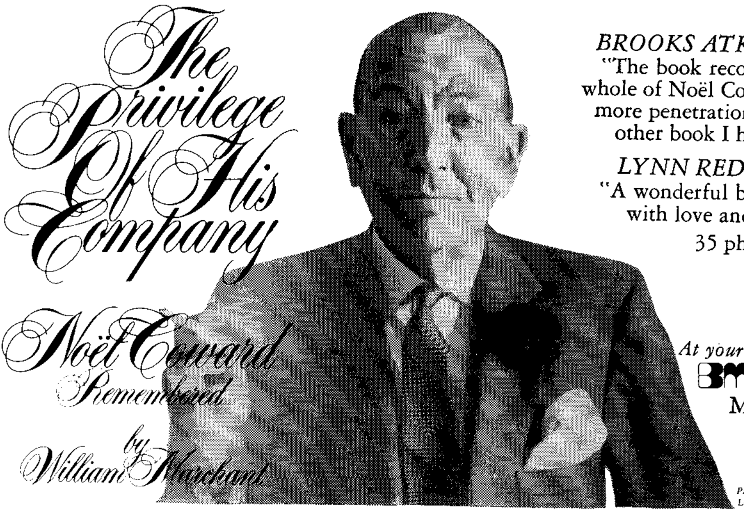
Harper & Row 1817
10 E. 53rd St., New York 10022

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE





The Privilege Of His Company
Noël Coward Remembered
by William Marchant

*BROOKS ATKINSON:* "The book recognizes the whole of Noël Coward with more penetration than any other book I have read."

*LYNN REDGRAVE:* "A wonderful book, filled with love and insight."

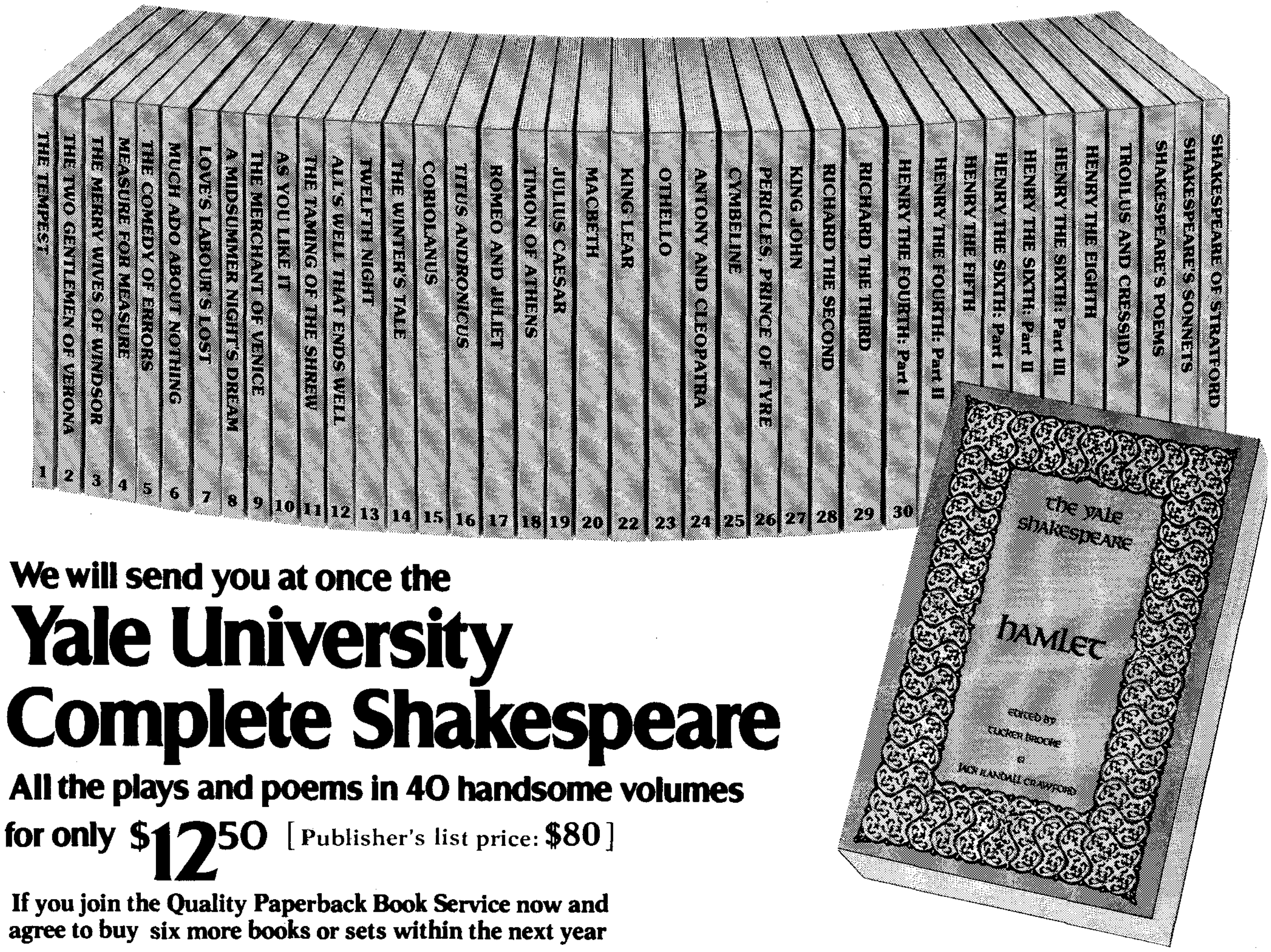
35 photographs
$10.00

*At your bookseller*
BOBBS-MERRILL

Photo by: London Daily Express

A dramatic introduction to the benefits you'll enjoy as a member of the

QUALITY PAPERBACK BOOK SERVICE


THE TEMPEST
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR
MEASURE FOR MEASURE
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE
AS YOU LIKE IT
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL
TWELFTH NIGHT
THE WINTER'S TALE
CORIOLANUS
TITUS ANDRONICUS
ROMEO AND JULIET
TIMON OF ATHENS
JULIUS CAESAR
MACBETH
KING LEAR
OTHELLO
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA
CYMBELINE
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE
KING JOHN
RICHARD THE SECOND
RICHARD THE THIRD
HENRY THE FOURTH: Part I
HENRY THE FOURTH: Part II
HENRY THE FIFTH
HENRY THE SIXTH: Part I
HENRY THE SIXTH: Part II
HENRY THE SIXTH: Part III
HENRY THE EIGHTH
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA
SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS
SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS
SHAKESPEARE OF STRATFORD
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
the yale shakespeare
hamlet
edited by
tucker brooke
&
jack randall crawford

We will send you at once the

Yale University Complete Shakespeare

All the plays and poems in 40 handsome volumes

for only $12^50 [Publisher's list price: $80]

If you join the Quality Paperback Book Service now and agree to buy six more books or sets within the next year

HERE'S an extraordinary opportunity for those who collect the classics in fine paperback editions. You can add the complete forty-volume Yale University paperback edition of all Shakespeare's plays and poems—an $80 value—to your library for only $12.50, with membership.

This edition not only includes all the plays and poems; it also contains a wealth of background information prepared by distinguished Shakespeare scholars to help you gain a deeper understanding of Shakespeare and his works: copious notes, explanations of the sources and history of each play, useful glossaries of obscure words and phrases. Moreover, this paperback edition is one of the most readable Shakespeares in print.

As a QPB member, you'll save money on many of today's most significant paperbacks. Every Main Selection comes to you at a full 20% discount, and you'll also qualify immediately for our Free Book Plan.

If you've been frustrated by the difficulty—perhaps the impossibility—of locating good books in economical paperback editions, give the QPB the short trial outlined. You have everything to gain, including the forty-volume *Yale University Complete Shakespeare.*

QUALITY PAPERBACK BOOK SERVICE, INC.
Middletown, Pennsylvania 17057 **5-QB116-5-1**

Please enroll me as a member of the Quality Paperback Book Service and send me all forty volumes of the paperback edition of the YALE UNIVERSITY COMPLETE SHAKESPEARE (publisher's list price: $80). Bill me only $12.50, plus shipping. My only obligation is to purchase six more books or sets during the coming year, receiving a 20% discount on every Main Selection I take. My membership is cancelable any time after I buy the six additional books or sets. A moderate shipping charge is added to all shipments.

9

Mr. / Ms. ____________________
(Please print plainly)

Address ____________________ Apt. ______

City ____________________

State ____________________ Zip ______

Q21

HOW MEMBERSHIP WORKS

1. You will receive the *QPB Review* fifteen times a year—about every 3½ weeks. This informative catalog describes the Main Selection plus at least fifty Alternates. **The Main Selection is always offered at a 20% discount.**
2. If you want the Main Selection, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more of the Alternates—or no book at all—just indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed with the *Review* and return it by the date specified.
3. **Free books.** For every book or set you buy (exclusive of the *Yale University Complete Shakespeare,* your introductory forty-volume set for $12.50) you earn at least one Bonus Point, and the Bonus Points you accumulate entitle you to free books and sets. (You pay only shipping charges.)
4. **Return privilege.** If your *Review* is delayed in the mail and therefore you receive the Main Selection without having had ten days to notify us if you did not want it, you may return that Selection at our expense.

qpb QUALITY PAPERBACK BOOK SERVICE, INC.
Middletown, Pennsylvania 17057

# Why "Datsun Saves" means a lot more than great gas mileage.

There's more to driving than filling up with gas. So we build each Datsun to last longer than you'll own it and cost as little as possible to run.

**Example:** Datsun crankshafts turn on five rather than three main bearings. Our crankshaft runs more smoothly, is more durable.

**Example:** Datsun engines have aluminum heads. Many comparable cars have cheaper cast iron heads, which don't dissipate heat as well.

**Example:** Datsun cars come with heavy duty 60 amp. batteries. Most new cars offer only 45 or 50 amp. batteries.

**Example:** We fitted a small, easily opened inspection plate under our manual transmissions. If something goes wrong you don't have to remove the entire unit to locate the problem.

**Example:** Every Datsun has two fuel filters: one at the engine and one at the gas tank. If you happen to buy a tank of bad gas, two filters clean it better than one.

Reclining bucket seats, carpeting, tinted glass and more, standard.

**It all adds up.** You'll find scores of other improvements on all new Datsuns. Taken together, they result in as economical and durable an automobile as possible. Datsun Saves means outstanding fuel economy, inexpensive maintenance, great resale value and a lot more.

**Datsun Saves**

**Datsun 710**
**5-Door Wagon**

**Datsun 710 Hardtop**

Luggage rack and automatic transmission are optional.

BEEFEATER GIN IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND, N.Y., N.Y. 94 PROOF 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Who comes to mind
when you think of a martini?